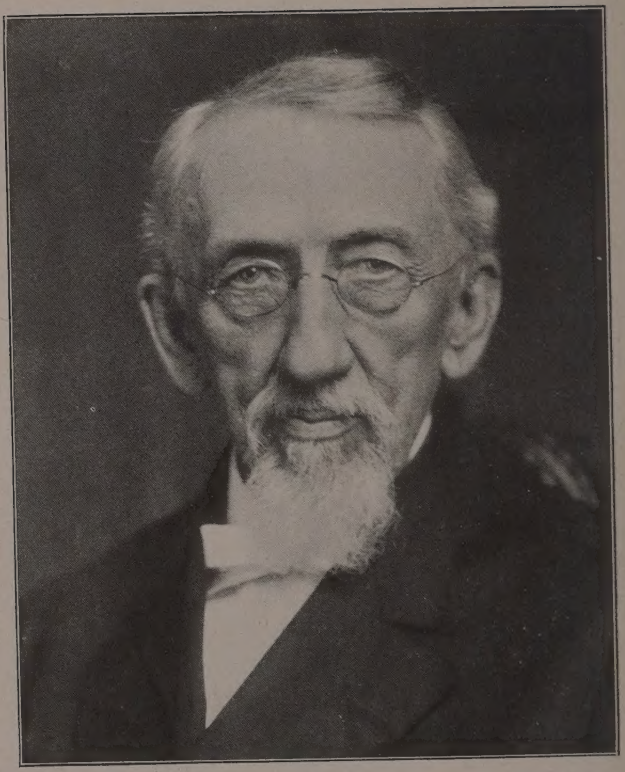
MEMOIRS AND SERMONS

EMORY MILLER



EMORY MILLER.

MEMOIRS AND SERMONS

BY

REV. EMORY MILLER, A. M., D. D., LL. D.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE
DES MOINES ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
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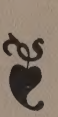

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Introduction.

On Saturday, September 12, 1908, the occasion for preparing for publication this Book of Memoirs and Sermons arose in the Des Moines Conference in the form of the following resolution:

"Whereas, Our beloved brother, Reverend Emory Miller, is now retiring from the work of the active ministry, a work which has covered a period of fifty years, and which has brought him in touch with many distinguished men and women of both centuries; and,

"Whereas, His long and eventful life has brought him rich scholarship, a wide circle of readers, eminence as a preacher, and a great fund of reminiscence; therefore

"Resolved, That we request Brother Miller to prepare his autobiography, and that he be also requested to include in that work at least three of those sermons that have been regarded by his brethren as the most notable."—Minutes of Des Moines Annual Conference, September 9-14, 1908.)

This action of the Conference took me quite by surprise. Indeed, it was hard for me to think it more than a kindly meant compliment. A very great compliment, indeed, and as I was led to believe by

speeches made by brethren on the floor, and the evident indorsement of these speeches by the assembled Conference, it embodied a genuine belief that I might contribute something worth preserving of this character. My gratitude for this measure of appreciation is greater than I can express in words of formal thanks. I must depend for that upon a sincere effort to comply with the request to the extent I am able.

The ministerial life is, I admit, peculiar in itself, and the career of an itinerant minister abounds in peculiarities, especially in the formative years of new communities. It has an indescribable medley of exciting adventures and painful drudgery; sacred scenes and unspeakably funny instances of the ludicrous; spiritual depression and rapturous exultation; the keen fight with "the wolf at the door," the tempter at the heart, and the materialistic, unsusceptible world about him. His great struggles, conquests, far-reaching defeats, or real victories are mostly within; yet, all rounded and sweetened, endured or transcended through "the peace of God which passeth understanding." So fine, subtle, and fleeting is the quality of some of these experiences when related by the living subject, one can scarcely venture telling them in dead, cold type, but at the expense of their flavor.

To write an interesting account of one's life, he needs to have done some work widely affecting public interests. Or, a life story of merely transient interest needs to be something more vivid, more crudely gro-

tesque or heroic than I can boast. Never having been a soldier or sailor, a frontiersman like Finley, nor a belligerent like Cartwright, a converted infidel, actor, showman, saloonkeeper, cowboy, nor gambler, my life, with the ambition to accomplish what good I might with the least ado, has been rather commonplace to afford a story of fascinating, not to say thrilling, interest. Nor have I been a special revivalist. If there was anything I coveted, it was the knack or gift of the genuine evangelist. But I was not fitted for this, unless it was in promoting favorable conditions for evangelistic work. But I was in full accord with Dr. Lyman Beecher's terse remark: "Learning is not the greatest thing, Theology is not, Philosophy is not, but winning souls is the greatest."

Never having kept a consecutive diary, I have felt a lack of preparation to write an autobiography; and, with but little taste for that kind of reading, and not prone to devote much attention to reminiscence, I had preserved but little data of that sort. Any writing of this kind attempted by me must depend on a memory, though somewhat tenacious, not trained to close attention to names and dates. However, I am not disposed to undervalue the request of my brother ministers, but offer what I can in compliance with that request. While depending chiefly upon memory, with the disadvantage of advanced years, I nevertheless endeavor to be accurate in what is written. But as it can scarcely have the fullness

of biography, it were better to regard it as merely memoirs; and inasmuch as the Conference request included several sermons, an appropriate title should be, MEMOIRS AND SERMONS.

Later conversations with ministers and laymen advise me to include a slightly larger number of sermons than proposed in the first request.

CHAPTER I.

Family and Boyhood.

My birth and bringing-up were not in a city, nor in the country proper, but worse, in a little country town, Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. On a low, long ridge, forty miles southeast of Pittsburg, and three miles west of Chestnut Mountain, the most westerly range of the Appalachians in Pennsylvania, this town grew up along the turnpike; and because of the drunkenness, brawling, fighting, and general wickedness which distinguished its early history, it acquired the picturesque and appropriate name, Helltown. Cradled in the epoch of the Whisky Insurrection, its legends teemed with thrilling episodes of feuds and fights, and often of heroic deeds and characters. But, so late as my earlier recollection, these characteristics had largely given place to belligerency of another sort, religio-sectarian, which made that region a storm center of doctrinal controversy in which the contending elements were mainly Calvinistic and Arminian, with variations regarding baptism. Although smiting with clubs and fists of wickedness had long given place to the use

of less carnal weapons, many were yet "full of fight." From among the burned-out embers of the Whisky Insurrection the spirit of reform had eventually sprung up in Western Pennsylvania, and anon swept over this town, rendering it well worthy of the name under which it was incorporated, Mount Pleasant.

My father, Samuel Miller, was a son of Henry Miller, who was born and reared in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; later moved to Virginia, and eventually to Mount Pleasant, where he owned and operated a pottery and brick plant, besides a number of freighting teams, which made their trips between Baltimore and Pittsburg. His father was Col. Henry Miller, who had been a lawyer, but raised a company, with which he joined Washington's army. He participated in the battles, marches, and hardships of that army, and, according to some writers, was promoted at the close of the Revolutionary War to the rank of brigadier-general and assigned further military duty, and was a member of the Cincinnati, a society composed of officers of the patriot army. This family had, I think, descended from South German stock.

My mother's maiden name was Mary Eicher, eldest child of Henry Eicher and Margaret Gault. The Eichers had been, as nearly as I have been able to learn, Germans who during the persecutions fled from place to place and finally settled in Holland, where they continued until the rise of Daniel Eicher, who organized a colony in Holland and with it sailed

to America. My parents were Methodists, though mother had been brought up in the Mennonite faith of her ancestors, who had suffered persecution for their religion in Europe. One of her name, Conrad Eicher, was burned at the stake at Staffsburg, Switzerland, during Mennonite persecutions by the Roman Catholics and Protestants, A. D. 1529. (See "Memorials of the Huguenots in America," by Rev. A. Stapleton, Wrightsville, Pa., page 109.) There is a tradition in our family that Daniel Eicher, my great-grandfather, bought Staten Island, or a considerable portion of it, from the British Government, and brought a colony from Holland and settled thereon. Tradition, I say, for the reason that during the Revolution Daniel Eicher lost all his papers and, with his fellow colonists, all their property, except the clothes they were wearing when the British soldiers, landing on Staten Island preliminary to their taking New York, drove them from their breakfast tables and looted their houses. According to their religious faith they were non-combatants as to war, and opposed to taking oath in civil courts; hence, never recovered their property. According to our information, Henry Eicher, my maternal grandfather, was born on Staten Island, and was about twelve years of age when they fled the island. With his parents he found his way to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he grew up and, later, settled in Fayette County of that State.

These wanderers for conscience' sake, robbed and peeled, at last found peace and freedom in the benign domain of William Penn. With little but soundness of character and physique, and habits of industry and frugality, they began anew the struggle for subsistence and religious liberty. Meantime, Adam Gault, from Coleraine, North Ireland, had married Eve Shafer, of Holland, and settled near the Eichers, in Lancaster County, and their daughter Margaret became the wife of Henry Eicher; and these were my mother's parents. Of course the reader will not confuse this Adam and Eve with a certain other ancestral pair of like names, nor suspect me, in these days of search for long genealogies, of seeking to *trace my line* to the Edenic pair. Considering the moral stamina of the two families, I am quite content with the shorter lineage, Dutch and German touched up with North Irish.

Two characteristics of the saintly Mennonites were emphatic traits in my mother, namely, a deep sense of the turpitude of sin and the duty of self-repression. Telling me of her experience when she came to see her need of the Savior of sinners, she said, "The very ground where I walked and the trees seemed to cry out against me." Although mother's experience was of the radical type, ingrained self-repression controlled her emotions and marked her as a quiet, undemonstrative, but strong, Christian character.

When the Methodists of Mount Pleasant numbered less than one dozen they worshiped in the basement story of a plain dwelling house, because of it being the most available place, I presume, in view of their scanty funds and their trouble with rowdies, who often gave forceful vent to prejudices which they shared with more decent sectarian opponents. Yet, at the meetings of this handful of Methodists some "who came to mock remained to pray." Mr. Woodcock led the meeting, mother led the singing, and father, more versatile, perhaps, and quite athletic, distributed his devotions from the penitents at the altar to the rowdies at the door.

At one of their meetings a Miss Fee, with others, designated herself as a seeker after God by kneeling for prayer and counsel among these worshipers. Her stalwart brother, Tom Fee, stalked into the room, declaring he would fetch her out of that. As he was about to seize her, father leaped over the heads of the kneeling penitents and, grasping the intruder's throat, backed him out of the house and said, "Now go, or I 'll thrash you." Mr. Fee departed.

Having grown up a belligerent in the interests of temperance and Methodism, father very naturally was made president of the first "Washingtonian Temperance Society" organized in Mount Pleasant, and was continued in that office many years. The growth of the band of Methodists, however, resulted in their building in a few years a substantial brick church,

with its split-stone basement fitted up for school purposes—the first house built for a schoolhouse in the town. Meantime my father's home had been a "stopping-place" for ministers, and continued so to be for nearly sixty years. No sacrifices or labor which my parents could render seemed to them too great to give their beloved Church; though, at times, so slightly appreciated by certain members or ministers as to seem pearls cast before swine.

A paltry fragment of the former "Helltown" had been excluded from the incorporated borough of Mount Pleasant, not, however, to continue under that despicable name, but the milder designation, "Texas." In the old-fashioned brick farmhouse adjoining this suburb I was born, December 23, 1834. From information I could gather in later years I was regarded a homely and awkward boy; and being the youngest boy in a large family, slow of speech and movement, was often a butt of fun and ridicule for my brothers. Indeed, I have often felt these disadvantages in later years and intercourse with men. The boys were not prone to take me seriously, nor think I could ever be of much account. If I had not too easily accepted their estimate I might have been, perhaps, the gainer. However, with all my disadvantages, I had one ministering angel whose unfailing solicitude gave me help and hope—my patient, brave, clear-headed, godly mother. In later years, with mingled smiles and tears she told me much of

her thoughts and hopes for me, her eighth son, midst all the disadvantages with which my earlier years had been beset.

My father's Methodistic bent would readily be seen in his having named one of his sons for the great commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke; another for the great preacher, Henry B. Bascom; and me he named for Bishop John Emory, omitting the John; the Church omitted the bishop. Bishop Emory was a native of Maryland. He was educated for the law and admitted to the bar, but "yielded to a call to preach." On the 16th of December, 1835, having started in a light carriage from his home for Baltimore, was found unconscious by the roadside, his skull fractured; he died in the evening, not having regained consciousness. "In temperament, ability, and accomplishments he differed from all his episcopal colleagues and predecessors; he resembled Wesley in system, administrative ability, and mental clearness; and in general information and scholarship he was far superior to any Methodist of his time except Wilbur Fisk." ("History of Methodism," Buckley.)

When I had passed my third birthday my father became principal partner and manager in the Mount Pleasant Iron Foundry, under the firm title, "Miller and Lippencotts." This occasioned our leaving the farm and moving into the residence at the foundry, located in the upper and better part of Mount Pleas-

ant. In the course of years father became sole proprietor of the plant and business. My bringing up was thus mainly in the midst of the bustling associations incident to a large family, increased by the addition of a number of hired men—molders, blacksmiths, and teamsters—who, except those who had families, had their board and bed under our roof. This large household required considerable hired help in the house; hence, mother was much preoccupied with managing her large indoor affairs, as was father in directing those of the foundry, machine shops, and the teaming incident to the establishment.

While these conditions imposed severe limitations to their attention to the training of their children, it is due them to record that two things were not neglected, namely, keeping their boys actively employed, either about the foundry, in the office, or on the farm; and maintaining Church attendance and family worship. As to the first, we all learned the meaning of hard work. Pennsylvanians, so far as I knew them, were prone to overwork themselves and their children, especially their boys. In this trait my parents were true to type. The fact is, my hard work when a boy, I fear, prejudiced me somewhat, for I have never been fond of work since. Only he who has had the experience knows how relentless is the strife between an active conscience and a lazy body. Seriously, I think this thing was egregiously overdone by the old-time Pennsylvanians. The soil

was heavy, the utensils were heavy, the plows, harrows, and wagons were heavy, the harness (gears, as they called them) were distressingly heavy. The roads were heavy when wet, and rough when dry. Whether working at the foundry or farm, or driving team, the work was rugged, hard work. But this was better, perhaps, even thus excessive, than to grow up in idleness or semi-idleness. Next to sin, no personal quality seemed to my parents so reprehensible as laziness.

The assembling of the family and hired men and women in the dining room, before breakfast, for prayers was as regular as the breakfast itself. In like manner attendance at Church services on Sabbath was obligatory upon the children and encouraged in the hired help. Small or no representation of the family at the Wednesday night prayer-meeting rarely occurred; never without some regretted cause. The strictness with which they observed the Sabbath and other religious duties is now practiced by but few, and ridiculed by many Church members. We were taught that Sabbath-breaking and dancing ranked with profane language, drinking, and gambling, and were not only sinful, but low and disgraceful. Many smile at and perhaps pity me when I tell them I never attended a theater or a dance, never spoke a profane oath, know nothing of cards, and never sang a secular song or whistled a tune of any kind on Sunday. Though I have not re-

quired my children to observe some of these forms of Sabbath keeping, nor urged them in the pulpit, I have personally continued to practice them because of sacred associations. (Except, since in the ministry, I have often blacked my shoes on Sunday.) These strict forms were molded in strenuous times when these tabooed practices were dominant characteristics of the scoffer and godless opposers of religion; and the lines of discrimination needed to be drawn deep and hard to render the moral judgment acute in its effort to "take the precious from the vile." To have done otherwise then and there would have appeared to us as going over to the heathenish practices of some of our neighbors, who were either remnants or descendants of the old "Helltown civilization."

My father was what one would term a strong, though not symmetrical character. His educational opportunities had been very meager. His three months at such schools as the Pennsylvania frontier afforded could do little more than start him into such additional home study as might barely answer for business affairs of that time, and such reading of the Bible and other religious books and papers as the plainest scholarship could appropriate. The home library contained, among other volumes, Clarke's Commentary, Wesley's Works and Sermons, Fletcher's Appeal and "Checks to Antinomianism," Watson's Life of Wesley, the Life of Adam Clarke,

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, etc., with a considerable number of later and smaller works, mainly religious. With most of these books mother and he were fairly familiar.

Nature had given him an athletic frame, large and active brain, an unyielding will, and a powerful voice. He was inclined to be loud and demonstrative in manner, strong to undergo hardship, and impatient with laggards, dullards, and what seemed to him overnice or inefficient folk. Dr. Wakefield once said to him, "There is at least one precept of the Bible which you faithfully practice: 'What thine hand findeth to do, do with thy might.'" Another minister, after quietly observing the force and push he put into his business, said, "Well, may be you 'll get to heaven." But he was brave, honest, industrious, frugal, and liberal; although imperious, often harsh, sometimes even irate. One could safely say, he never had a dollar not honestly acquired. He lost much by the carelessness, inefficiency, or dishonesty of others, and gave much away, especially to the Church. His lack of a fair estimate of education was a disadvantage, not only to himself, but to his children. Poverty is not so great an obstacle to a young man's acquiring an education or getting along well in the world as is repression by a well-to-do and masterful father who has little appreciation of learning beyond the three R's. The latter barrier is well-nigh insuperable. This I have thought the

most conspicuous mistake in my father's domestic government, and the greatest disadvantage with which his sons, with slight exception, had to contend. Of course he believed in learning as preparation for the "learned professions," but did not contemplate the entry of any of his sons, except the seventh, upon a profession, consequently made no provision for a collegiate course for any but that one. The strong hold which some of our most gifted, but self-educated or but slightly educated, ministers had upon him had much to do with this under-estimate of learning which some of them shared with him. It is true, early Methodism grew more rapidly in its demand for preachers than its facilities for educating them; and hence must needs employ many unlearned men in its ministry, depending upon their giving close attention to private study and the prescribed four years' course of "Conference Studies," and persistent habits of study thereafter. Many of these men attained respectable, and a few eminent, scholarship, but there were those who by dint of natural gifts became distinguished preachers, though never attaining marked scholarly tastes or reputation.

The hospitality which our home always afforded ministers of the gospel was largely repaid in the intellectual and moral influence which the minister's presence and conversation exerted upon us boys. Even if, when riding their horses to water or down to the farm for the cows, we occasionally ascertained

which minister owned the fleetest horse, we took good care of the horses and revered the ministers none the less. A list of ministers who made my father's house their abode when in the town would be a very long one. There were so many, and the visits of many were so frequent, that our house was facetiously termed the "Methodist Hotel." Bascom, Waterman, Hodgson, and Asa Shinn had, before my day, occasionally visited our region, and I remember much of what father had to say of their great preaching. Conspicuous among those who greatly impressed me were Swayze, Sansom, Coil, Wesley Smith, D. L. Dempsey, and Wm. Hunter.

I have often wondered that not more of these eminent men were called to positions of wider influence and opportunity in the Church. Swayze, the polished prince among them all, would have honored any position the Church could have given him, and might have given it noble service, instead of being sacrificed to the hard labor and physical exposure which hurried him to the grave from the splendors of his still-growing pulpit power. Sansom, one of the brightest minds and, naturally, the most eloquent preacher I have ever known, was scarcely known beyond the territory of the Pittsburg and West Virginia Conferences. His great aversion to city life partially accounted for this, perhaps, but a right policy that would have lifted him and given great, populous centers the benefit of his wondrous powers,

could have put aside that aversion. It is not probable that any one who ever heard Sansom at his best could ever rid himself of the impression made by those ringing, piercing, burning sentences which, like lightning strokes, transfixed his hearers. He was not a revivalist in the sense of an adroit manipulator of an evangelistic meeting or campaign. But no man whom I have known left his track strewed so plenteously with "awakened" sinners. From Dr. Hollingshead I quote but a scrap of his wonderful article on Sansom, in the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate,* September, 1900: "Sansom was the Patrick Henry of the pulpit. Without academic training or college drill or university polish, he was peerless for purity of style, clear and concise, full of grace and ease in action, faultless in gesture, matchless in voice, powerful and pathetic, picturesque and beautiful in the use of imagery, picking his words, saying things to strike and stick. In such dress he came before amazing crowds every inch a pulpit king. I sat next to Dr. L. D. Barrows, college president. His face was aglow, and at the close he said, 'Never did the English language appear so rich and beautiful as when spoken by the lips of that man.'"

The most conspicuous elements of his power were spiritual elevation, rare insight of human nature, great natural aptness in speech—the art of saying things—and a voice of indescribable charm and penetrative force. The first was doubtless largely a re-

sult of his prayerful, Bible-reading life of faith. The others seemed to have their natural basis in a rarely organized body and brain. His genial disposition, saintly character, and faculty for making acquaintances and remembering them, made him exceedingly popular. In the power to move and shake vast audiences I have never heard his equal. As to scholarship he had little, but God made him a preacher, gifted with insight into human nature, a well-balanced, practical judgment and rich imagination; but above all, a lofty and fiery soul. His oratory was neither Greek nor Roman, but like that of the Hebrew prophets, reminding one of the lofty strains of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Habakkuk. But after all is said, there were at times passages in his sermons which seemed to cut loose from all precedent, the very abandon of rapture, swaying his auditors with the awe and wonder and glory of a seeming vision from heaven. Spiritual elevation, I would say, was the chief characteristic of his eloquence.

The "old-time" camp-meeting afforded Sansom and Swayze the finest range for their most effective preaching; though I have been told of instances where to small but crowded audiences—in private dwellings and schoolhouses—they preached with wondrous power and effect. At a camp-meeting three miles from our town I witnessed what seemed to me the most extraordinary demonstration of pulpit speech, in quality and sustained power, I have ever

heard. In expectation of a great crowd on Sunday, the management decided to fill the day—excepting needed time for meals—with preaching from the stand to prevent social levity and consequent dissipation of the spiritual interest of the meeting. The day was fine and the crowd great. The program opened at about 8.30 A. M., with a brief, winning sermon by Josiah Adams, followed by a testimony meeting and a brief recess. At ten Sansom resumed the service and announced the text, "This gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24:14.) He held the close attention of the people for about an hour and a half, by turns swayed by thrilling emotion, trembling awe, or joyous exultation. Closely following Sansom's closing sentence, Swayze arose and announced his text: "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." (Matt. 16:26.) One might think this bad management. Certainly, after the high tension experienced under Sansom's sermon the people will relax their interest and drop away. But not so; one ringing sentence opened Swayze's sermon with an electrifying thrill which drew the vast crowd, standing in the aisles and area at the head of the grounds, to press more compactly toward the stand. For near two hours sentence after sentence of vivid delineation and penetrating force, period upon period of gorgeous description poured

forth with masterful charm until the close of the last flowing, rolling period left the enchanted throng to recover from the thrall of the preacher's power. Sansom had established a divine atmosphere; Swayze awed the people with a sense of the divine majesty, and their eternal interests.

There is immediate dismission. To their tents, tables, and lunch baskets the people haste, for it is well-nigh two o'clock, and Wakefield is announced to preach at three. Many leave for their homes, but a large audience remains, and the solid old logician sets before them life and death, blessing and cursing (Deut. 30:19) in clear, calm, convincing reasoning which, though in marked contrast with the eloquence of Sansom and Swayze, did not seem to lower the spiritual interest nor impair the persuasive power of the meeting, but rather crystallized the molten flood of the morning hours. The evening closed in upon a scene of mingled joy and solemnity, buoyant hope and solicitude in expectation of a mighty effort to move the will to decisive action in scores who had been charmed and awed, troubled and convinced by the services of the day. Now the great crowd had gone. Now the time of action had come. Rev. Wm. Lynch was the preacher, and well he filled his assigned place. His text was: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and will open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." (Rev. 3:20.)

With marked clearness and force the meaning of the text was set out, and its practical and urgent application driven home with great earnestness and moving power. The invitation given, scores press to the altar, and here and there at various points on the grounds groups are kneeling in prayer with penitents seeking to break away from a worldly, and turn to a devoted, godly life. The scene is memorable—the majestic forest, the many and well-arranged lights and fires, the snowy tents, the fervid prayers and penitential hymns; eventually the prevailing faith, the change of heart, the glowing, often angelic expression of faces lately drawn in penitence, now radiant with the dawn of a new inner life. Now they understand Christ's word, *"The Kingdom of heaven is within you."*

Swayze's eloquence differed from that of Sansom. His sentences were more polished, his vocabulary more extensive and classic, and his pronunciation more accurate. His great sermons seemed to have been written and memorized. His noble presence, rich voice, faultless manner, and rhythmic style, combined with a spirit which evinced the fire of the real orator, enthralled his hearers. Sansom was nature's darling child. From what I have read and heard of Father Taylor, the great "sailor preacher" of Boston, I infer he and Sansom were very much alike in mental and spiritual type.

Gradually Methodism won its way into this

region, and the early camp-meetings, held, not as religio-pleasure resorts, but in very need of churches sufficiently large and numerous, had much to do with this advance. The faithful few in Mount Pleasant who had worshiped in the humble basement, beset by rowdies, had added to their numbers and built their comfortable church, and now had regular ministration by the circuit pastors, and occasional visits and mighty sermons from such as Sansom, Swayze, Waterman, and Bascom. Thirty-six years ago, when I visited the place, it contained more church sittings than people to occupy them, including their usual countryside attendance.

This reformation was traceable to the devotions of the unpretentious basement, but was most conspicuously promoted by one of the camp-meetings near the town, which had developed such an interest that many who had gone with the crowd on Sunday out of curiosity were deeply convicted of sin and their righteous duty. Many of them were converted there, and many others, when the camp-meeting had closed, cried out for mercy in their homes. Again and again were my parents called at dead of night to go and pray for these neighbors, many of whom had scoffed at or ridiculed their devotional meetings. This revival recast the town, both as to spiritual life in the Churches and the salvation of hitherto godless families. It was a strange experience to see the "amen corners" occupied on Sundays by our

middle-aged and elderly neighbors who for years had ridiculed and cursed the Church. Many violently irreligious families whom I could name became seekers after God, and ultimately faithful members and workers in the good cause there and in other Churches and States. This reformation was not confined in its fruits to the Methodist Church, but stirred other Churches, quickened their spiritual life, added to their membership, and in a great degree broke down their prejudices against the Methodists. There were many instances, however, of parents casting off their sons and daughters for joining the Methodists.

The best thing I have to say of myself is, that in the plain brick church of that town I found my best Friend. The passage from the consciousness of condemnation to that of peace and heart-change was, after a prayerful wrestle of two days, instantaneous and so definite as to mark the place and time, January 6 (1847), as a glorious experience. It was an epoch in my life in which I perceived Christ as my Friend and Savior. Though over sixty years have since passed, the remembrance of that psychic change remains undimmed and hallows the time and place which were made luminous and sacred by that change.

> "O, sacred hour, O hallowed spot,
> Where Love Divine first found me!
> Wherever falls my distant lot,
> My heart shall linger round thee."

The waters of repentance are like a stream which flows sometimes in a wide and shallow, and anon in a deep and narrow channel between high and abrupt banks. The hither bank is the feeling of self-condemnation for sin; and the farther bank is the feeling of relief from condemnation, it is salvation begun. The hither bank of self-condemnation seems high, dark, and precipitous in proportion to one's sense of sin's enormity; and the effort to break away is apt to be attended with doubts and fears, sometimes intense struggle. But, the passage once gained, from this bold, sheer self-condemnation to the opposite bank of "saving faith" the change is radiant with the "joy of salvation." The attendant emotions aroused by the struggle incident to the depth and abruptness of these opposite shores intensify the experience and give definiteness and often rapture to the change. One who has experienced can never forget it. The "glory of condemnation" is surpassed by the "greater glory" of regeneration and the power to live a new life.

With others the sense of sin and repentance is like a gradually descending shore. It stoops almost imperceptibly to cross the same stream; and the ford, though wide, is not deep, and the opposite shore reaches out into the shallow waters so gently and far that the soul is scarcely aware when and where decisive faith is reached and salvation is surely begun. The emotional effect in such case

usually, perhaps invariably, is not so exalted, nor the evidence of change so abrupt and demonstrative, yet may be equally genuine and steadfast.

To say I have maintained this experience, clear and steadfast, all through these years would be a deliberate untruth. Lapse from it has rarely been abrupt, but a drift in mental temper, usually unsuspected, unperceived at first, and then fascinating, beguiling, self-satisfying. Even the joy of salvation is apt to bring satisfaction with one's then present state, and anon a pure self-love which rightly seeks to become a better self, settles down into satisfaction with actual, present self, and thus degenerates into selfishness, sin. Then is the tempter's "hour and power of darkness." The inner sky is overcast, the Daystar eclipsed! Having anon drifted into a relaxation of faith, from that strenuous exercise of faith which had grasped the first experience of regeneration and the renewing of childlike innocence, by the Holy Spirit, I awakened to a definite consciousness of having backslidden in heart, although religious observance and practice, study of the Bible, and enthusiastic advocacy of the faith and doctrine had been regularly and sincerely kept up. But attention sharply fixed upon the question of the subjective knowledge of being saved from sin evoked the soul's inmost plaint, "Where is the blessedness I knew when first I saw the Lord?"

To rest in this state, terming it "justification,"

would seem sacrilegious. Duty was self-evident, and its behest cried, "Back to the point of evil departure, back to the beguilement of religious enjoyment, back to the selfish attempt to garner up the manna of emotional religious fervor;" or where one has inwardly said, "Soul, take thine ease, thou art having a good time;" back to the inner court, where Self, the usurper of God's throne in the soul, has reestablished his rule, and there acknowledge your backsliding, and by penitent self-renunciation and reconsecration drag the usurper from the chief seat in your affections, God's rightful throne. Thus repentance and redevotement have regained "the peace of God which passeth understanding."

The increase of religious knowledge, with larger and stronger diameter of religious habit which had in the meantime been gained, made this second consecration a larger, wider, and deeper experience than the first, because of the larger perceptions of faith which grasped anew the ideal Christian life; insomuch it seemed a new and nobler consciousness of godliness. Perhaps some would regard this a "second distinct work," but, marked as it has been, I can discern in it a difference of degree only, not of kind, or moral quality, from the first experience. So, whenever the inner sky of consciousness is overcast, the like heart searching, at the same mercy seat, with the same renunciation of self, has brought the same luminous love of God and intent to "abide

in Christ." This experience, I take it, is the soul's re-enactment of the first surrender of the self-constructed ideal of life and character, and its acceptance of the Christ-given ideal instead. St. Paul states it, "I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold of by Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3: 12.)

After having gone through the common school studies several times—spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and English grammar—I was permitted to attend winter terms at the recently founded Mount Pleasant College. Here I got a fair start in Greek and Latin, studied mathematics to spherical trigonometry, also natural philosophy and chemistry. Thus at the age of nineteen I was fairly launched upon a classical course; but moving with my parents to the new State of Iowa, my course of study was unfortunately interrupted.

But over these matters I had no control. It would have been grateful to me to have moved to the East instead of the West, in view of the superior opportunities it would have afforded my brother and sister who were yet at home, as well as myself. But to the West we came, and in the West have stayed and have experienced many of the advantages and disadvantages of this great, buoyant, enthusiastic country. It has not been my dreamed-of career, but whether for better or worse God only knows; I do

not presume to judge. Some would say it was an intervention of Providence which sent me here. I am inclined, however, to think it was providential in the sense that it was the best Providence could do with me after the intervention of father's move, aggravated by my own shortcomings.

Yet it was not mine to complain, but I entered into the enthusiasm of Western life with genuine zest and a desire to make the best of whatever might come. A point of view "on the other side of Jordan" will give us, I suspect, a better understanding of the whole matter. Whatever I may have missed by not going East, I am sure I would be sorry to have missed many of the interesting and blessed associations of the West.

Of my six brothers who grew up, one received a classical education at Mount Pleasant and Allegheny Colleges. Five of them attained such knowledge of English branches as our common schools afforded, meanwhile mastering some special line in iron work. Four were good molders, one became a master machinist. After we all moved to the West the pursuits of some of them took a new direction. Two became farmers, a third returned East to take a position as a machinist in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railway. Another went to Ohio as a dealer in oil properties, but ultimately contented himself as an accountant. One of the farmers, Alexander

J., assisted in raising a regiment, the 6th Iowa Infantry, and entered the Union army as a lieutenant and was promoted gradually until reaching the rank of lieutenant-colonel. By this time his regiment had become so reduced in numbers by singularly severe fighting and campaigning that its officers could not be promoted. He continued in command of this regiment through the third year, although during much of this time he was assigned the duties of a brigadier-general. He commanded all of General Sherman's mounted forces in the movement of the Army of the Tennessee from Memphis to Grant's left at Mission Ridge. After the second bloody repulse of that wing, in which many officers were either killed or wounded, Col. Walcott and he led a third and successful advance of Sherman's left wing in that important victory. William Edward entered upon practice at the bar, and became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

My only full sister, Eliza Armel Miller, younger than I by over two years and a half, was educated at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. She married Mr. W. S. Hallock, a former student of the same institution. He was a newspaper editor in Missouri, and later at Harriman, Tennessee. For many years prior to her death her health was very delicate and resulted in her decease by weakness of the heart, at Harriman, April 6, 1896, then in her fifty-ninth

year. Ours was a large family, but now all except myself are gone. Our forebears had evinced marked longevity. My Grandfather Miller attained eighty-five years of age, my father nearly the same. Mother died in her ninety-third year, and her father in his ninety-ninth. Only two of my brothers attained four-score years.

CHAPTER II.

The Ministry.

THE ministry now became the next epoch in my career. In my twentieth year, just before we moved to the West, our pastor, Rev. E. B. Griffin, presented me with a certificate of license to exhort, dated September 17, 1854. He said he thought it would open the way in the West for my entering the ministry. What led him to think I should enter the ministry I never learned. A year later, September 17, 1855, the Quarterly Conference of Iowa City Methodist Church, after examination by the presiding elder, Rev. Alcinus Young, in the presence of the Conference, gave me license to preach the gospel. Yet I was slow to avail myself of these openings to a career so important, and for which I more and more felt unfit. But as opportunity opened up to attend the schools at Mount Vernon and Evanston, I became more fully committed, as well as better prepared, to go forward in what had come to appear plainly my duty.

When, after one year at Garrett Biblical Institute, I returned home with broken health, inter-

rupted plans for a more nearly adequate education beset me. However, a naturally stout constitution encouraged me to believe that with a few months on the farm my health would be in a measure restored, although a well-defined if not confirmed dyspeptic on the verge of nervous prostration. The fact that I had not graduated I deplored, yet the habit of self-reliant study and an ever deepening interest in Biblical knowledge, I felt might to some degree make up this loss. While thus ruminating possibilities, and meanwhile engaging in such farm work as I could do, and enjoying the change from institute "grub" to mother's cooking, I was visited by the presiding elder, the Rev. E. W. Twining, of the Iowa Conference, who at that time appointed me assistant, or junior, pastor of Pleasant Valley Circuit; of which the Rev. A. W. Stryker was pastor in charge. This circuit embraced ten preaching places in a territory which was bounded on the north by the Rock Island Railway, on the other sides by the Iowa and Cedar Rivers, and bisected by the Wapsinonoc, and broken in many places by smaller streams and bayous. This was in March of 1858, a season rendered memorable for much rain and high water. The nearly constant rain and inundation from the rivers and creeks made the traveling largely a matter of wading mud knee-deep and often water to the saddle-skirts, and occasionally crossing the rivers by canoe or skiff and swimming the horse.

The rivers were so high and wide that I did not venture in the saddle to swim them. Narrating these features of my initiatory experience is not an attempt to rival the stories of hardship and heroism related by the early itinerants, but simply to suggest my rather dolorous initiation into the itinerant ministry. Whether to kill or cure, I took the medicine, cheered with the belief that I was in the line of duty. For the six months which I spent in this work I received as pay a cheap satinet coat, a pair of cowhide boots, and eight dollars in money. Nor did I gain much comfort in the thought that perhaps the preaching was as poor as the pay. But the problem of health began to turn in my favor. The rough exposure improved my appetite, and horseback riding, to which I had been accustomed from childhood, toned up my nerves and, although the process was slow, at the end of six months I was surely on the way to recovered health. Although the work was hard and the pay meager, my hearers were not critical, but, I think, made due allowance for what, as they termed me, a "beardless boy" might say, and were kind enough to encourage me by attending the services in goodly numbers. My colleague, the pastor in charge, was a really able preacher and fitted for a far better grade of appointments than the scanty salary, the crude people, and, to him, the health-breaking hardships this circuit afforded. But I have found that one of the first qualifica-

tions of an itinerant minister is the catlike ability to alight on his feet wherever thrown by the bishop. This good, uncomplaining, though indignant man had this catlike faculty, and by the excellent management and hard work of himself and wife cared for their large family, and by his excellent adaptability had a mighty revival which revolutionized that region. It was this revival that so enlarged the demands of the charge that an assistant pastor was required. Such a man, like his Lord, can make the blunders as well as the wrath of men praise him, because he will do good wherever he goes. This good man often encouraged me by telling me how well pleased the people were with my efforts to preach, but occasionally added this warning, "But don't get the bighead; they don't know much."

The Quarterly Conference of this circuit recommended me for admission to the Iowa Annual Conference, which was to hold its next session in Fairfield the ensuing autumn. On September 13, 1858, I was accordingly admitted on trial and became a regularly installed itinerant minister. This was the first time it had ever been my privilege to attend the session of an Annual Conference, and you may be sure I watched its proceedings with deep interest and studied the prominent men carefully. My parents had always taught their children by precept and example to revere our ministers. Hence I thought that at this Conference I was among able

and saintly men, and I viewed Bishop Morris and the presiding elders with well-nigh poetic fancy as "quite on the verge of heaven, where angels have their birth."

While thus with reverential attention I noted the progress of Conference business, the "call of the districts" began. One presiding elder, having been called, gave an offhand, general report of his district which impressed me that the Churches over which he presided must be exceedingly prosperous, if not in a blaze of glory. Then came the "passing of the ministerial character" of each preacher in his district, and each one took his hat and walked out when his name was called. The first one was scarcely outside the door, I think, when his presiding elder launched into a eulogy of him which filled me with wonder that so great a man could live in Iowa without my having heard of him; and I determined to mark him well when he came in, for surely he must be the great man of the Conference. Ere he returned another name was called, another man walked out, and another eulogium which seemed to surpass the first was indulged in by the presiding elder. When the third and fourth were thus commended in terms far beyond what father had used when impressing my boyish imagination with his accounts of the great preaching of Bascom and Barnes and Waterman, I wondered if this presiding elder could have all the great preachers of the Con-

ference in his district. Later I found this was not half true, but the whole truth was that these florid representations were merely idiosyncrasies of this elder, and that each man in his district expected his baptism of "gush" when his name was called. Then it seemed no wonder each took his hat and left the house. But as this thing continued and the other presiding elders represented the pastors in their districts in like manner, though less extravagant than the first, I began to think this be-praising must be characteristic of the West, but found later that I was remarkably verdant and that these eulogistic presiding elders were shrewd men; and the retiring from the Conference room by each pastor when his name was called was a custom intended to admit of free discussion of his ministerial character. This was the beginning of another process in my ministerial education, a process which, for lack of a better phrase, I termed "The shriveling of giants."

Passing by all these be-praised brethren who had undergone "passage of character," there were men here, representing the general enterprises of the Church, whose names I had grown familiar with from their frequent appearance in the Church papers. Among these I found much to admire, much to learn, and in some of them much that was disappointing. When the time came to read the appointments, as fixed by the bishop in council with the presiding elders, all were intensely interested.

Doubtless a few knew where they were to be assigned, but many, perhaps a large majority, were in the dark on that subject until the bishop read out their appointments. Like the others, I eagerly waited, and finally thought myself happy when the bishop pronounced, "Muscatine Circuit—John B. Hill, Emory Miller." This was my first appointment by a bishop, the beginning of my career in the "regular ministry." All my former work, provisionally termed "ministerial," had been preparatory and led up to this.

Muscatine Circuit.—This proved a fortunate appointment for me. Rev. John B. Hill, the pastor in charge, was one of God's true saints. He had moved from West Virginia and had been appointed to this same Muscatine Circuit one year before, and with his family occupied the parsonage at Wilton, the head of the circuit. His brotherly welcome helped me greatly to overcome my embarrassment incident to beginning in this new field. Of all the years of my ministerial life, none has been more pleasant than this. The circuit embraced eleven places of regular Sabbath preaching. We preached three times each Sabbath, covering the whole every two weeks. Besides these, we had occasional week-night services at other points. Sunday work was to ride horseback from ten to twenty miles and hold three preaching services; and, additionally sometimes, to go to Muscatine in the evening and supply the

pulpit of the city pastor, who was ill. But the regular work of three Sabbath services, with the horseback rides, did not prove overwork. The preacher in charge did most of the pastoral visiting, transacted the business, and bore the responsibility of administration. Thus my duties were little beyond study, attending prayer-meeting, and trying to preach. The people generally were well-to-do farmers in the country, and mechanics, clerks, and shopkeepers in the small towns. My labors and associations with the people yielded me in after years happy recollections of Muscatine Circuit, although my salary was but one hundred and fifty dollars, besides board and lodging.

Perhaps the fact that in one of the rural homes of this circuit I met the beautiful girl who afterward became my wife had much to do with founding these pleasurable recollections. But to Rev. John B. Hill, the senior pastor, I owe a debt of lasting gratitude for his godly example, wise counsels, and fatherly encouragement. Of all the men of my intimate acquaintance he has seemed to me scarcely equaled as a patient, spiritually-minded, transparently true and Christlike man. He still lives, at the age of eighty-six, and occasionally preaches, although having been a superannuate for six or eight years. Since writing the above, the announcement comes that this man of God has died at his home in Agency, Iowa, December 3, 1909, aged eighty-seven years.

TALLEYRAND.—At the next Conference session, held at Muscatine, September, 1859, Bishop Simpson presiding, I was appointed pastor in charge of Talleyrand Circuit. Talleyrand was a village situated fourteen miles directly west of Washington, Iowa. It was the head of a circuit which had the shape somewhat of a flying crane, extending northward some thirty miles, with wings of about five miles each way, east and west. It was a new circuit, organized but the year before, and of frontier character. Some members of the Conference—well I will say, "fathers;" I dislike the term "bosses"—who, I was told, had thought I was inclined to be "scholarly," "fine-haired," "needed breaking in," now had me situated to their taste. However, the people of this circuit numbered among them a few families of intelligence from Eastern States, though the larger number were typical frontier settlers. Their limited opportunities led them to turn out well to Church services, many coming distances ranging from three to six miles. There was a good-sized Presbyterian church in Talleyrand in which we were permitted to worship. At the four other appointments we held our services in schoolhouses. The winter proved extremely severe, with frequent blizzards, deep snows, and low temperatures. On one occasion when, having visited my parents and friends fifty miles away, and having been persuaded by my sister to stay one day longer than I had

planned, I mounted my horse at Iowa City on Friday morning in a fierce northwest wind, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero, and rode twenty-five miles to Washington. It was a severe test, but I reached Washington without harm other than feeling desperately chilled. Saturday morning dawned with increased cold, and the pastor at Washington, Rev. John Harris, besought me not to attempt the fourteen miles further to Talleyrand. Said he, "I am to have watch-night services tonight, and you would better stay and preach for me and by morning the weather will in all probability have moderated, and you can then ride out to Talleyrand (by 10.30) for your service." This was plausible and, with the intense cold of Saturday, persuaded me to stay and take the chances for milder weather next morning. So we went through the watch-night meeting; and the presiding elder, resident there, claiming me as his guest, took me to his house to lodge. We retired about one o'clock and rose at four. The cold had become more intense, and the good "elder" would have dissuaded my going, but I knew my parishioners for miles around would be at the church with sleds, sleighs, and wagons; I only was responsible for being so far away from the appointed service; I must not disappoint them. After a good, warm breakfast which the good Mrs. Twining had ready by the time I was dressed, I mounted my horse, ready at the door, and turned

my face westward against a steady, cutting wind. My course was directly west for fourteen miles, mostly open, undulating prairie. The cold was intense. How low was the temperature when I started I did not learn, but at sunrise the thermometer read, I was told, twenty-eight degrees below zero. My horse was a good mount for the occasion—a smooth trotter and tough as whalebone—and I let him trot uphill, downhill, and on the level. If I had had a good night's sleep before undertaking this ride I might have endured it better. But I was well wrapped, and the motion of the horse tended to keep my blood in active circulation. When I arrived at Talleyrand I rode directly to the house of Dr. Pritcherd, who, seeing my approach, met me and opened the gate, helped me to roll off the horse, and, taking the sweating animal to the barn, left me to manage, by holding to the fence and house, to make my way into the door. The chill had rendered me unable to stand or walk without support, but Mrs. Pritcherd helped me unwrap, and soon the doctor took off my shoes and socks and, finding my feet somewhat frostbitten, thawed them gradually and bathed them with whisky, but administered none internally. In a word, I was in good shape in an hour or two from the time of my arrival at Dr. Pritcherd's, and we walked to the church on time and found a large congregation eager to hear even such preaching as I could give them; and I seemed

none the worse for my long and cold morning ride. Thirteen miles further and two more preaching services completed the day's work. Many times I had helped in song and prayer and trying to preach for days and nights at camp and other revival meetings, and though often tired and worn, I had never experienced the least sense of weariness in my lungs. But after this day's exposure and work I became aware of lungs and their need of care and rest.

Many trips through storms and snowdrifts had to be taken, the sight and sound of wolves were frequent, and occasionally I startled the wild deer or other game as I traversed this sparsely settled, storm-swept circuit. The people were generally "whole-souled" and hospitable and gratefully shared with me the best they had. In most cases it was nice, clean, and comfortable; in some it was scanty and cheerless, and in a few the beds were filthy and the food crude and disgusting, many times resulting to me in violent nausea. My chief consolation in such cases was that I ate dirt, slept in foul beds, and endured exposure for Christ's sake; "that by all means I might save some."

There were enough of these cases to make my term on this charge an era of dirt eating. At one of these preaching places, after a five o'clock service, I went, upon invitation, to have tea and stay the night with an educated gentleman who was a large farmer and, with his wife, a member of the Church.

Their center-table, by its profusion of books, periodicals, and newspapers, evinced general intelligence. The house was a clever pioneer affair, a cruciform frame, the boards set on end and battened, with earth heaped against the walls all around outside. As they had taken their tea before the Church service, the table was spread for me alone—a simple meal of tea, warm biscuit, butter, and cookies. Although wearied from the three services of the day, I could have eaten a hearty meal, but for attending circumstances; lack of ventilation gave the house an atmosphere anything but appetizing. The first bite into the biscuit was a poser, a shock. If you have ever breathed the fumes from a tallow candle which, having burned down to the socket of a brass candlestick, and being extinguished and left for hours, is lighted again, you will know exactly the taste and smell of that biscuit. It had, I believe, been shortened with rancid fat kept in a brass kettle. What was I to do? I could easily go without supper, but I must not wound the feelings of these good people, and I must not lie. I swallowed part of the biscuit, and tried the cookies, but alas! their sweetening only rendered more nauseous the same shortening, evidently, which larded the biscuit. The tea was good, and I drank copiously to quell the nausea and help out the question of courtesy. When retiring, I was given a bed in the ell part of the house. This had the earth for a floor, and but one

window, a mere transom, closed. Here, too, were numerous things which accounted for the odors afloat in the other parts of the house, as also for the peculiar taste of the supper; fleeces of unwashed wool, barrels containing soap grease, and my suspected acquaintance, the brass kettle with its grease. But that little window was closed and the air was dreadful. After covering up in bed and trying to rest, it was not long before rats began to scamper about in this loathsome den, and at various times upon and across my bed. To render the night even more hideous, those two boys occupying another bed in that room quarreled and fought again and again, suggesting a pair of demons or furies. At last I endured through the loathsome darkness of that night and, long before any one of the family was up, I dressed and made my way to the open air. Climbing to the top of a high fence near by, I rested and thanked God for pure air, and pondered how I might make excuse from breakfast and get away without hurting the feelings of my hosts. But it was in vain; breakfast came, and with it, as I now remember, potatoes boiled with skins on, and light bread innocent of lard and verdigris. Getting decently away, I never had occasion to visit the place again. This, I think, was the most helplessly disagreeable pastoral visit of my entire experience.

SORGHUM.—Any one who remembers its first introduction and use in Iowa will smile, if he does

not weep, at the mention of sorghum. This sorghum period was the period of hard times in Iowa, especially with these pioneer farmers. But they found in it a sort of shifty relief in many of their needs. With their corn bringing them but "ten cents a bushel," pork but a cent and a half a pound, and other farm products in proportion, they were but poorly able to buy the cheapest groceries, to say nothing of sweets or orchard fruits. Hence, sorghum was seized upon as offering at least partial relief, although it was poor stuff as manufactured in the earlier years following its introduction. Yet they ate it with their corn or wheat bread, used it in making cake, or spreading pancakes. Some used it for wagon-grease; and untidy housekeepers, who would be untidy under any circumstances, made wonderful smear with sorghum syrup. At certain of their homes I found it about impossible to sit down on a chair or stool, or even brush against a door casement, without being daubed with sorghum. And at the table, when the good-natured, oily housewife passed a handleless quart cup, from which the ends of her fingers drew dainty ropes of the syrup, and other hands in like manner passed it to me, I could truthfully as well as politely say, "I was not very fond of sweets." But I met my match when I accepted as dessert a piece of pie or tart—something which had only a lower crust, with wild crab apples quartered, but neither pared nor cored, laid in it,

with sorghum poured over them and baked. Eat it? Certainly. Get sick? Of course; that was the usual order—had become chronic, in fact; I worked and ate in daytime and "heaved Jonah" at night. Indeed, I became so habituated to this process that well-nigh a whole year passed after leaving this charge before I could lie down at night without nausea and retching. Some of my brethren of the Conference who thought I needed "breaking in" would, I fancy, have enjoyed the regimen I was undergoing. But I made no complaint, nor told them of this episode of filth, though it came near finishing me.

One day, after a long, cold ride, I stopped at the farmhouse of an intelligent brother who was a justice of the peace and in good financial circumstances. Finding my way through the deep snow to the front door, my rap was answered by a drowsy "Come in." There sat the man of the house alone, with one foot on each side of a stove which surmounted a pile of ashes, and contained a struggling fire, by which he was endeavoring to keep warm. My salutation did not stir him from his seat; nor did I appropriate a chair, but stood close to the stove and said, "Brother, how does your soul prosper nowdays?" "Well," said he, "my faith in God and religion is as firm as ever, but I do n't have that religious enjoyment I used to have." "Well," I broke in, "I can tell you how to recover that." "Can you?

That's just what I want to know." "Then, here it is; clean out your stable so that when one comes with a sweating horse he can get the door open wide enough to get him in out of the storm. And then shovel the snow away from your door so that he can get to your house without wading to his knees. Then get this pile of ashes from under and inside this stove so that you can have a fire that will warm the stove and be some help to a man who comes in nearly frozen. Then put that nasty pigeon, that roosts on the clock, outdoors, and keep the dogs off that bed that I sleep in when I stay overnight; in a word, rouse yourself and get out of this slothfulness and dirt, and fix and clean things up about the farm, and I'll warrant you'll get back your religious enjoyment."

When I thought of what I had with some feeling said, I was startled. But it was all true, though not the whole truth; and, as the rules of pastoral duty required me to exhort to cleanliness where needful, and the extreme provocation of this moment did the rest, I let him have it. Now, I thought, he'll be mad. But no; after an evident struggle, he replied, "Do you think so?" I answered, "I am sure of it." "Well, I don't know but you are right," and he began to rake the ashes out of the stove and replenish the fire. As it had not been my intention to stay longer than to warm up, I soon took my departure, leaving him to meditate upon this unique pastoral visit.

When, in a week or two, I came to fill my preaching appointment there, I was surprised and gratified to see the extent to which my effort to perform a disagreeable duty had been effectual. The pets, pigeons and dogs, were out of the house, and the gentleman himself was decidedly rubbed up. Ten years later a gentleman in another part of the State accosted me thus: "Did you ever preach at such a place about ten years ago?" "Yes, sir." "Did you know Mr. ———?" "I did, very well." "Do you remember talking to him about laziness and dirt?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, he is my uncle." Now, thought I, I am to get the "lickin'" which his uncle did not give me. He continued, "And I want to tell you that you never did a better thing in your life; it was the salvation of that family, especially of those two children, their son and daughter. It turned a new leaf for the whole family, and they have prospered in finances, in their habits and manners, in self-respect, education, and religion." Twenty years later the son and daughter, having been educated at the State university, and about to start on a tour of Europe, stopped for a few days in the city where I resided and called at my house. Not finding me at home, they gave my wife a message from their father, whom I had not seen since leaving that circuit, saying, "Be sure to go to see Brother Miller and give him my everlasting love."

Now, to resume about Talleyrand Circuit, it is fair to say that although the salary was fixed at

$150 for a year's service (I to pay my board out of that), they cheerfully paid the quarterly installments when due. We had good, spiritual meetings, gracious revivals, and, as all seemed to think, a prosperous time. After six months of this circuit, the presiding elder moved me to Muscatine to supply the pulpit of Pastor Worthington, the failure of whose health compelled him to desist from public speaking. This move, it is only truth to say, grieved my Talleyrand parish, and such had become my attachment to these kind and appreciative people I did not leave them without a pang of regret, although the move meant relief and promotion to me. One of the regrets of my life is that I have never since found it practicable to so much as pay them a visit.

Muscatine.—Muscatine was then a city of about 10,000 people. In former years our Church there had passed through many severe trials, but under the ministerial labors of the Rev. John Harris, had attained secure footing and was gaining ground. The Rev. David Worthington, now the pastor, retained charge, while I was expected to supply the pulpit service and share the work of pastoral visitation. But as my term in the Muscatine pulpit was presumably for but six months, I did not become so intimately or so warmly attached to the people generally as in other pastorates, although they paid me due respect, and my pupit service encouraging appreciation.

In later years our Church became the largest Protestant Church in Muscatine, and during the pastorate of Rev. W. F. Cowles, and under his fine generalship, built a large and elegant church edifice. The city is situated at the point where the Mississippi River reaches its most westerly curve in Iowa, and bending here, sweeps off to the southeast, bold, broad, and majestic. Standing upon the bluffs in West Muscatine, one can view, besides this grand sweep of the river, the whole of Muscatine Island in all the beauty of its fruitlands. Here once the rank prairie grass prepared by its wondrous growth the fuel for the magnificent prairie fires which with all their wild fury, sweeping over many square miles, won in the Red Man's terse vocabulary the name, "Muscatine" (Fiery Island). One who has seen this vast plain, or a considerable portion of it, on fire could not wonder that Blackhawk, as the story goes, when a prisoner, was taken to view a display of fireworks in New York, and when asked if he did not think it was great, wonderful, etc., replied, "No great like Muscatine." In addition to the river and the island, the view takes in the lovely coronet of bluffs which stretches from where it leaves the great "slough" or bayou, at the city, in a semi-circle of twenty miles to where it again dips in the great river. The farmhouses, seated on the bluffsides, by gushing springs of water, quietly and cosily enjoying their shelter from the Northwest winds, and looking

down upon the smooth bottom lands which in wide acres sweep gradually down to the bayou, complete a scene of rare loveliness and inspiring beauty.

The ensuing session of the Iowa Annual Conference was held in Washington, Iowa, Bishop Janes presiding. After examination and recommendation by the Standing Committee, each member of our class was elected to the order of deacon by vote of the Conference, and Bishop Janes administered the ordination ceremony on the following Sabbath. The class, originally of eight members, consisted at this time of James H. Hopkins, Dennis Murphy, Manassah B. Wayman, and myself.

One of my greatest mistakes was committed at this Conference session by my assenting to transfer, at the request of Bishop Janes, to the Missouri Conference, to take charge of Simpson Chapel, St. Louis. Although the transfer was not made without my consent, the pressure was such that I yielded. If I had possessed better judgment or a better knowledge of the conditions at Simpson Chapel, and perhaps had been less susceptible to the thought of promotion, I would have declined the transfer. As the sessions of the Missouri Conference were held in the spring of the year I was liable, though not likely, to be moved again at the end of six months. However, I accepted the arrangement and was appointed to take charge of the chapel.

St. Louis.—The state of feeling in the charge

I found anything but encouraging. The members were grieved and provoked because of the removal of the former pastor, Rev. J. C. Smith, who had been promoted to a presiding eldership which had thus in the middle of the Conference year been made vacant by the death of his predecessor. Two or three of the wealthy members had in their chagrin withdrawn from the Church. But I endeavored to proceed as though there was nothing wrong, and seeing I was not to blame, they tentatively rallied about me. Even those whose disaffection had led them to withdraw from the Church continued to attend our services and pay their usual contributions to its support. In the meantime, Miss Polly Headley Millar, referred to above as residing near Muscatine, I brought to St. Louis as my wife, where we boarded during the remainder of my stay as pastor of Simpson Chapel.

As the springtime drew on, I presumed that I would be reappointed to Simpson Chapel at the coming Conference session, to continue in that charge for the ensuing Conference year, but it was decreed by some of the Conference "bosses" that I must move. The aged bishop, though protesting against this injustice of moving me at the end of but six months, yielded to the insistence of the presiding elder of Jefferson City District, and the assent of my presiding elder of the St. Louis District, who, I was told, was completely under the

thumb of the former. "Machinations" is a harsh word to apply to the doings of Christian ministers, but this was a transaction of which one of the older ministers of the Conference, who knew the motives and methods of this whole affair, declared, "A more infamous thing had never been done in a Conference." It is not intended to detail this matter here, but simply to say it resulted in disgrace to that Church, brought about by the minister who was appointed there in my stead, and for whose sake (he was a rich man) the presiding elder of his (Jefferson City) District secured him the change, *for a money consideration.*

FRANKLIN CIRCUIT.—Franklin Circuit, Jefferson City District, was the name of the charge to which I was appointed. It took its name from the small railway station, Franklin, which is about twenty miles west of St. Louis, but had neither Methodist Church organization nor building. The circuit embraced four preaching places. One of these, Clayton, was perhaps three miles west of St. Louis, though now near, if not within, the city limits. For several months, amid the mutterings of Civil War, I endeavored to discharge the pastoral duties of this circuit, though beset with menaces and threats of various forms of violence, from stoning and tar and feathers to death itself. During this time my wife and I were guests in the Clayton family. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, although owning a slave or two—hav-

ing provided for their freedom—were loyal to the National Union and to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their home afforded to us the welcome and deferential treatment of guests, though it was in fact an asylum in our lack of an adequate income and the circuit's lack of a parsonage. The other preaching places were strung out westward for the distance of about thirty miles, as my memory serves me.

Fenton, a village or small town about eight miles southwest of St. Louis, was one of my appointments, or preaching places. At one of my services here a mob, led by a Mr. Smiser, justice of the peace, appeared in the church when I was in the midst of a sermon, but took seats and quietly awaited the conclusion of the service. Then the leader of the mob arose and, addressing me, said they had come to inform me that, as I was a Northern man and a minister of a Northern Church, my presence among them was a source of irritation to their people, although they knew no particular facts to allege against me personally. I assured him that I was not there to meddle with their affairs, but to devote myself strictly to the spiritual interests of the charge to which I had been assigned. This, however, did not satisfy him, but really gave him a chance to open out in a general tirade against Northern Churches and preachers generally, and the "Northern Methodist" Church, as he termed it, in particular,

saying, "You Northern Methodist preachers [naming Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as one] brought on this war," etc. By this time a bumptious brother of my company of worshipers, Brother Sullens, arose and entered hotly into dispute with the spokesman of the mob. Blood was up between these two especially, and as we moved from the church, and I stepped from the door, a ruffian struck me with his fist, staggering me somewhat to one side, but not quite felling me to the ground. This fired afresh my hot-blooded friend, and he made for the leader and would have trounced him severely—for he was a powerful man—but for the interference of others, men and women, who sought to prevent if possible an actual fight. While the people were thus engaged in a disputatious effort to prevent a battle, which now seemed less probable than at first, I mounted my horse and started for my afternoon appointment. Word came afterward that the peace sentiment prevailed at Fenton for the present, and no one had been hurt.

On the morning of the same day I had received word that if the presiding elder and I would come to the quarterly meeting, as announced for Sunday two weeks hence, at Piney, some six or seven miles westward from Fenton (as I remember), we might "expect a coat of tar and feathers." The presiding elder, however, had, as I learned later, disbanded the district a month before by writing to each pastor, myself excepted, releasing them from their pastoral

charges and advising them to seek safety as best they could, and he had betaken himself and family to a place of safety in St. Louis.

Ignorant of all this, I continued in my work and rode to the farthest appointment west for the next Sabbath service. As the rough road among the flint hills proved too much for my horse's feet, I was obliged to proceed but slowly, and was overtaken by darkness before reaching my destination. Feeling my way by moving slowly over the rough road, I reached a small clearing in the woodland and saw a dim light apparently about one hundred yards from the road. Stopping, I heard a man's voice indulging in loud profanity. At the first intermission of his eloquence I called a "hello" which was promptly answered. I asked if I could stay over night with him, to which he replied, "I never turn anybody away; light off!" He soon came to the bars with his lantern, and directly my horse was stabled and I led into a snug log cabin. There I found myself with two men, ruffians, a little the worse for whisky, and extremely profane; but not a woman or child about the house. The man who met me was the older of the two and the owner of the place. He showed me through his cabin and pointed out its excellencies with as much satisfaction as a millionaire might exhibit his mansion, telling me he had cleared the land and built the cabin himself in the three years he had lived

there. "But," said I, "you have not kept bach. here all that time?" Then with a shockingly profane imprecation upon her, he said, "O, I had a ——— thing here, but she did n't suit me, so I let her go." The rest of the evening was spent in telling me with vast profanity of his two trips across the plains and of men whom he had shot, and added an account of a quarrel he had had recently at the grocery in a near by neighborhood in which he had killed his man. I had told him I was a Methodist minister on my way to a preaching place a little further on, but my horse had given out. Of course I perceived I was in the company of two desperadoes. When time came to retire he assigned me a berth which was fastened against the wall on one side of the room, and he and his man took the other and wider one on the other side. So, supperless, and commending myself to God for the night, I laid down and slept soundly until after daybreak. "Git up; do n't you hear the birds hollerin'?" was my host's salutation to his fellow ruffian. Soon he was out feeding stock, the other prepared breakfast, and in the meantime I rose and dressed. When all was ready, my host politely asked me to "set by," but before attempting to eat, crossed his knees, closed his eyes, and bowing his head, said, "Ax us a blessin', will you?" The breakfast consisted of mixed cornmeal and water, without salt, baked in a frying pan or "skillet," besides some dried venison,

extremely salt, fried, and some wretched coffee. Breakfast over, he brought my horse, and as we walked to the bars opening to the main road, he apologized for his profanity of the previous evening, confessing he had been drinking. When I offered to pay him for my entertainment, he said, "All I charge is that you stop with me again when you pass this way." Saying he would "come and listen at" me when I came "to preach over to Piney," he bade me a cordial good-bye.

When I reached the church, three miles further on, the people were gathering for service, and wonderingly asked me where I had spent the night. When I described the place and the man, they were horror-stricken, saying, "Why, that is Bill Anderson, the desperado who led the mob that tarred and feathered Brother Sellers, our pastor, last year." They wondered he had not murdered and made away with me. But as I had slept soundly through the night, without weapons or apprehension, I was much refreshed, and prayed and preached as usual. This same Bill Anderson became noted later as a leader of rebel "bushwhackers" and "bridge burners" in Missouri, and was eventually captured and shot or hung, I forget which, by Union soldiers. Upon my return to Clayton's, I passed through Fenton, the place of the above noted Sunday's mobbing, but met with no disturbance other than a stone hurled at me which, had it been better aimed, would

probably have unhorsed me. As it was, a trail of mud across my hat was the only scar I could show for that adventure. On the following Saturday, accompanied by my venerable steward, Brother Ralph Clayton, I started for the quarterly meeting, which had been announced, but not recalled, by the presiding elder, to be held at "Piney" (or Pine Ridge, perhaps), the place from which I had received the promise of a coat of tar and feathers in case I appeared there for the quarterly meeting. However, we made the venture, and passing through Fenton, we were joined by our belligerent brother, Brother Sullens, who had defied the mob two weeks before, a steward and a "local preacher." We three went on, some five or six miles I judge, to the place of meeting. There was a small gathering of people to the Saturday afternoon meeting, but as the presiding elder did not appear, I, of course, conducted the service, which included a sermon. It was to have been followed by the Quarterly Conference, but as the "elder" was not present, nor any of the officiary of the circuit but the two stewards who had accompanied me, there was no business we could transact, except the turning over to me of a little money as "quarterage." In view of the financial weakness of the circuit, a small appropriation of missionary money had been allotted it—as I recollect, $65 for the year—one-fourth of which I had received at Conference, as it was the presiding

elder's duty to pay me at the first of each quarter (in the form of a check already made out and signed by the bishop presiding at the Annual Conference). Having announced preaching for Sunday morning, hoping the presiding elder would be present, the stewards and I went, upon invitation, to stay for the night at the residence of a Mr. Sullens (brother of our steward of that name). Repairing to the church Sunday morning, we found a good-sized congregation, but no presiding elder. From all appearance, I judged there were present at least three parties, the sincere worshipers, the mob, and those who came to see what might happen. Ignoring all this, I proceeded with the service, including the sermon and communion, enjoying an average degree of fervency and freedom. At the close of the morning service, I announced the close of the quarterly meeting, "owing to the absence of the presiding elder."

Not a hand or word was raised against me; and after dinner we sought our homes, where we arrived without annoyance of any kind. Why the mob made no hostile move I never learned. Whether their threat was but an empty bluff, or whether they feared a too serious interposition in the interest of peace and order, or whether the fact of a man in the line of his duty, and unarmed, disarmed their hostile intent I could only guess, but have always inclined to the last view. We were greatly surprised

to find, before we left the home of Mr. Sullens, where we had been so hospitably entertained, that he was himself a sympathizer with the rebellion, which fact he declared in a sudden intemperate explosion of rebel sentiment. Thus, as in many other instances, we soon found the ground was breaking up all about us and that Missouri was saturated with the rebel spirit. But before we had reached half way home the news met us that General Lyon had captured "Camp Jackson," a military organization of ostensibly Home Guards, but really in sympathy with the Confederate cause, encamped near the western boundary of St. Louis and under command of General Frost. This news revived our spirits with the hope that this was the beginning of the suppression of the rebellion in Missouri.

But now something decisive must be done as to my pastoral relation to Franklin Circuit. Our Church people with few exceptions had become intimidated and feared to attend our services. The presiding elder, I now learned, had disbanded the district by writing a release to each pastor, except myself. My wife and I had boarded at Brother Clayton's longer than we had contemplated; the country was thoroughly unsettled, money exceedingly scarce, business prostrated, and the Church work in the country circuits disorganized, and, for the present at least, at an end. About this time financial help came from my kinfolk in Iowa, and

I put my wife on a steamer for Muscatine, where in a few hours she landed safely and was met by her father, resident near that city.

Meantime, I hunted up my presiding elder in St. Louis and asked him for the second installment of the missionary appropriation due me. He declined to hand over the check or the money, but put me off with the remark that he would *"wait"* to see whether I might not be able to get something else to do for a living. This word *wait* was the vicious word in this excuse. It is true that I had some slight acquaintance in St. Louis, but at this time such was the paralysis in business that I could not bear to put myself upon even my best known friends in that city, knowing they could not welcome guests when there was but small chance to keep themselves and children from becoming hunger bitten. I could not honorably impose upon them for what they showed no disposition to offer. After paying such of my bills as needed attention, and explaining in cases which had time to run, and furnishing my wife money for her trip to Muscatine, about the hardest thing for me to do was to "wait." The fact that my money, small sum as it was, was due at quarterly meeting time, that the presiding elder ought to have been there or sent some one in his stead, or at farthest, have mailed me the check or money, was a good reason why he should have seized the first sight of me to pay over the apportionment.

The money was not his, he had no right to use it or hold it after the quarterly meeting; hence the vicious character of this word, "wait." Yet for two weeks I waited in St. Louis, "stretching" the little money I had, and stretching the scanty provisions I could buy with it as far as possible, I managed to subsist on no "square meals," but "a little something to eat" about once in two days. Meanwhile I slept nights in an upper room of the Boatmen's Chapel, where household goods, including bedding, had been stored and left in my charge by Rev. (afterward General) W. A. Pyle (late pastor of that chapel, but at this time chaplain in the Union army). The goods were left in my care, to ship to his family in Illinois when ordered. This chapel was on the street fronting the river and adjoining a long row of compactly built warehouses.

The memory of this upper room will continue with me doubtless as long as that faculty remains, especially on account of two marked experiences there. The first was a clear-headedness unusual to me, owing, no doubt, to the unusual fast I was "enjoying?" Of course I prayed, too; and I had experienced times of fasting and prayer many times before, but had not kept them with such unconventional continuity. But now I learned that to obtain the greatest clearness of spiritual insight and concentration of analytical and synthetic thought of which one is capable, the fasting may be greatly

increased in both completeness and continuance. A number of problems which I had kept mentally on the shelf for some years found easy, clear, and abiding solution at this time. Besides solving these questions, I beguiled many lonely hours here by reading Butler's Analogy. Of course I had gone through it at school as a delightsome study, but now it was better than Shakespeare to help me forget my woes and commune with one of the immortals. One evening after I had systematized my sorrows and laid them aside, and become deeply absorbed in the Analogy, as I sat on the side of my bed—unrolled upon the floor—the other marked experience suddenly intervened. It was to me the most frightful affright I had ever experienced. Out from the garret of the abutting warehouse, and bursting through the intervening window into my room, two most hideous warehouse cats, yelling like demons, leaped to the edge of my bed, and there reared and fought and screamed and tore each other's hair until —until I outyelled them, as I thought, and threw something, I fear it was Butler, at them. Not abating their screaming, they sprang back through the window and far along through the sooty garrets their fiendish wails and yells died away. If Dante had seen and heard them, I suspect the horrors of the Inferno would have been enriched.

At length my presiding elder yielded to the extent of the second quarter of my claim, and with

this I took boat to Muscatine. At the next session of the Missouri Conference it was ordered that each preacher who had gone to his appointed work and had been compelled to leave it by reason of the war, should be paid his full appropriation of missionary money for the entire year. The appropriation to my charge for the year was sixty-five dollars. Of this I had received but one-half; the remainder was, perhaps, appropriated by the presiding elder—to what use I have never learned, but I remember how indignant was Bishop Ames when he learned of the presiding elder's conduct in the matter.

While "waiting" at St. Louis I was not idle in the effort to find something to do to earn at least a temporary living. The only success I met in this respect was to secure the promise of the chaplaincy of a Missouri regiment, then filling at the arsenal. Meantime, when calling one day on our most prominent pastor in the city, I found him ill. Besides, I learned that the demoralization of his Church was such that his financial support had about slid from under him, and want for daily food for his family was staring him in the face. Furthermore, he had lately received word that the regiment, the chaplaincy of which he was expecting to assume in a few days, would not be mustered in until some indefinitely future time. Along with this came the news that my regiment *was to be mustered immediately*. These orders cut off the early relief which

he expected from a chaplain's salary, and brought relief nearer to me. Whereupon I agreed to turn the chaplaincy of my regiment over to him that he might get early relief, and I, with the small sum which I had "waited" out of the presiding elder, took boat for Muscatine, where my wife was, safe with her parents, and I was soon cordially greeted.

Ebenezer Church, Burlington.—Failing thus to secure the chaplaincy I had expected, I obtained a re-transfer to the Iowa Conference at its session in September, and was appointed pastor of "Ebenezer"—later, "Division Street"—Church, Burlington. The next year the two Churches in Burlington, Ebenezer and Old Zion, were consolidated, and I was appointed to Keosauqua. Difficulties in the way of my moving to that charge led me to write to the presiding elder of that (Keokuk) district, asking him to release me, and I accepted for one year the position of principal of Eliot Seminary, Burlington.

CHAPTER III.

Upper Iowa Conference.

At the next session of the Iowa Annual Conference, September, 1863, Bishop Ames proposed to transfer me to the Upper Iowa Conference, which offer for various and good reasons I accepted. That Conference convened two weeks later, in Davenport, whither I went, and was regularly transferred and was appointed pastor of our Church in Cedar Rapids, where, after about two weeks, we were settled.

Cedar Rapids.—Although Cedar Rapids was a brisk little city of about 2,000 inhabitants, and has become one of the finest and most prosperous inland cities of Iowa, the Methodist Church was at that time at a very low and weak state. During the twelve preceding years it had sustained a series of very disgraceful and disheartening misfortunes; insomuch that many of our prominent families had, for mainly social considerations, joined other Churches. A few of good social standing continued firm in their attachment to their Church. Most of these, however, were in but moderate financial circumstances and without prominence or special in-

fluence. The church building was an uninviting brick shell of but one room, the walls of which were badly cracked and the plaster of the ceiling broken loose in many places. It was situated on a street along the middle of which was the track of the Northwestern Railway, the trains of which, by their jarring, were gradually wrecking the building; as also by their noise caused great disturbance to religious service. There was no parsonage, and the pastor must pay his house rent out of a salary of five hundred dollars. In addition to these peculiarities we had a small brick church situated on the west side of the river, in a suburb of Cedar Rapids, named Kingston, later included within the city corporation. Instead of being an advantage, this little Church seemed to divide the interest of our membership, part of whom resided on the west side, kept up a Sunday school, and desired at least one preaching service each Sunday. The most practicable adjustment of this matter was to preach three sermons each Sabbath—morning and evening in Cedar Rapids, and in Kingston in the afternoon. As the three congregations were largely made up of the same persons, three new sermons were required each Sabbath. A further acquaintance revealed the fact that the Church had been on the verge of dissolution. Certain members informed me they had agreed before the last Conference that "if the conditions of last year were continued by the Conference, they would disband."

No pastor appointed to that charge within the twelve years preceding had continued more than one year, and several had failed to stay a full year. Some were disheartened by the untoward conditions, others disgraced themselves and brought reproach upon the Church by various forms of indiscretion, indecency, or crime. It was well I did not learn of all this at the beginning of the Conference year, lest I might have yielded to discouragement. But, it seemed by the help of God, we persevered; living scantily, studying and working hard, gradually gathering a good attendance at our services, attaining better organization of the Sunday schools, a better feeling of unity among the membership of east and west sides of the river, and a more respectful recognition in matters and movements of general interest in the city. Although we had no marked revival, there were a few conversions and a number of accessions to the Church by letter and probation.

One of the marked conditions incident to this charge was that pastors and members of other and stronger Churches seemed to see no wrong in going to respectable members of our Church, seeking to lure them from us, on the ground that they were "too respectable" to belong to the Methodists. They practiced this persistently with newcomers also who were Methodists. Of course I have known similar practices in other places, but never so persistently and successfully practiced as in Cedar Rapids.

Members of our Church from other places, moving here and seeing our rickety church building and our unimposing conditions generally, frequently turned away rather than take hold to help us in our dire need. About one year and a half before my going to Cedar Rapids the Methodist pastor there and a considerable number of our prominent members joined the Protestant Episcopal Church.

However, we endured and wrought through our first year, and were returned for the second. And, strange as it seems to me now, I was satisfied to continue with them, notwithstanding the scantiness and disadvantages of many kinds to which we were subjected. We stayed the second year, but I have often questioned whether I did right to subject my wife to the hard and embarrassing conditions which we endured here for the sake of holding together and giving an upward turn to the fortunes of this charge. Upon the whole, we have had more of disagreeable and less of pleasurable remembrance upon looking back over our experience at Cedar Rapids than of any charge in our entire itinerant life; this, too, notwithstanding certain happy and enduring friendships which we there formed. My successor, Rev. Stephen H. Henderson, built up the Church in a more marked degree, and in the course of subsequent years it, as well as the city, has greatly prospered.

Leclaire.—Leclaire Circuit was our next appoint-

ment. It had four preaching places; Leclaire and Princeton were towns on the Mississippi River four miles apart. The two country places, Pleasant Valley and Creswell, three miles apart, and each about five miles westward from Leclair. We continued here for two years, at a salary of $800 per annum, and had a revival of spiritual life in the Church and a goodly number of converts at three of these places. The town of Leclaire is situated at the head of the "Upper Rapids" of this river, sixteen miles above Davenport. It is a place of much natural beauty, and is remarkable for its healthfulness. We had comfortable churches in which to worship at all four points, but the parsonage was very poor. Our people were comfortable livers, of average intelligence, and mainly interesting and appreciative.

DAVENPORT.—Davenport became our next place of work, and my charge was "Fourteenth Street Church." The church edifice was the transept of what was intended to be when completed a large cruciform building. This transept had been but newly erected and was about ready for occupancy when I took charge, and I proceeded to arrange for its dedication. Having secured Dr. T. M. Eddy to conduct the dedicatory services, he preached morning and evening, and his father, Rev. Augustus Eddy, who had come with him, gave us a good, old-fashioned sermon at three o'clock in the afternoon. The heavy work of raising the debt was largely accomplished

at the morning service, leaving a remnant which was pledged in the evening.

It is needless to say that Dr. Eddy's sermons were exceedingly eloquent, holding the crowded audience in rapt attention. His solicitation of subscriptions was as pleasant and entertaining as that class of "devotions" can well be made.

Paying these subscriptions and the current expenses greatly taxed the members and friends of this Church through the year. Although the *esprit du corps* of the Church was excellent and continuous, and individual members taxed themselves heavily and systematically, there was a deficit in the finances at the end of the year. The spiritual interest had been well maintained, and the classes and Sunday school well organized and officered, but little real headway was made in adding to the strength of the membership. When a Church, like a man, is struggling for life, it is not in good condition to save others. Such was precisely the situation here, and changed but little throughout the history of that Church. Its members were, as a rule, pious, faithful, and heroically self-sacrificing, but though their devotion was admired, it did not win marked increase of numbers nor financial strength to their cause. Their struggle for life left but little aggressive force.

This year did not seem to me as, upon the whole, a successful year. It is true we had a good revival

service, led by Evangelist Adams. Sinners in considerable numbers were converted, and good Christians found strengthening help to their spiritual life. These things no human judgment can weigh, and none dare belittle them, but the strength and growth of that Church as a factor in the city signally came short in comparison with the large expectations of those who launched the enterprise. Those who were most sanguine held me, I think, responsible for the measure of failure as they estimated it. While I think they were in some degree correct in this, the deeper fact was that certain conditions existed there against which no preacher whom they could get had much chance to win. That they were really making headway toward a commanding position in the community required a more reckless optimism than mine to believe.

Davenport District.—At the ensuing session of the Upper Iowa Conference, September, 1868, I was appointed presiding elder of the Davenport District. This was in the thirty-fourth year of my age and at the end of my tenth year in the regular ministry. Bishop Simpson's attention would scarcely have turned toward me in seeking a man to succeed two such able presiding elders as Drs. A. J. Kynett and R. W. Keeler, but for a petition requesting my appointment which a number of pastors on that district signed and presented to him. This request was as much a surprise to me as doubtless it must have

been to many others. This district was formed and conducted on the old plan which embraced from but fourteen to eighteen pastoral charges. Quarterly meetings were held at each charge every three months, and the presiding elder was expected to preach once or twice and hold Quarterly Conference on Saturday, and to preach twice, besides conducting love-feast and administer sacraments on Sunday; except that in some of the city Churches one or both of the Saturday sermons could be omitted.

To bring all these quarterly meetings within the required time the presiding elder must occasionally send a substitute or helper to hold some of them. These substitutes were usually pastors who could arrange to accommodate him, and sometimes a lay, or local, preacher or a superannuate was sent. However well they could fill the presiding elder's place, the people were usually dissatisfied with substitutes. The two presiding elders who had preceded me for eight years successively on this district were tall, fine-looking men, considerably above six feet in height, well proportioned, of imposing presence, and very able preachers. Hence, my first round of quarterly meetings had the incidental interest of making it clear to the people that I was not a "substitute," but a "sure enough" presiding elder, "regularly appointed by the bishop at Conference." Such was the misfortune of my being a short and unimposing figure. Though this circumstance gave rise

to many ludicrous situations and, sometimes, embarrassing remarks, it could easily be laughed off or give rise to some pungent sally in defense of men of small stature.

At the end of the third year I was obliged, by the severe sickness of Mrs. Miller, to ask to be relieved of this office. While the office afforded opportunities to do much good, and was very interesting in many ways, it involved many disagreeable experiences. My necessary absence from home much of the time imposed much domestic care and hardship upon Mrs. Miller, as well as disadvantages to myself. The extreme difficulty of maintaining regular study constantly beset me. Experience proved that nothing but a resolute determination, backed by careful planning, could prevent the breaking up of consecutive study.

This official position naturally—that is, without suggestion or effort on my part—had brought me into notice as a possible delegate to the General Conference, to be held at Brooklyn in May, 1872. The pastors in my district with almost entire unanimity, I was told, favored my election. There were under the patronage of this Conference two institutions of collegiate grade, Cornell College and Upper Iowa University, and the rivalry between them for patronage and for Conference backing was often acutely strenuous. The friends of these institutions naturally drew into partisan groups; insomuch, in-

deed, as to form two well-defined factions in the Conference. All who, like myself, held aloof from these factions could expect little or no support from them. Their favor depended mainly upon the extent to which they could draw upon us for partisan assistance. And, as these factions were made available by aspirants to general offices, the episcopal office especially, they wished the delegates to be men who would support their aspirations. A close friend of one of these candidates asked me whether I would vote for his man for bishop if I were elected a delegate to the General Conference. My answer indicated that I had not decided that matter and was not ready to commit myself to his support. When asked why, I replied substantially that my feeling toward him personally was entirely friendly, that I believed he was the right man for the general office which he then held, but being naturally a partisan, he was not a good man for a bishop. Then he said *my position would prevent my election as a delegate.* My answer was, *"Be it so; I will do nothing under a threat!"* Up to this point the prospect for my election had been considered good, but things now changed and I was not elected. In conversation later with another close friend of this candidate for episcopal honors, I remarked that he and his helpers *could not afford to take the position that they would crush every man who declined to support his ambition;* that in doing so they had put it

into my hands to defeat him; that, representing such purpose, he ought to be defeated, and I meant to do it.

Accordingly, without attacking him, I explained the cause of my being left out of the delegation to two or three Western delegates whose support was necessary to his success, and who wanted to know why I was not elected. Their indignation, quietly but firmly expressed, convinced me the case was settled. And so it proved. I had no need to work against him. All I cared for was to see the "crushing policy" defeated in this and later elections.

In my third year on Davenport District the health of Mrs. Miller completely gave way. Although we had good hired help in the house most of the time, the care which rested upon her during my absence from home so told upon her strength that, with other sickness, quite broke down her nervous system. Pastors in the district kindly substituted me at my quarterly meetings and thus carried forward the work until my wife's health was so far recovered as to admit of my resuming regular work. In the meantime I had taken my wife and children, upon the advice of our physician, to her father's country home near Muscatine. Here, in quietude and freedom from responsibility, she soon began to amend, though recovery was a slow and trying process.

It was during this respite in the country that we lost our little Mary, a babe of six months, by an

attack of pneumonia. Though this, we felt, was a sad and severe affliction, Mrs. Miller bore up under it with Christian resignation and with less damage to her enfeebled health than we feared. It was when we lived in Cedar Rapids that our three-months-old babe, Grace, in her sweetness and beauty had gone before, February 28, 1864.

DAVENPORT.—At the ensuing session of the Upper Iowa Conference I was, at my own request, relieved of the presiding eldership. The bishop (Ames) appointed me pastor of our Church at Davenport with a view to concentrating our strength at Fourteenth Street Church and completing that building. Our Church affairs here were curiously mixed and difficult as they were nondescript. By various influences our Church in Davenport had been divided into four distinct organizations—rivals instead of aids to each other. To reunite them, at least the two stronger societies in the central part of the city (First Church and Fourteenth Street Church), seemed to me a very desirable and important thing to do; and this was what Bishop Ames intended in appointing me in charge of the whole work in Davenport, giving me a junior pastor, Rev. J. S. Wilcox, as an assistant. The form in which this intention was written by the bishop and printed in the Minutes was, "Davenport, 14th Street, Emory Miller, J. S. Wilcox." Although First Church was the largest and in every way the strongest and most representative body of Meth-

odists in the city, and had the only Methodist parsonage, it was not mentioned by name in the appointment for the reason that I was expected to live in the parsonage, but ultimately unite the two societies in one at Fourteenth Street, and arrange the two small societies with their chapels at East and West Davenport in a mission. But this plan, though evidently the right thing to do, proved to be over thirty years in advance of the views of a large number of the members. Over thirty years passed before they saw that the continuance of a self-supporting Methodist Church in Davenport depended on doing exactly what we had planned to do under better auspices. In fact, though the First Church people were mainly in favor of the plan, the Fourteenth Street people hotly opposed it and rejected every overture proposed by First Church. The long and strenuous rivalry between them had crystallized their partisan feeling. First Church was mainly well-disposed and went far with conciliatory propositions for the sake of union, but Fourteenth Street folk would have none of it. The encroachments of the rapidly increasing German population—of mostly irreligious character—the great strength of the Roman Catholic Church, and the languishing condition of Protestant Christianity in the city generally, rendered this segregation of our Churches a menace to our usefulness, if not to our very existence; we were well-nigh prostrate.

The all-important thing left to do, as I thought, was to get First Church out of their old building, at Fifth and Brady Streets—where the adjacent switching grounds of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway made it all but untenable as a place of religious worship and work—and build a new church on a more eligible location. This we proceeded to do; meanwhile the presiding elder, Rev. J. S. Anderson, provided a pastor for Fourteenth Street Church, and the Mission Churches were manned by the young minister, Brother Wilcox.

The First Church people, now recognizing more fully than before that the standing of Methodism in their city depended chiefly upon them, and more than ever that they must have their place of worship away from the din of the making-up of railroad trains, proceeded to raise a subscription to buy a lot and build a new church. This move resulted in building and dedicating First Church on the crown of Brady Street Hill (Eighth and Brady). The Fourteenth Street Methodists objected to this proximity to the location of their church, and apparently with reason. Bishop Andrews, who had come to dedicate our new building, asked, "Would it not have been better to locate your church on some other street or place further from Fourteenth Street Church?" He was convinced and satisfied by my answer, namely, "If the interests of Methodism in the center of the city may safely be entrusted to

this society at Fourteenth, yes; but if not, then not." The outcome has been as some of us forewarned. After toiling through a pilgrimage of over thirty years they have been impelled by force of circumstances to find rest, as we had pointed out in 1871, in the consolidation of the two Churches as one organization, housed in an ample and elegant edifice at Fourteenth and Brady Streets.

Clinton, Cedar Falls.—At the end of my three years' pastorate at First Church, September, 1874, I was appointed pastor of our Church at Clinton, but at the end of that year, September, 1875, was taken up and put in charge of Cedar Falls District. At the same Conference session I was elected, with but little opposition, a delegate to the General Conference, to convene May 1, 1876, at Baltimore. The election of eight bishops by the preceding General Conference (1872) was generally regarded as so much in excess of the need of the Church that it was well understood there would be no promotions to that office at this Conference at Baltimore.

As Baltimore had much historic interest for Methodists, my gratification from having been peacefully chosen a delegate had this special satisfaction. Incidentally, too, it gave me most delightful acquaintance and entertainment, as a guest, in the family and fellowship of the pastor of Strawbridge Church, the Rev. A. J. Hank. It was my first visit east of the Alleghenies, and my host had never been west

of them, though he had traveled extensively beyond the Atlantic. We found constant interest in our comparison of Western and Eastern peculiarities. Especially entertaining to me were his accounts of European and Oriental countries and peoples. His curiosity to know what a "Westerner" thought of Baltimore helped me to entertain him occasionally. For example, "What things in Baltimore strike you as unexpected or strange?"

"Two things especially: the buildings do not seem so tall as I expected, and the extreme deliberation with which the people move along the streets, whether driving or afoot."

"Ah! how are the buildings in Western cities?"

"In Chicago there are miles of them from six to ten stories, and many here and there higher. The movements of men and teams seem hurrying to accomplish some purpose. Omnibuses, wagons, and cabs urge their way through the streets, and carriages and lighter rigs are often driven at well-nigh three-minute speed." The expression of surprise on the faces of my host and hostess rather suggested that I had perhaps betrayed, without mentioning it, another Western characteristic, boastfulness. A pleasant turn in these comparisons of Eastern and Western things occurred anon when the pastor's good wife said, "Now, if you will tell me what is your usual diet in the West, or what there is here which you would like as a change from your Western fare, we

will be glad to have it for you?" Thanking her, I added I had not thought of suggesting a bill-of-fare, but her kindness reminded me that I had never had all the fresh fish I wanted." "Good; now you *shall!*" was her prompt reply; and I think every day of that month some kind of fresh fish, from mountain trout to rock, cod, shad, and more than I can now think of, even to deviled crab, came to her table, prepared by her typical colored cook. But for nobler than gustatory reasons, one of the most sunny memories I bear is that of my month's association with this genial family. It would have been a great pleasure to me if I could have afforded them an extensive tour of "The Great West."

This General Conference was marked by interesting anniversaries, speech-making, and resolutions in compliment to Baltimore as the "cradle of Methodism" in America, mixed with a great deal regarding Methodism that seemed very much like square-toed bragging. Some seemed to think they might indulge in measureless adulation of Methodism, its history, methods, and men, conscious of neither vain-glory nor bad taste, provided they interjected as an occasional side remark, "What hath God wrought!" or "To God be the glory!"

Another of the recreations of this Conference was a trip on a coast steamer down the Chesapeake to Annapolis, given by the people and pastor (Peck) of Mount Vernon Place Church. Western men who

were as verdant as myself were impressed with this antique town, its finished appearance and historical associations, as also by the parade drill of the cadets on the grounds of the Naval Academy. The bay, the forts, the music and dinner on the steamer, and the social time made it a most pleasurable affair.

At this Conference there were interesting debates and some maneuvering for office, but compared with other General Conferences which I have attended since, it yet seems to me as having been a rather amiable Conference; perhaps owing to the fact that no bishops were to be elected. Novice as I was, I found it less difficult to get the floor than in the four later General Conferences of my experience. In all but this first one my way has been singularly hedged up when attempting to speak. In like manner my pulpit assignments while at General Conferences have never been in prominent Churches, but usually in comparatively obscure places. Whether this was because I was from the West, or because of a fixed intention to keep me out of sight, I never took the trouble to ascertain. If I had not heard many inferior sermons from prominent pulpits during the General Conferences, I might have thought my grade as a preacher was not considered up to the requirements of these pulpits, but I did not have even that simple solution to help me in this quandary. But I learned some valuable lessons by such experiences. One was that he who would secure fair recognition,

not to say prominence, or get on in official favor, must plan and work for it; in a word, be something of a "Church politician." How to do this and maintain my self-respect I have been too dull to understand.

Perhaps, in a biographical sketch, one should mention his maiden speech in the General Conference, especially if it require no opulence of diction. Mine was very brief, but I was asked by the chairman to repeat it, which I did. A "muddle" had come about regarding the question whether the Discipline required the journals of the Annual Conferences to be brought to the General Conference for review, or whether the *printed copy* of the Journal would answer instead. Strange to say, quite a number of leading men contended for the written journal, as kept by the secretary, while others opposed this view in various but inconclusive ways. After considerable time had been consumed in this tangle, I finally mustered sufficient courage to claim the floor and ventured the following: "*Mister Chairman,* The Discipline does not require that the journal shall be brought to the General Conference, but a copy; nor does it prescribe whether that copy shall be written or in print." Bishop Merrill, who occupied the chair, smiled approval. Whereupon Dr. Arthur Edwards, owing to the prevailing confusion, called for order and asked that my speech be repeated. The Chair granted the request, the speech was repeated, with the citation of paragraph and

section of the law, and the debate was over. This was the first, shortest, and most effective speech I ever delivered in a General Conference. It was a small affair in all respects, but it saved time.

A few times since—perhaps three or four—I have succeeded in getting the floor of the General Conference, but never made a speech that was either great, glorious, or decisive. The fact is, the undignified squabble for the floor, only to see it assigned to some one whom the Chair preferred should speak, usually deterred me from making the effort; or if I did, so greatly embarrassed me that, if I gained the floor, I was unfitted for satisfactory speech.

The only other speech I attempted at Baltimore was in opposition to increasing the number of our small *Christian Advocates,* contending that one great metropolitan weekly, which could be made a necessity in well-nigh every Methodist family—leaving a field for more minute local Church journalism to Annual Conference enterprise—would be more powerful for good than so many small non-self-sustaining *Advocates,* which must be supported as pensioners on the Book Concern; thus consuming large sums of money which rightfully belonged to the superannuated ministers. It is not necessary to say that my view did not prevail. Whether history has vindicated it seems yet an open question.

Cedar Rapids District.—At the end of this Conference year, September, 1876, Bishop Foster asked

my consent to change me from the superintendency of Cedar Falls District to that of Cedar Rapids District. Of course he had authority to make the change without consulting me, but was not disposed to do so without my consent. His proposition I accepted gladly, as it gave me opportunity to reside at Iowa City, near my aged and infirm parents. For other important reasons also I thought the change desirable. The interests of our Church at Iowa City gave me much concern, and I was anxious to do what I could to promote a more wholesome religious atmosphere where hundreds of youth were gathered for education at the State University, yet exposed to evil conditions maintained by drinking-saloons on one hand, and various shades of infidelity and liberalism, prominently advocated, on the other. At Mount Vernon, too, the seat of Cornell College, under the auspices of our Conference, was a student body which any minister of Christ might crave the opportunity to address upon the highest and noblest as well as most delicate and heart-searching themes of the gospel.

Cedar Rapids had taken on new and enlarged commercial life, and our Church there had grown to a membership of five or six hundred and had built a commodious house of worship and an excellent parsonage. Besides these three leading charges, the district embraced a considerable number of second and third grade, financially and numerically,

though relatively of first grade in intelligence and spiritual interests. My appointment to this district was regarded by some a promotion, by others a scheme which boded no good for me, but was not perceived by the bishop. The outcome justified both opinions. However, I saw and felt, from the first suggestion by Bishop Foster, it was heavily weighted with responsibilities, not only in respect of pulpit work, but in a nice yet firm handling of delicate questions of administration. Some of these questions were intensely interesting, but as they have passed their day, it were superfluous to detail them now. The rejection of their appointed pastor by the Church at Iowa City met me at the threshold of the Conference year, and developed a class of unique conditions and some novel questions. The adjustment I made had been advised against by Bishop Foster in our correspondence regarding the matter. Nevertheless I adhered to my decision, and at the next session of the Annual Conference, Bishop Ames—considered the ablest administrative officer in our Church at that time—after jokingly terming me "The Autocrat," approved my administration in the case.

The year 1878 was rendered memorable in Iowa by the campaign for a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating beverages, this to be decided by a non-partisan election. As Iowa City was the seat of three large breweries, besides a number of saloons, it was

quite a storm-center in this notable struggle. The large Bohemian, German, and Irish population of that city and county opposed the amendment; and being mostly Roman Catholic, the influence of the two large organizations of that faith was against us. Public discussions in the opera house, halls, and churches drew large audiences and afforded many strong speeches and lively debates. With other ministers, I took an active part in this campaign, both in the meetings and in work at the polls. The fury of some of our antagonists was at times dramatic, well-nigh tragic, and sometimes funny. Some of my friends enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of my large and sometimes rosy nose because of a remark made by one of my beer-soaked auditors, to-wit, "I bet you if de troot vas known dat man he-self take his schnapps."

But we carried the State by nearly 30,000 majority. Certainly we had great rejoicing. But, alas! our joy was turned into sorrow by a decision of the supreme court, a majority of which body declared the vote invalid because of a technical omission by one of the clerks of the Legislature. Like the seventeen-year locusts crawling from the shell of a dead past, the court made a sting of the letter that killeth by which to destroy the life-giving spirit of the people.

As a rule, however, district affairs moved along smoothly, but as the time to elect delegates for the next General Conference drew on, the sky of ecclesi-

astical politics began to darken; for it was evident that the election of a number of bishops and other general officers would be called for at that session. That I was to have "the fight of my life" seemed predetermined; not with the people, nor the Churches, nor the rank and file of ministers, but with Church politics and politicians. Why it should have been my lot to have so much "fighting" I have often been puzzled to understand; I have thought no one could love peace and harmony more than I, and have queried whether I did not often concede too much to others for the sake of peace? But here it was again, the old fight revived to prevent my being elected a delegate to the ensuing General Conference. Before I had given special thought to this election I was told a "ticket" had been made up and was being advocated; a ticket which not only omitted my name and that of every one who had been friendly toward my attitude in these affairs, but was made up of names which, with one exception, represented the "crushing out" sentiment and policy which had prevented my election eight years before. This aroused the indignation and opposition of a large number of the members of the Conference. While I sought to avoid all unkind personalities, and to hold my heart aloof from all strifes of opinion, *the determination to crush any man who would not support certain candidates* I frankly denounced. Many other brethren thought likewise and were disposed to cast their votes for

men who opposed this policy. Thus the issue was made, and my name, contrary to my suggestion, was put on this ticket of self-defense. The strife was exceedingly unpleasant, needlessly bitter, but the onset was relentless and the resistance correspondingly firm. The head of the first-formed ticket was elected, the rest defeated. The opposition to my election having been most strenuous, reacted in my favor, giving me the highest number of votes, which made me the "leader" of the delegation. The extent to which some of the bishops, editors, secretaries, and publishing agents of the Church permitted themselves to be prejudiced against me in this contest, without seeking in any way, so far as I could learn, to ascertain my side or view of the case, has always seemed to me unaccountable on any ground of fair dealing. With but few exceptions, they generally treated me as under ban. Perhaps they regarded it as an act of temerity, if not disloyalty, that I did not yield to the behest of a general officer of the Church. One of these officers, later a bishop, now deceased, acknowledged to me this bias, and that the cause of it was misrepresentations made to him regarding me. There is much, very much more of this part of my life story, but I will not weary the reader with it, nor seem to nurse old grievances nor tarnish the good name of my beloved Church by detailing what I long ago forgave, and it were well for all to forget.

Of course all these things thoroughly disgusted

me with "Church politics" and politicians. However, I may as well record here that, although I have gone so far as to *consent* to the use of my name, my rule has been never to vote or work for myself as a candidate for official honors in a General or Annual Conference.

An exception to this rule, in part, occurred when upon the death of Dr. Mendenhall, editor of the *Methodist Review,* I yielded to the urgent request of certain ministers to have my name presented to a meeting of members of the Book Committee and of certain bishops, whose business it was to appoint an editor to fill that position. After considerable hesitation I consented to this movement; and, having been thus put forward, I did what seemed fair yet modest to further my candidacy, though with little expectation of success. Having undertaken it, I desired to make a respectable showing before the Committee. This I sought to accomplish by writing to a few prominent men, laymen and ministers, including at least one member of the Committee, asking that if they thought favorably of my candidacy to please write or speak to others and to members of the Committee in my behalf. This, I think, states the full measure of my effort in this matter. When I learned that the Committee had decided upon Dr. William V. Kelley to succeed Dr. Mendenhall, I felt they had made a wise selection, and when I read his salutatory I rejoiced in the decision, for I felt,

though I was ignorant as to who were the other candidates, he was surely the right man. Having been a subscriber to and reader of the *Review* every year, save one, during a ministry of over fifty years, I am still of the opinion that a better choice could not have been made under the circumstances.

Notwithstanding great abuses are wrought by ecclesiastical politicians, it is never fair to hold guilty a Church or any organization for abuses or misconduct practiced by individual officers, members, or coteries of such organizations, unless these wrongs are fostered or approved by the organized bodies as such. Human nature is the same weak affair the world over. It is but frail material of which to build the Church of God. At one time Christ had in the twelve members of His ministerial body a Judas who betrayed Him, a Peter who denied knowing Him, and swore to it. James and John tried through their mother to commit Him to giving them the highest offices in the political kingdom which they expected Him to establish; yet, with the others, they forsook and left Him with the mob at Gethsemane. But Christ went to the greatest lengths He could to save Judas, letting him work out his treacherous scheme to the finish. Of Peter, James, and John He made eventually good and saintly ministers, honored apostles whom He loved and trusted. Later, Paul rebuked Peter for practicing duplicity, and Paul had sharp contention about Mark with Barnabas, "a

man full of faith and the Holy Spirit;" insomuch that they parted company. Mark proved a good servant of God's cause, and Paul fought a good fight, kept the faith, and died in expectation of a crown of righteousness. He had said to pagans who wanted to worship him, "We are men of like passions with yourselves;" and he wrote, "We have this treasure (of saving grace) in *earthen* vessels."

We make a great mistake when we decisively hand over any one to the bad for wrong-doing resulting from weakness, or from eyes holden by prejudice or misconception; a greater mistake when we discredit the Church because of the wrongdoing of its members or ministers, and a yet greater mistake when we become disaffected toward the Church because certain abuses prevail for a time, and leading men lend a hand to entrenching these evil things in the Church. All this is of a piece with the shallow reasoning of the ungodly, who justify their own recreance to God and duty on the ground that they see recreance in Church members. They fail to see that human life is a process which separates mankind into two grand classes, those who are being saved, and those who are in process of perishing; fail to recognize that the Church on earth is a spiritual nursery, hospital, and gymnasium; a nursery for children to keep them in or near childhood innocence; a hospital where sinners, the spiritually sick, find a Physician; and a gymnasium where they find

exercise unto godliness—not a community of "saints made perfect." Hence, they try to fortify themselves as incurables rather than join the convalescents in the Church.

Moreover, I believe and expect that the more serious abuses which have a hold in the Church will eventually be cast off. Of course, we can not expect to see a perfect Church in this world, short of the millennium. It is high time, I concede, that these gross evils were corrected. For many years we have been suffering loss of members, loss of spiritual life and soul-saving power, and, although great special efforts have been organized to bring these spiritual interests up to a degree somewhat in proportion to our numerical, financial, social, educational, and organic strength, we have sadly come short of hoped for results. Numbers, culture, organization, and energy each have significance in this work, but none nor all can substitute spiritual devotement. Self-seeking, if fostered in the Church and fortified among the general officers, nurtures unbecoming, often disreputably unfair schemes and rivalries among ministers and their friends. And laymen, ambitious for preferment in secular politics, sometimes regard a delegate's seat in the General Conference or an ebullition of fulsome stuff in the Church papers as a definite asset.

There was considerable interest felt in the election of bishops at this (Cincinnati) General Conference

of 1880, and the Conference had authorized the election of four. This election disclosed some rather questionable management by certain "leaders," and convinced many that it was a cut-and-dried affair. By what seemed an arrangement with the committee that selected the preachers to supply the various pulpits in and about the seat of Conference, certain ministers chosen to preach at a certain Church were understood to be favored candidates for the episcopacy. When the election transpired three of these ministers were elected on the first ballot, and there was a difference of but seven between the highest and lowest votes of the three; indicating, many thought, that their supporters were in the main the same. What further seemed to indicate a scheme in behalf of these three, without implicating them, was a motion promptly made by a prominent leader in Church politics, when the election was announced, to postpone indefinitely the further election of bishops. The object of this motion was recognized at once as a move to prevent the election of Dr. E. O. Haven, who had received the highest number of votes among the unsuccessful candidates in the preceding ballot; and who was known as being not in favor with the aforesaid management. The vote on this motion to indefinitely postpone showed that its object was frankly resented, being so close in the ordinary count that a yea and nay vote was demanded. This of course revealed who constituted the opposition to

Dr. Haven, and who were for fair play; and the latter won. The motion to indefinitely postpone was lost. The display of large photographs of the three bishops-elect in the front windows of the Book Concern strengthened the belief that the election was "cut and dried." That night, in the corridors and lobbies of the hotels where delegates most did congregate, there was lively conversation regarding the election and evident disapproval of the tactics by which Dr. Haven was sought to be defeated. His special friends and many others, on general principles of fair dealing, worked earnestly in his behalf, and the balloting the next day elected him by a handsome vote. Conspicuous among those who had secured his election were men who had been his pupils at college, and knew his admirable traits and transparent innocence of partisan scheming.

Another incident which clinched the conviction of this partisan scheming was the fact that no photograph of Bishop Haven elect appeared in the Book Concern window the afternoon following his election. Evidently the authorities there were not prepared for this partial defeat of the scheme.

It had never been my privilege to have personal acquaintance with Dr. E. O. Haven, but I had observed his public career with interest and, in some instances, admiration. His writings evidenced scholarship and clear thinking. His presidency of Michigan University under peculiarly trying circumstances,

following the administration of Dr. Tappen, the idolized and masterful mind, who the student body of that institution seemed determined could not and should not have a successor who might equally deserve their respect, not to say reverence, was a test which few men could have borne, and in which extremely few could have triumphed as did he. Moreover, I had observed in the General Conference legislation his judicial and constructive abilities often relieved the wrangle of debate by a suggestion or motion which clarified and harmonized the chaos of crude or partisan opinions. Withal, there were in him such fineness of fiber and unusual gentleness of spirit, combined with a completeness of personal discipline which I coveted for our Board of Bishops. Of course we rejoiced in our success in placing him there; but our rejoicing was soon to be turned into mourning by the disposition of episcopal residences, which allotted him the hardships of the Pacific Coast, where his delicate physique was broken down, soon to be followed by his death. Rarely have I thought of the sacrifice of this noble man without a feeling of indignation.

In our Annual Conferences it has been, and perhaps may yet be, affirmed that most of our ministers are willing to go uncomplainingly to any charges to which they may be appointed by the general superintendent, *provided they can feel those appointments have come about by legitimate influences.* But illegiti-

mate influences cause discontent and heart-burnings among these faithful men and their families, to whose self-denying devotement the Church chiefly owes its growth and success. These improper influences, whether brought to bear by general or district superintendents, pastors or laymen, turn aside the light of providential and spiritual guidance in fixing the appointments and rob the faithful pastor of the consciousness of providential allotment and divine guidance in undertaking his designated work. The old-fashioned divine fire that burned on the altar of the preacher's heart sent him rejoicing to the hardest and poorest charges to kindle a flame of saving power. But in too many instances it has been substituted by the flame which self-confident Nadabs and Abihus have kindled from embers of personal ambition or official favoritism.

A renovating of ecclesiastical *conditions* seems essential to any thoroughgoing spiritual reformation which may be hoped for beyond the local revivals here and there incident to the genuine work of some faithful pastor or evangelist. The "great revival," "spiritual uplifting," which some have been prophesying as imminent, seems to hold aloof; waiting, I ween, until we put away as a Church that overshadowing sin termed "worldliness," with all its brood of self-seeking, brag, and self-complacent ambitions. When we cease to waste time and money in fruitless debate over an impractical paragraph in

the Discipline—about amusements, which the pastors do not, because they can not enforce—but go to work with thorough determination to revolutionize churchly conditions, so as to disembarrass ourselves of the weights and sins most effectively besetting us, we may confidently hope for the opening of "the windows of heaven." The most quaint, original, ambitious, and perhaps able of our later bishops said to me, semi-humorously: "There have been but two men in our time for whose fame I would give a farthing. What does the fame of our bishops amount to? O! I admit Pappy Asbury will always be remembered, because he was the first—but all the rest will be forgotten." But it occurred to me, though I did not have the opportunity to tell him, our bishops could not only immortalize their names, but more successfully than any others could, relieve the Church of onerous burdens. They could prevent to a great extent fossilized coteries, "rings," etc. They could defeat tendencies to habitual favoritism in the Annual Conferences. They could emancipate many good and able ministers from the cramping conditions which official mis-estimate or misunderstanding, by misrepresentation perhaps, has crystallized about them. They could dispel many causes of disaffection which are nurtured by official conventionalism. They could convincingly show they represent a gospel of self-denial and unworldliness by *leading a movement to limit the episcopal* term of

office to twelve, if not eight years, by a Disciplinary rule. The practise of a life term of office is without warrant of constitution or statute, and contrary to the implications of our Church principles and polity; it is practical prelatism in the face of our non-prelatic doctrine of but two orders. Wesley evidently regarded Asbury's assumption of the title Bishop, in imitation of a prelatic Church, as a usurpation, and for it roundly upbraided him. (See Tyerman's Life of John Wesley.)

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, holds the episcopacy as an *order,* higher than presbyter or elder, and this its leading men regard as one of the main impediments to organic union with our Church. Either they must yield that point, or we must sacrifice our principle to attain organic union with them. At that cost to our Church I am free to record my hope that such union *may never be effected.* The two ranks or orders in the ministry, deacon and elder, are authorized by the New Testament; the bishopric as a distinct and higher order is a growth of human ambition. We *practice* this evil in spite of our *theory* when permitting a life term in the office of general superintendent.

The district superintendency—that has been known for many years as the presiding eldership, and regarded as unsatisfactory by many of our people—could be made satisfactory and more useful without revolutionary change, by two or three modifica-

tions, to-wit: Let the Annual Conferences severally fix the number, and the bishop the form of the districts; let the bishop nominate, and the Conference confirm in the appointment of district superintendents; and the term of office for the district superintendent should be limited to four years; and after one term he should be ineligible to that office in that Conference for a term of four years.

These modifications would prevent or cast off many abuses which work much harm, dissatisfaction, and alienation in the Church. The enjoyment of power in its various forms beguiles less and is less prone to arrogance when limited to short terms of office, although the "Church politicians" we have always with us.

The odium which people have come to attach to the term "politician" is due to the fact that many men engaged in political affairs are but adventurers who are true to no principle or cause, but are seeking only personal wealth or advancement. To gain personal advantage from the demands or grievances of the people; or if they have none, to make them believe they have is the trick he never wearies in plying, for the people seem never weary of being duped. The popular susceptibility to humbug is a large portion of his stock in trade, and affords him office and wealth. If he be a man of no deep convictions, but is tactful, he needs but third or fourth-rate talent to come to the front in a political party,

either as manager, tool, or candidate for office. He flourishes best in the absence of great issues or emergencies which demand and call out the ablest men. In the "piping times of peace" he attains to the higher offices, as the weeds outgrow the corn when the plow and hoe are idle. Professional politicians, the most dangerous of our "dangerous classes," are the great bane of American civilization and make the hardest knot in the hardest problems of our politics, municipal, State, and National.

But bad as are these, they are no worse nor more harmful than their brothers, the Church politicians of every Church and age. Psychologically of the same type, the tact of the latter seems more covert and subtle because muffled with sanctimony. To deceive the elect their professions are couched in Biblical phraseology. Morally obtuse, they are the more despicable in their acts, since usually good men are their dupes. Their success and prominence impair the soul-saving power of the Church, and disgusted, disaffected, and perhaps lost souls are their victims.

But there is a type of Church "leader" who is reprehensible in a much less degree. He is sincerely devoted to the success of the Church, but lacking in delicate moral perception, would further that success by adroit scheming rather than by frank elaboration of an indwelling, all-dominating spiritual life. He is apt to regard Church offices as honors to be scrambled for, and, looking upon the ablest of his

brethren as his natural rivals, deems it a reprisal if he is elected to an office or appointed to a position for which they have been mentioned. It is easy to see why such an one, when occupying a position of influence in the Church, regards it but a vantage ground from which to gain higher, perhaps the highest office; easy to see why he is interested in keeping able but modest men out of view; and in pouring extravagant praises upon his official superiors, or suggesting impossible promotion to others, to obtain their votes. It is true a man may honestly aspire to a position in which he believes himself fitted to do a better and larger work than others can, but it is not true that he is the proper judge to decide upon that fitness. Hence any scheming for one's own ecclesiastical promotion is an impertinence. To gain high respect by attaining office is not half so great a thing as to gain such respect without office. To be held in the highest respect by others can not compensate for a loss of self-respect; and a lofty soul asks vote or leave of no man to respect himself.

CHAPTER IV.

The Pastorate.

Iowa City.—In the autumn of 1882 I had completed my term of four years as presiding elder of Cedar Rapids District, but as before stated, I resided in Iowa City during three years of that term in order that I might be near my aged parents, who lived in North Liberty, a village eight miles from that place, where by an easy drive we could see them often, and from which place they could visit us. At the session of the Upper Iowa Conference in September of this year, at the request of members of the Official Board of our Iowa City Church, I was appointed their pastor. Having been well acquainted with this Church from the time of our first settling in Iowa, October, 1854, and especially familiar with its affairs by reason of my oversight of it as presiding elder, I entered upon this pastorate with a definite conception of its needs and opportunities. There was a clear line of cleavage running through the city which distinguished the brewery, saloon, and otherwise rough element on the one hand, and the

Protestant and American element on the other. The latter embraced a large per cent of cultured and highly moral people, and the Protestant Churches contained many of both piety and refinement. There were, of course, many Americans who, on account of business considerations, were influenced by the vested interests of three large breweries and a number of saloons to cater more or less to that element in matters of trade, politics, and municipal government. However, the city as a municipality was in the main well governed, and the people generally took pride in maintaining a reputation for decency and order.

There was yet another element which rendered the situation complex and dangerous to the young people of the city and to a large number of students attending the State University here. This element represented liberalism, rationalism, and rank infidelity; not well discriminated, but blending in a general discrediting of the Bible and evangelical religion. The chief exponents of liberalism were the members, adherents, and pastor of a Church which was a sort of amalgam of Universalists, Unitarians, and nondescript "free-thinkers." The pastor was a well-educated and suave Unitarian who boldly assumed superiority in culture for himself and his Church. He put into the hands of young people circular letters which definitely professed this superiority, and implied inferiority and antiquated character on the part of evangelical Churches; and even

invaded, with these circulars, Christian homes of various denominations in the city. The liberalistic propaganda were reinforced by a number of professors of the University Faculty, one or two of whom, I was told, were self-declared atheists; and others were somewhere in the regions of agnosticism or, perhaps, the Tubingen school of rationalism. Some of these were high-grade specialists in their departments and, by so much, had a strong hold on their positions in the university, as also upon the minds of their pupils. While of course they would not directly teach their irreligious views in their classes, they nevertheless embraced frequent opportunities, it was said, to discredit religion by sneers, slurs, and innuendo.

These elements had created an atmosphere deadly to spiritual religion as well as to orthodox belief. While the president and several other members of the Faculty were devoted and outspoken members of evangelical Churches, there were others of this corps of teachers who, though members of these Churches, were apparently timid or temporizing, or perhaps overpolitic as to the avowal of religious fealty. President Thatcher and his successor, Dr. Pickard—the former aggressively, the latter prudently—were men of genuine and strong Christian character. Dr. Leonard, a Baptist, and Dr. Fellows, a Methodist, were strong and outspoken in advocacy

of evangelical religion and moral reforms; especially in the cause of temperance. But such was the sentiment and influence of the most influential man of the Board of Regents that these two able professors were dropped from the Faculty. The same influential officer of the Board was said to have given it out, when seeking to replace them, that "no preacher need apply."

The effect of these conditions was evinced by timidity, as it seemed to me, on the part of the evangelical Churches and their loss of aggressive force. Their pastors were faithful men, especially in a social way, and attractive in the pulpit. But the mental atmosphere was laden with moral poison so obtrusive and stifling that, in their amiable avoidance of controversy and doctrinal preaching, they failed to inspire courage in their friends, and by the enemy were construed as cowed, if not ready to capitulate. Meantime, truly religious young people, sent by godly parents in various parts of the State to be educated at the university, surprised and grieved their parents and neighbors, when returning to their homes, with evident loss of spiritual devotement; some of them stuffed with conceited half-truths and whole fallacies of a liberalist, rationalist, or infidel sort, and some with definitely irreligious sentiments, had sunken into habits of inebriety and broken-down character. These statements are made here as not implying a per-

sonal investigation in each case, but as a matter of partly personal observation and partly of general, and frequent information which the writer regarded valid.

In venturing upon this situation as I understood it, it seemed clear that, besides prayer and right living, nothing was worth while on my part but open, outspoken, aggressive antagonism. This meant another fight; against a line the center of which was held by liberalism and rationalism, one wing by agnosticism and atheism, the other by destructive criticism and Christian formalism; besides, the "Bats," which were ready to be bird or beast, according as one or the other of the combatants would seem to prevail. This course I determined upon without previous announcement or advertising of any kind. The first thing was to inspire confidence in their Church and faith in the minds and hearts of our people, insomuch that they would not feel like apologizing for being orthodox Christians. Meantime, professors from the university and students from the law department who relished an argument began to drop in; and after a while they grasped the fact that old-fashioned evangelical religion "had a case" and was not to be pooh-poohed out of court by an array of pretentious theories flaunted by second-hand thinkers as "advanced thought;" that sin is a fact, not a mere mistake to be corrected by culture, but a crime in personal character, self-determined, but remediable

by only "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Of course I am not disposed to go into the details of the story of my part in this good-natured but interesting fight. As for the result, it is best told by the following resolutions, adopted by the Official Board of the Methodist Church at Iowa City, which seem a necessary part of these memoirs:

"The committee appointed to prepare a paper expressive of the sentiments of the Church in view of the removal of our pastor, beg leave to present the following report:

"We, the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Iowa City, Iowa, having learned that our pastor, Rev. Emory Miller, D. D., is about to leave us, and by appointment to enter upon a new field of labor, desire to express our high appreciation of his ministrations among us, both as a preacher and as a pastor. His sermons are not only profound and eloquent, but also pre-eminently instructive and edifying. We rejoice in the great work he has done among us, in building up the Church, rebuking infidelity and in convincing those in doubt of the truth as it is in Jesus.

"Brother Miller and family have become greatly endeared to this Church and community for their uniform Christian courtesy, their personal worth, and their earnest devotion. We deeply regret their re-

moval from us, but assure them of our high esteem and affection and commend them to the confidence and Christian sympathy of all with whom they may become associated in Church fellowship.

"Respectfully submitted,

S. N. Fellows,
Levi Robinson,
A. W. Pratt,
Committee.

"The above unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

"Iowa City, Iowa, September 15, 1882."

From a letter received twenty-four years later from Mr. J. C. Cochran, who was then and still is a member of the Official Board of the Methodist Church at Iowa City, I quote the following: "At that time Unitarianism was rampant in Iowa City, and many of our students, as well as others, were led away from the true faith; but providentially you came and all the false dogmas were soon dispersed. Infidelity received a blow, the influence of which still goes on. On these facts the resolution was based, and had the unanimous approval of the Board. I said at the meeting that it was like the bread cast upon the waters,—it would be gathered after many days."

Whatever was accomplished in this respect was done without the least bitterness. No occasion was found for sensational methods or advertising of themes. No offensive epithets or undignified phrasing were resorted to, but a plain, positive setting forth

of Christ crucified, as "the power of God and the wisdom of God," and all that rays out from that truth, was relied on to relume the clouded religious atmosphere of that time and place. The occasion afforded opportunity to put to the proof opinions which I had held and followed for years, namely, that pious reiteration of religious sentiment or pandering to the flippant aversion to doctrinal sermons, so commonly met with, may please many good but superficial folk, but can not win nor satisfy the uninstructed but serious doubter; can not command the respect of the rational and candid inquirer nor pose the self-confident and plausible, the boastful but cultured opponent. Secondly, candor, fairness, and clearness, opening a clear channel for sincere thought and action, free from prejudice, boasting, or bluff, will give more permanent direction to the current of religious thought and work than can be accomplished by steering the drift on the surface.

The prosperity which came in later years to the Church in Iowa City, I was informed by Rev. R. D. Parsons, the pastor who succeeded me, was due in a large degree also to my organization of classes of children and youth for prayer and religious instruction. This kind of work I had carried on in my pastoral charges for many years before Epworth League or Christian Endeavor societies were organized. The idea that religious instruction is the chief object of Sunday school and catechetical exercises had

long seemed to me erroneous. The early induction of children into conscious acceptance with God I had regarded the chief object. Hence I had maintained what I termed Sunday school prayer-meetings, and at Iowa City practiced virtually the same.

THE THOMAS TRIAL FOR HERESY.

While pastor at Iowa City I was called upon by Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., of the Rock River Conference, and pastor of what was styled The People's Church, which held their services in Hooley's Theater, Chicago. He was charged with heresy by leading men of that Conference and cited by his presiding elder to appear before a committee of ministers for preliminary investigation, and he wished me to act as one of his counsel. Drs. Jewett and Hatfield had been selected to prosecute the case, but ill-health prevented the former acting, and Dr. M. M. Parkhurst was selected to take his place. There were two reasons for my agreeing to act as counsel for Dr. Thomas. First, we had been cordial friends for many years, both having been members of the Iowa Conference for a number of years prior to his transfer and appointment to a Church in Chicago. Secondly, while I did not agree with his peculiar teachings, I did not regard them as antagonizing the standard doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hence did not think the charge of heresy could in

fairness be sustained. Of course it was good policy on his part to have his defense made by counsel whose orthodoxy was regarded above question. Besides, I believed jealousy of his pulpit ability and popularity in Chicago were at the bottom of this onset; that this prosecution was in fact persecution, and was making him much undeserved trouble. On that teaching which is the essential core of Methodism, and without which the Church had no good reason for becoming a separate denomination, namely, "the witness of the Spirit," he was eminently sound theoretically, and exemplary in practical experience, evincing a kindness and breadth of benevolence in spirit remarked upon on all hands.

The preliminary hearing was announced for September 8-9, 1881, Centenary Church, Chicago, and I met Dr. Thomas and the other brethren whom he had selected as counsel at his hotel in Chicago the evening previous to the day of trial. There were seven gentlemen, as I now remember, besides myself at this meeting as counselors, of whom three were lawyers and four were ministers. They had had a previous meeting with Dr. Thomas and elaborated a line of defense, including a demurrer which was intended to be argued in the endeavor to cut short the trial by estoppel or "non-suit." The line of defense marked out to pursue in case the demurrer failed and the trial should go on was, to me, a curiosity. But as Dr. Thomas had told them that however

legitimate it might be, he would not adopt it until I came and had heard it, I listened patiently until it was all carefully gone over. It amounted to assuming that Dr. Thomas in his preaching and book of sermons was in antagonism to the teachings of the Church, the Church was wrong and he was right, and this they hoped to prove. "Brethren," I said, "you expect to try this case before a committee of Methodist ministers; do you expect them to decide their Church, including themselves, is holding erroneous doctrines and therefore Thomas is clear? The Church is not on trial. Thomas' teachings are to be investigated to ascertain whether he antagonizes the Church. But you have conceded this antagonism in the underlying assumption and have given away the case. If this is the line of defense to be followed you have no use for me. I may as well go home, for I believe the Church is right, and if Thomas has antagonized its standards of doctrine, he is wrong and guilty of the charge. In my view of the case it is a question of what are the Church's standards of doctrine, and do his teachings contravene them. I hold they do not, and can make good my position, and if so, the committee will find standing ground on which to acquit him." It is only due to fact to say that Dr. Thomas and the counsel fell in at once with this view, and this was adopted as the line of defense.

The presiding elder, Dr. Willing, presided at the

investigation; Drs. Hatfield and Parkhurst conducted the prosecution; and in the defense, Dr. H. W. Bennet, who had practiced law for about ten years before entering the ministry, led off with his argument for the demurrer; a fruitless effort, as the demurrer was overruled by the presiding officer, and investigation proceeded. The charge contained three distinct counts accusing Dr. Thomas of heresy in that he had antagonized the doctrines of the Church by teaching, 1st, *the Bible is not all, nor equally the inspired Word of God;* 2d, *In denying the atonement, as taught in second and twentieth articles of faith;* 3d. *In denying the doctrine of eternal punishment,* contrary to the authorized standards of doctrine of said Church.

It is not my design to set out here the course of argumentation of either side; suffice it to say that, contrary to the expectation of many of the clearest heads who witnessed the investigation, Thomas was held guilty and was suspended from exercising ministerial functions until the ensuing session of the Rock River Conference (about eight weeks), when the main trial would be held; the "complaints" under investigation at Chicago to be argued as "charges," with the penalty of exclusion affixed in case of proven guilt.

This suspension of Dr. Thomas, coming on Saturday morning, was quite embarrassing to him from the fact that his announcements for services on the

Sabbath at Hooley's Theater had been given in the Chicago dailies. To meet this difficulty it was arranged that I should preach in his stead that day, and that would afford time to secure substitutes for the following Sabbaths preceding the Conference session.

When the Rock River Conference convened, October 3d, at Sycamore, Ill., Rev. H. W. Bennet, of the Upper Iowa Conference, Drs. Axtel and Shepherd, of the Rock River, and myself had charge of the defense. After a day or two Axtel and Shepherd dropped out, and Bennet took sick with a violent cholera-morbus and did not recover sufficiently to attend the trial. Thus it fell upon me to conduct the defense virtually alone. Dr. Thomas, of course, was on hand, and occasionally offered suggestions and addressed the committee. After considerable trouble to make up a committee of fifteen before whom to try the case, we finally got under weigh. Dr. (later Bishop) Chas. H. Fowler, a member of that Conference, had been appointed by the presiding bishop (Wiley) to preside at the trial.

It will throw light on the situation to state here that that Conference had unfortunately fallen into two parties or factions, one termed the Hatfield, the other the Fowler faction. Never have I observed the proceedings of an Annual Conference in which so nearly the entire business was under the strain of partisan rivalry. As Dr. Thomas had not identified

himself with either of these parties, and his popularity in Chicago was something of a nightmare to these leading men, they, with their respective following were bent on ridding the Conference of him. He had been subjected, two years before, to a vote of censure regarding his teachings, by a vote lacking but seven of being unanimous. Now that public sentiment demanded that they should either try him on definite charges or cease this undiscriminating persecution, these party leaders seemed to think their standing in the Conference and chances of promotion would be enhanced in proportion as they met this demand for a formal and successful overthrow of Dr. Thomas. Hence these factions had become rivals in the most bitter attacks against Thomas. The effort we made to get a committee capable of a fair hearing was futile. There were men on that committee who had declared Thomas guilty and deserved expulsion. Undertaking to argue the case before such a jury seemed hopeless. Yet none of them had the decency to decline serving, nor the administration the fairness to replace them with less prejudiced men.

The charges were the same as constituted the complaints at the investigation at Chicago substantially; his teaching that the Scriptures were not equally or wholly inspired of God; secondly, denying the atonement in Christ; and, thirdly, denying the doctrine of eternal punishment. At the investigation we had shown that the "Standards of Doctrine" were the

Articles and formularies in the Discipline, and that according to these Thomas could not be condemned; inasmuch as the Discipline holds that the Scriptures *contain* (not, are) a revelation from God; that Thomas had never denied the facts of atonement or of eternal punishment, but his variance from popular surface preaching on these two subjects was concerning the spiritual meaning of the former as contained in the symbolic and figurative terms employed in the Scriptures; and, concerning the latter, not the fact, but the mode or manner of the loss of the soul.

The ground on which they condemned him was, by the ruling of the chairman, *that the children's Catechism is a standard of doctrine.* The same ruling was made here in the main trial by Dr. Fowler, hence *the expulsion of Dr. Thomas was based on the Catechism,* and not on a violation of the Discipline. This was stupid, absurd, and disgraceful. Stupid, because the Catechism was prepared simply for use in the children's classes as a means of familiarizing the children with the Bible, never used in questioning candidates for membership or ministry. Its adoption by the General Conference for this purpose was not regarded as authorizing a restatement of old doctrines nor the formulation of new, for the General Conference has no authority to do either. Absurd, because the answers are often Scripture passages in figurative terms of undecided meaning. This was especially true of those referring to future punishment and

the blood of atonement in highly figurative terms, which had to be taken *literally* in order to make their point against Thomas. This use of the blood shed on Calvary as *literally* washing away sin was a disgrace to Christian intelligence. The verdict of the "committee of fifteen" stood for acquittal on the first indictment, concerning the inspiration of the Bible. On the other two they stood six for acquittal and nine for condemnation.

It was past 9 o'clock Saturday night when I closed my argument. A member of the committee told me after the trial, that had they not adjourned immediately, but had heard the closing speech of the prosecution and then taken the vote, Thomas would have been acquitted of all charges. But his persecutors were wiley; and he must be convicted by all means. They secured an adjournment immediately upon my closing, and gave Dr. Hatfield until Monday evening to prepare his closing speech. This was not to be complained of so much as the fact that over Sunday and Monday members of the committee were subjected to intense pressure, to the extent, I was told, of threats and various modes of intimidation, to gain and secure their votes to convict.

The unfairness practiced towards Thomas by officers and certain leading men of the Conference—even if his guilt had been conceded on all hands—was simply flagrant. Every move appeared to take for granted his conviction and expulsion. Upon this

assumption Drs. Hatfield and Parkhurst and others, like the Greek soldiery insulting the body of the slain Hector, indulged in truculence of spirit and language quite discreditable to the Church, and to which neither Thomas nor his counsel stooped to reply. The prosecutors seemed to feel that the court was organized only to convict, that a different decision would not do; hence the belaboring of members of the committee over Sunday and Monday.

Remembering the figures of speech in which the atoning sacrifice of Christ and the ultimate doom of the impenitent are set forth in the New Testament, and which Thomas had taught by explaining the rational meaning of those figurative terms, we can easily see that to find him guilty of denying the atonement and eternal punishment because he did not teach those figures as not figurative, but *literal* statements of truth, was to make orthodoxy consist in literalism. It was a triumph of stupid, ignorant *literalism* over *truth* and *common sense*. But such was the extremity to which these jealous and blind partisan Church politicians were driven; and for this purpose they must needs find standing ground on the unexpounded Biblical symbolism of the children's Catechism—a book never authorized as a standard of doctrine. Alas! alas!

In addition to this deplorable outcome of the trial the effect on the public mind was evidently detrimental to the spiritual interests of many who ought

to have been reached and saved by our Church. On the contrary, besides these, we lost many actual members in Chicago, and, it is thought, throughout the Northwest. Moreover, it was evidently hurtful to Dr. Thomas. Disgusted and wounded, his sense of justice deepened into aversion to the Church. Although he continued to preach the gospel and to work in the cause, I think he drifted in his thinking into more radically liberalistic views, and unsparingly criticised the orthodox Churches.

We appealed from the decision of the Conference committee to the Judicial Conference, but in the meantime Dr. Thomas, having given up hope of a fair hearing there, proceeded to organize his "People's Church" in Chicago, thus forfeiting his right to appeal to the Church courts; hence the case was not entertained by the Judicial Conference, and Thomas stood expelled.

The space I have given here to this case is owing to the fact that I have never seen in print an accurate statement of the main facts of the case. During the trial the accounts of the daily papers were so inaccurate as to lead Dr. Bennet to say "that any one depending on the press accounts for his information would certainly think none of us knew what we were talking about." From these accounts some of the Church papers drew their conclusions, and, "Sir Oracle" like, dispensed wisdom and smart observation to at least their own satisfaction. One of the ablest

of our later editors spoke, in my hearing, about ten years after the trial, of Dr. Thomas having been expelled from the Church on the Discipline; and I replied, "Dr. Thomas was not expelled on the Discipline, but on the Catechism." "O!" said he, "is that so? Well, that was wrong." That this most intelligent man was misled on that subject illustrates both the unreliability of the newspaper and my justification in giving this account.

CHAPTER V.

St. Paul.

Our removal from Iowa City came about by my accepting a call—subject to the approval and appointment of the bishop—to First Methodist Church, St. Paul, Minnesota Conference. Whether this was a wise move on my part or not I have never been able to decide. It was certainly unfortunate in some respects, perhaps fortunate in others. Our relations to the Church and people of Iowa City were in every way pleasant. Our older daughter was a senior in the State University there, and our other daughter and son were doing well in their respective grades in the public schools. Mrs. Miller and I had had a long and cordial acquaintance with our people at Iowa City, we were warmly attached to them, and our Church work seemed upon the whole quite prosperous. Had I foreseen the grief it cost the members and friends of that Church, and my children in the disturbance it occasioned them in their school relations, I am sure I would not have assented to that change. But I had grown weary of the partisan strife in the Upper Iowa Conference, disgusted with the

Church politics and politicians, and therefore determined to turn my back upon that whole business. Although the attempt to "crush" me had been defeated, the whole affair was so disagreeable that I was disposed to regard this call as a providential opening to a more congenial class of conditions. Hence, without consulting the Official Board, I gave my consent to the St. Paul request.

The Upper Iowa Conference was to convene at Cedar Rapids, September 20-26, 1882, Bishop Wiley presiding. A few days before, while he was holding the Des Moines Conference, he had received a dispatch announcing the instantaneous death of his son by a destructive explosion in a business house in Cincinnati. The bishop made no apparent lamentation, nor suspension of his official work in the Des Moines Conference, but with iron nerve and quiet solemnity continued resolutely at his post until the official business, except reading appointments, was done. With this burden upon him, he came to our (Upper Iowa) Conference. In his opening remarks he briefly referred to the calamity, saying he did not understand it, but was in the hands of God, and would proceed to the performance of his assigned duty. The moral sublimity of his calm self-control awed while it touched the hearts of the members of the Conference. Toward the end of the week he asked the committee on public worship to appoint some one to preach in his stead on Sunday morning. This duty was

assigned me, and the letter I received from the bishop a few days later, expressing his gratitude for my "relieving" him, and his appreciation of my service, I have treasured as a word of encouragement from a man of genuine candor.

Having received a certificate of transfer to the Minnesota Conference from Bishop Wiley, and having been appointed by Bishop Merrill, presiding at the Minnesota Conference, to take charge of First Church, St. Paul, I proceeded to move our family and belongings; our oldest daughter remaining at Iowa City to finish her senior year at the State University, and Mrs. Miller, with our younger daughter and son, coming on after I had arrived at St. Paul with our goods.

The St. Paul Methodists received us cordially and treated us well. We found, however, that my predecessor, who had a powerful hold on a number of the wealthy and leading families in the Church, and had been appointed presiding elder of the St. Paul District and resided in my parish, was keeping his hold upon them insomuch that he was virtually, and I but nominally though officially, pastor of this Church. Indeed, I was told that he had a tacit understanding with them that I was but to hold the place for the three-year term, when the rule would permit him to become their pastor again. Later I was told that he had made an effort to induce that charge to declare their independence of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church and set up for themselves an independent Church, with him as their pastor. In this, I was told, he failed for the reason that a number of prominent members, among whom Hon. H. R. Brill was conspicuous, refused to join in the movement.

Under these circumstances we were, of course, uncomfortable. He seemed to condition and balk any important move if it did not fall in with his wish. This I endured as patiently as I could for two years, but felt so hampered that I did but little efficient work here, in either pulpit or pastoral capacity. In this atmosphere it was plain the interests of the Church must suffer, and I must deteriorate instead of improve in ministerial efficiency. In every human aspect of the case I have always regarded my pastorate at First Church, St. Paul, a failure. Providentially, as I believe, I received an invitation before the end of the second year from the Official Board of First Church, Des Moines, to become their pastor. This I accepted for the reason that I believed I could do more good there than, situated as I was, at St. Paul. Though it spoiled the plan of the St. Paul presiding elder, who had calculated on my staying the third year, it was a great relief to our entire household.

Notwithstanding our stay at St. Paul involved so much of disagreeable association and failure, we formed many delightful friendships of life-long continuance among that people and the ministers of the

Minnesota Conference. This fact and the incitement gained in certain lines of study have held it to this day an open question whether our sojourn there was not, upon the whole, fortunate. If I had been solicitous for official promotion in the Church this move to St. Paul would have been certainly a great mistake. But as there are some things possible to a minister's career greater and better than office; I had no regret of that kind. The ambition to stand among the "overcomers" dwarfs all worldly ambitions. The path of pure self-love by way of self-respect, self-discovery and self-conquest, leading on to the highest self-realization here and hereafter ranges higher than the path of the office seeker. To better the conditions on which perplexed minds may find their way to God, to be of those who, fitting the Church to turn many to righteousness "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," this is the ambition which has ever made office seeking seem to me a paltry business. At the session of the Minnesota Conference of October 8, 1884, held in Duluth, Bishop Fowler transferred me to the Des Moines Conference, and Bishop Andrews, presiding in the latter, appointed me pastor of First Church, Des Moines.

First Church, Des Moines.—Des Moines at this time was a city of about forty thousand population, and being the capital city of Iowa was an interesting community. We had at this time three Methodist Churches in the city, the "First," "Wesley," and

"Asbury;" altogether numbering about twelve hundred members. About half of these were members of First Church. This Church possessed many elements of strength. The house of worship was one of the best in the city, a Gothic structure, built of brick with stone pointings. It comfortably seated about six hundred people in the floor seats, and two or three hundred more in galleries and chairs. The Church ranked well in respect of social standing and, though it included no millionaires, had a goodly number of "well-to-do" families. The Official Board was especially strong in professional and business ability and general intelligence. One careful view of the Sunday audience sufficiently warned the preacher that here his clearest, strongest, and wisest thought would be demanded and appreciated. Of course there were here some "wayside" and "stony-ground" hearers, and some who were ever having a tussle with the "cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," but the concrete sentiment of this body of worshipers was both intelligent and earnest. Indeed, the change from St. Paul to Des Moines we found congenial in many ways, even including that of climate; for the dry atmosphere of Minnesota had proved over-stimulating to the nerves of Mrs. Miller and our daughters, though just right for me.

Coming to a charge which had no fight awaiting me, no special meanness to contend with, and no special disaster to retrieve, just a fair open campaign

against the world, flesh, and devil, was a truly refreshing experience. Hence I felt not only an increased responsibility, but an increased interest and ardor for the work. A former pastor of this Church, Rev. P. P. Ingalls, had facetiously told them he thought them "the best people he had ever known, not to have religion; of course, in the sense of subjective spiritual experience. He and other pastors had wrought with some degree of success to correct this discrepancy, but the significance of this criticism was still apparent, and plainly indicated the line of pulpit and pastoral effort to be pursued.

When, from the pulpit, I challenged these intelligent men and women as to their Christian profession resting upon their excellent morals and manners they met the challenge with the keenest attention. Substantially the challenge was put thus: "What more does the gospel offer or require than is contained in the practice of a perfect system of morality?" After delineating an ideal character produced by ethical culture, I sought to show that all this could be attained without disturbing the essential selfishness of the man; indeed, might be practiced in entire self-complacence, and even selfishly gloried in as a matter of education, training, and habit. It appears, then, the gospel proposes a change of *motives;* a substitution of unselfish for selfish motives from which to acquire and practice the best attainable ethical culture. And this power for unselfish motive,

or intent, is a new inner life. It comes by a change, not of opinion nor purpose merely, but of heart; a rearranging of the affections in which, through self-renunciation, *self* surrenders to *God,* and supreme love to God displaces supreme love of self and all its objects and ideals, and readjusts, controls, and chastens the affections, insomuch that it is well said, "The love of God is shed abroad in the heart." When thus the ethical life, however crude or cultured, is studied and practiced "as unto God"—that is, for love of God—it becomes a constant exercise of faith which subjects the actual to the ideal life, and thus *habituates* the affections, desires, and propensities, indeed the whole being to the new, unselfish mode. This habituating by active faith is growth in grace; genuine Christian character as distinguished from merely "ethical culture."

Thus discriminated the spiritual experience is cut loose from that amiable formalism which is such a subtle and strong besetment, a religious iceberg in our cultured Churches. Without making it a hobby, to the exclusion or belittling of a sufficiently varied pulpit teaching, this was made the main line up to which it was sought to rally my people, and recover the spiritual conditions upon which conviction of sin and genuine repentance and faith, grasping and embracing the Savior of sinners, might constitute this, indeed a soul-saving Church. With this as our steady aim the following winter showed some headway had

been made. A revival effort, without the aid of an evangelist, resulted in an earnest, though small class of probationers who were duly instructed in the doctrines and rules of the Church, and received to full membership. In the second year, however, having observed in the Friends Church in East Des Moines what seemed to be true evangelism in the work of Mrs. Esther Frame, assisted by her husband, I employed this gifted and devoted Quakeress to conduct a revival effort in First Church. The result was a greatly revived Church and a large number of converts—in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty or fifty, as I now remember. These converts were brought in, not by signing cards, nor counted as converts because of holding up the hand, but from having presented themselves at the altar as penitents, and giving testimony of a change of heart. As I am unable now to remember the number of these converts, who were later received to full membership, I can only say that it was highly satisfactory, and marked a distinct advance in the work of this Church. But it was in the spiritual uplift and rehabilitation of a goodly number of members of this Church that this revival was far reaching. One case among several which I now recall was that of our now sainted brother, Theodore Gatchel. He was an enterprising, worldly-minded member of the Church; naturally a jovial, big-hearted, enthusiastic man, and loyal, in a partisan sense, to his Church. But in this revival he came to

recognize his call to a higher, cleaner, and thoroughgoing devotement to a Christ-like life. Thus dedicating himself to God he rose to a type of Christian life and activity which has left a deep impress upon the religious and benevolent work of this city and State. Besides being indefatigable in mission work in and about Des Moines, he was the original mover in founding and giving form and impetus to the Iowa Methodist Hospital. In a meeting of the Board of Trustees of that institution he had just finished a plea for the enlargement of its provisions for charity patients, and had started to go to the Wednesday night prayer meeting, but as he reached the door leading from the trustee meeting he sank to the floor and breathed his last. He had not been ill, so far as any one knew, was a man of large and powerful physique, and about fifty-five years of age, but the last heartbeat had come and he was gone. His record through the nearly fifteen years extending from that revival to the moment of his death was one of enthusiastic devotion to the service of his Master, and the help of his fellow-men.

This hospital will be, when the building now under construction is completed, the largest of the twenty-three under the management of our denomination. The nine and a half years since Theodore Gatchel projected, and James Calanan gave the financial backing to start this institution, have seen very creditable success. It has treated at this writing 9,700 patients, having a death rate of less than four per cent. No

poor applicants have been turned away, most of them widows and sick, crippled or deformed children. Its capacity is 230 beds. Another fire-proof building is expected soon to replace the old central building. Though it has debt it is not considered financially embarrassed.

In the autumn of 1886 we had a visit of several days from our genial friend, Rev. Frederick O. Holman, of St. Paul, Minn. He was, I understood, a graduate of Boston University and impressed me as being a man of unusual mental brilliancy and moral honesty. He had come to Minnesota hoping to recover his health, or at least prolong a life seriously threatened by disease of lungs, heart, and nervous system. Although of Methodist bringing up, he had been influenced in his thinking by the Unitarian atmosphere of Boston; especially regarding the Trinity and the Atonement, as also the "Witness of the Holy Spirit." We had formed an intimate, brotherly acquaintance when we were both pastors of St. Paul Churches, and on various occasions had heard each other in sermons and other addresses. Once, when walking together in St. Paul, he said, substantially: You seem in your preaching to have a system, or common philosophic basis of your sermons? My reply was that I had not studied specific sermonizing a great deal. My sermons have usually grown, incidentally, out of my study of truth, as a whole, as revealed naturally and supernaturally. Well, said

he, I would like to know if you would characterize your system, what you would call it? After a moment's thought I replied, I have never thought of giving it a title, but I now think, if I did, I would call it The Evolution of Love. So, when visiting us at Des Moines, in our walks and talks through the city, we fell into our old-fashioned discussions in theology and philosophy, and again he insisted I ought to write out the system which had grown up in my thinking; though he did not agree with me or at least was not convinced of my views of the Atonement, Trinity, and Witness of the Spirit. My reply was, I scarcely know what I would entitle it. "Well," said he, "from what I have gathered from our talks I should think the title you mentioned in St. Paul would be as good as any. 'The Evolution of Love.'" Although I had not given it specific thought, in the meantime this title seemed to have taken a deep hold on him. He reverted to the matter again and again, and pursued me with such earnest and forceful insistence as led me to believe I could not innocently defer the attempt at least to work out a formal statement of what I had come to think was a true, clear, and systematic view of human life and destiny. Although he was adrift in thought regarding the doctrines mentioned above, he was not at rest nor satisfied with negations, but really hoped I might give him a solution of his doubts, or at least make such a definite failure of my own views as to confirm

his. Thereupon I resolved to write what in about five years from that time was published, "The Evolution of Love."

Many years before I had met Brother Holman I had felt dissatisfied with many existing statements of systematic theology as far as I knew them, but found no valid substitute in what seemed to me the smart but superficial reasonings of "Liberalism." The dikes which theological writers had thrown up against the tides of infidel, skeptical, and liberalistic assault seemed insufficient. I felt I ought to ascertain, if possible, for myself at least, the immovable ground; and to be able to make clear to others an unchangeable breakwater against the insweeping tides of skepticism, liberalism, infidelity, license, and general wickedness. No chosen or preferred beliefs nor glowing aspirations would answer, however plausible or flattering or learnedly pretentious. The position must be candid, clear, valid, shirking nothing, so that when the waves of opposition sweep against or seek to crumble it, unmoved it will stand, because the necessities of thought require it and the demands of the heart feel its truth.

That it cured Dr. Holman of his intellectual difficulties and spiritual troubles was evinced by his statements to me, and also by the following statement in later years made at his funeral by his very intimate friend, Dr. John Douglass, of Minneapolis: "I am sure that Dr. Holman would like to have me say that

in a great crisis in his life, when mind and heart were agonized and full of doubt and great problems, our beloved brother, Dr. Miller, was instrumental in so aiding him in that great soul-controversy as to dispose of all those tremendous doubts and give rest and confidence alike to mind and heart."

At the end of our third year at First Church, Des Moines, September, 1887, the Des Moines Conference session was held in this church; Bishop Merrill presiding. My predecessors for several terms past had been "special transfers" who, at the expiration of their terms here, sought charges of equal grade in other Conferences, as there were none other of like grade in this. There were reasons why I did not do likewise: first, I had neither the knack nor the disposition to "go fishing," as it was termed, for an equally good charge elsewhere; secondly, I had not received "a call" from anywhere; thirdly, I had not learned of any bishop who had such a place in view for me; and, fourthly, I was content to make my home in the Des Moines Conference. Bishop Merrill offered me my choice of Creston, Council Bluffs, or Indianola. I chose Indianola, although the salary there was smaller by three or four hundred dollars than at either of the other places. But I thought I could be more useful in the college town than in the others, and for that reason decided upon Indianola, and was assigned that charge.

INDIANOLA.—Indianola, the county seat of War-

ren County and the seat of Simpson College, was then a pleasant town of about 2,500 people. It is situated on what was once a stretch of nearly level prairie, but now relieved by long rows of well matured elms and maples along its wide streets, while fruit and ornamental trees and vines embowered many of its spacious dooryards, gardens, and parks. Twenty miles south of Des Moines and thirty miles north of Chariton, it is connected by branch roads with the two great thoroughfares, the C. R. I. & P. and the C. B. & Q. railways. The commercial isolation of its earlier years, once viewed as a misfortune, yielded an ample compensation in its freedom from that type of citizens which blight so many of the smaller, and corrupt the larger cities of the State. Not a saloon exists in Warren County (at this writing), nor is a "Government permit held by a druggist in town or county. It contained at this time five churches, Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Baptist, and Friends. The Methodist Church numbered 323 members. Of these about 300 could be located. The house of worship was a new building, completed the last year of the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Hooker, my immediate predecessor.

Simpson College, located here, is an institution fostered by the Des Moines Conference. Although it has had an arduous struggle for financial support, it has made a name for thorough teaching and for the moral safety of its students. At the time of my

appointment to Indianola the attendance of students at the college was about 250 to 300. It has more than doubled at this writing. Students of Simpson College returning to their Christian homes do not carry with them smart infidel airs or dissipated morals, but usually better developed Christian character and increased moral dignity. The record this college has made in fitting men and women for the work of foreign missions is, in itself, memorable. One is astounded at what has been accomplished with such small resources; indeed, I have often wondered that men of large means, who want to do great good with their money, have for so long overlooked this college.

The Hon. Wm. H. Berry had been for several years, and has continued, uninterruptedly, thirty years, the superintendent of the Sunday school. To say he is a great superintendent is to state only what is obvious in any session of the school. Whatever this strong and earnest man may achieve in other lines and future years, he can hardly do a greater work or build him a nobler monument than these thirty years of devoted, skillful, and strong superintendency.

Rev. A. D. Field, a superannuate member of the Rock River Conference, I found here and greatly prized him as the assistant Sunday school superintendent and Bible-class teacher. A man more thoroughly imbued with enthusiastic devotion to

Sunday school work I have never met. It has been stated to me that Bishop Vincent, distinguished as the great Sunday school man of our Church, once said that he owed his awakening to this great interest, and his inspiration and insight in developing the Sunday school work to Brother Fields. Besides these officers this school had a noble corps of teachers.

Upon this interesting field I entered with much zest and high hopes, and found it one which, morally, is like physical Iowa, abounding in deep, rich soil, with a small percentage of waste land. Although the morals of the place were exceptionally good and the Church attendance large, the prayer and class meetings were thinly attended. The record showed, too, that few had been added to the Church on probation for several years, and I was told a conversion had not as yet taken place in the new building. Of course there were here, as nearly everywhere, a few who harped upon chiefly two strings, their own "blessed experience," and the "spiritual deadness" of the rest of the members. But as I preached and urged the *fact* of holiness of heart and life, but did not wish to trouble any one about his theory, whether Wesleyan or Inskipian, they did not prove in any large degree a disturbing factor.

The first winter was very severe in both depth of snow and low temperatures. So coldly built was the parsonage that we suffered much from cold, and Mrs. Miller suffered special hardship in maintaining fires

when I was obliged to be away from home. It was in this house Mrs. Hooker, the saintly wife of my predecessor, met her death, I was informed, from cold contracted by reason of the cold floors of this old parsonage. Our only help was in pouring into the stoves abundant fuel. An outside view of the house, with the smoke rolling from the stove pipe extensions of its chimneys, suggested the ready-to-start appearance of an old-fashioned steam ferry boat. But the discomforts of the parsonage were offset by the good qualities of the people. We found so much to appreciate in these people that we preached and worked with zest and faith for their upbuilding. A revival effort the first year of some three weeks special services resulted in about twenty or twenty-five conversions as well as evident spiritual improvement and encouragement of the membership in general. The attendance at the Sunday school services was invariably good, and the student body from Simpson College always constituted an interesting and interested class of hearers. The revival effort of our second winter was, like that of the first, conducted without aid of a special evangelist and, gauged by the number of converts, was a marked failure. Only one person gave evidence of genuine conversion from a life of sin to one of godliness. This was the wife of a hotel keeper. She and her husband had been accustomed to a life of indifference to religion and were given to dance and frolic and general pleasure. The death of their much idolized child deeply wrought

upon the mother and gave her thoughts a new direction, which resulted in a revolution of life and character, and a devotion to active Christian duty, which evinced that her prayerful struggle at the altar had truly been the beginning of a new life. She became a valuable member of the Church.

But the good brethren who had warmly approved of our going into these meetings without invoking the aid of a professional evangelist now quite correctly made up their minds to the opinion that I was not a "revivalist," but needed the help of a specialist in this work. As time brought around the season when a third series of meetings could be given our attention, they were willing I should secure this kind of assistance. And I quite agreed with them, although I believed a truly normal state of religious life in the Church should afford the conditions for the conversion of sinners the year round. This whole question is doubtless one of *attention*. If the value and salvation of souls can command the supreme attention of preacher and people, the soul-saving work will prosper at any time of the year, and at the regular devotional services of the Church. But here is exactly the difficulty, the urgent demands of business, study, and society so absorb the attention as to leave but little time and energy for this supreme interest of life, save in the brief interval of the long evenings of decaying winter festivities or the lull in strenuous business affairs.

In this third revival season we began our meet-

ings with the assistance of a minister of our own Conference who had conducted successful revivals at a number of smaller Churches. In employing him I did not abdicate my responsibility as pastor, but gave the management of the special revival services into his hands, reserving to myself a general oversight and the preaching of the Sunday morning sermons. We began with a full house on a Sunday evening with every evidence of a general religious interest. The evangelist preached well, but in the week-night services spent too much time in belaboring the Church members with "trying to get the Church right," as evangelists usually say. By the end of the first week the attendance had dwindled to a very small number, and many of these were evidently disheartened. But on the morning of the second Sunday the usual large congregation was in attendance, and I was glad to have all matters in my own hands. Feeling the situation extremely delicate, I prayerfully ventured upon the effort to retrieve the religious interest apparent in the beginning and was glad the evangelist was present, though I knew it to be a delicate matter to be entirely fair with the people and at the same time avoid reflecting upon him. My text was (Matt. 11:16), "But whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the market places, who call unto their fellows and say, We piped unto you and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not mourn.

For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a demon. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!" Not attempting to reproduce the sermon here, the substance of it was of sufficient import in the account of this revival effort to justify its statement.

1. Experts in the use of the critical faculty very naturally disparage anything with which they can find fault; even when their faultfinding dwindles into the form of small criticism.

2. Indulging a disposition to pull down often results in a certain blindness to the opportunity to construct and build up.

3. The Jewish leaders, wrapt in self-complacence and skilled in rabbinical minutia, determined to reject the spiritual Kingdom of God and sought to justify it by their smart criticism of the dietetic habits of John the Baptist, and Christ's generous indifference to social caste. "Whereunto shall I liken this generation?" They have sunken to the trivial whimsies of children in the market place; and that, too, when their immortal interests are at stake.

4. Just so, my people, *you are starving spiritually out of respect to your critical faculty, your talent for small criticism.*

Make note of this: Two years ago you were averse to employing an evangelist to aid me in revival effort, and our meetings resulted in apparently

but small success. Then, one year ago when another effort was almost a total failure, you were quite pronounced in the opinion that I was a failure as a revivalist. Now, when I have a helper as much unlike myself as one can well imagine, but who has had large success at other times and places, you drop away on the pretext that his preaching "does not suit you; he preaches holiness, sanctification, etc."

"Very well! the Bible advocates holiness as quite essential to salvation. And John Wesley, concededly one of the most apostolic men of modern times, preached holiness. He held that a truly regenerated man is 'born again,' that he is a child of God, he is sanctified, he is holy and may continue so, but that in fact few do continue in that state of heart, and hence need to renew their consecration, with a view to daily maintaining a consecrated life. It is possible some of you might profitably live in daily consecration to God. But you object, 'The advocates of holiness in this country deny spiritual purity in the truly regenerated.' That is true of some, perhaps many, but it is not true of the Bible nor of Wesley. John Wesley very definitely wrote to one of his preachers, the Rev. Thomas Maxfield, that he 'did not like' his preaching 'that a truly regenerated man is not sanctified.' In this we are firmly with Wesley; and as long as I am responsible for the utterances of this pulpit, there shall be no preaching here of that doctrine which Wesley so wisely condemned.

This our brother, the evangelist, has not yet taught here, and will not while I have charge of this meeting and this Church. This revival effort will continue another week at least, and if you determine to starve to death spiritually, out of respect to your critical talent, you must bear the responsibility. But if you want to go to work in building up your spiritual life and the soul-winning work of the Church, now is your time!"

The evangelist was announced to preach in the evening. His manner that afternoon convinced me he had intended to launch the very teaching which I had pointed out in the morning as unscriptural and condemned by Wesley. I thought it was good fortune to our meeting that he had not gone so far before that Sunday morning gave me the opportunity to intercept his contemplated disparagement of the moral quality of regeneration in order to find ground for the doctrine of a "second distinct work." According to his statement he felt "much humbled," and had been on the verge of abandoning our meetings and leaving town. But after praying over it he concluded to stay and do his best to win sinners to Christ.

The church was well filled at night, the evangelist related his afternoon struggle and victory, and went to work in good earnest. He was a bright, though eccentric man, of good general intelligence, familiar with the Scriptures and apt in their appli-

cation. Moreover, in the skillful handling of a large audience, to move his hearers to decisive action, and yet conserve the moral dignity and devout sense of the sacred, I have rarely met his equal.

We were blest also with the best kind of revival music, led not by a choir, decorated with no operatic airs nor display of technique, no posing nor mouthing of soloists. No, none of these diversions! But a plain farmer, George Eicher, clear headed, rich voiced, warm hearted, well experienced in revivals, led our congregations with prompt and good judgment in selections, definite articulation in a known tongue, with melody, unction, and power to lift and thrill, and to blend all hearts and voices with the consciousness of truly "singing and making melody unto the Lord."

We had no more trouble with faultfinding. The church was crowded night after night. The day meetings were well attended and very profitable. Directly, upon opportunity being given, unconverted people rose to ask prayers or kneel at the altar. Soon the altar was crowded. Then at the front pews, and eventually here and there in the house penitents knelt, surrounded by Church members instructing them and praying with and for them. Thus the work went on for several weeks, abating not until scores were brought into the experience of a new life. Just how many genuine conversions take place in such a series of meetings it is, of course, impossible for us to know. The

number of professed converts in this instance ranged in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty, and though some did not prove faithful the percentage of these I think was small. But in addition to the matter of individual converts there was such a distinct uplift to the faith of the Church that its members rose above the old thrall in which they seemed to have been held, which bade them not to expect the "conversion" of sinners; that found expression in remarks to the effect that "the old way of repentance and conversion at the altar seemed out of date; "can't expect that in educated or highly cultured people," etc., etc. All found that right-heartedness would, like the wireless telegraph, catch the current of the ever-present Spirit of God, notwithstanding any insulation of crudity or culture. When they long and pray for rightness of heart; in other words, "hunger and thirst after righteousness," "they shall be filled." The membership of this Church was more than doubled in the five years of my first pastoral term at Indianola.

The General Conference of May, 1888, sitting in Omaha, extended the number of consecutive years restricting the appointment of pastors to the same charge from three to five. Consequently I was appointed to Indianola five times consecutively. Having begun to write "The Evolution of Love" in the autumn of 1886, when at First Church, Des Moines, I finished it in the autumn of '91. The next

thing was to find a publisher. Of course, I applied first to our Methodist Publishing House in New York, but was told by one of the "Agents" before the manuscript was submitted that they would require a guarantee of one thousand dollars before publishing an edition of one thousand copies. As I was a novice in this business the "guarantee" matter surprised me. Hence I tried another New York house, Scribners, and after having my manuscript examined by a reviewer they wrote me that while they regarded it a work of high merit, it was not of such a character as they wished to add to their list of publications. Thereupon I submitted it to A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. After they had it examined by first a literary and then a philosophic expert, General McClurg informed me they were "ready to make me a proposition." It was substantially this: "We will publish an edition of at least one thousand copies, and after selling five hundred we will pay you a royalty of ten per cent on the list price of one dollar and fifty cents for each copy sold thereafter." They made no mention of a guarantee. The book appeared February 13, 1892, mechanically so well done as to be a credit to any publishing house.

It was not a book to command a rapid or large sale and I did not expect this, but I did expect a more prompt and ample notice of it from the Methodist press. From other sources, however, press notices and reviews of it were more favorable than I ex-

pected. Reviews by certain contributors to the press, notably those of Drs. W. J. Spaulding, a former President of Iowa Weslyan University, and A. E. Griffith, of the Des Moines Conference, were discriminating, thorough, and highly appreciative. That of Dr. James Iverach, of Free Church College, Aberdeen, Scotland, published in *The Thinker,* Vol. VII, Page 473, London, 1895, was keen, strong, fair, yet commendatory above what I dared expect; especially from a European critic of the first rank. What gave me greater satisfaction, however, than the praise of these eminent reviewers was the evidence I received that it cleared many thoughtful minds of their doubts and perplexities, was profitable study to able Christian thinkers, and in some cases proved a cure to rank unbelief. A gentleman in Kansas assured me of one who was the President of "The Kansas Society of Free Thinkers," who was converted by reading it. A letter from the Rev. Dr. Bulgin, a Presbyterian minister and evangelist, who had just closed a series of revival campaigns of nearly four years duration in California, informed me that this book "has brought forty-two lawyers in California to a rich experience in God." He stated he had given away many copies "in the last seven years and had followed the results," and could tell me of "scores of souls that have been brought out of the fog and mist." Such results bring me the consolation that the book is slowly, perhaps, but surely accomplishing its intended object.

The main adverse criticism of the work, urged by capable and candid reviewers, was that it was too compact, and for such close reasoning as its themes required it needed expansion and ampler illustration. Thinking this just and important, I revised it to the extent I deemed consistent with the desired limits of the volume. This revised edition was published by the Methodist Book Concern at New York in 1907.

After certain ministers had expressed satisfaction with the theistic argument contained in Chapter I of this work, and suggested its separate publication, I wrote of the matter to the Western Agents of the Book Concern, and Dr. Jennings, of that firm, replied that it was exactly what he wanted to place in a set of "Little Books on Doctrine," which he was planning to publish. Accordingly, after some further correspondence between us, I prepared the manuscript, including that chapter, which they published under the title, "The Fact of God," as one of the "Little Books on Doctrine." This accounts for the appearance of that little book.

In my fifth year at Indianola I received notice from the Ecumenical Commission that I had been duly chosen a delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference to be held in Washington City, from October 21st to November 3d, 1891. This conference was to embrace representatives from all Christian sects bearing the Methodist name or of Wesleyan

origin. It had no authority, legislative or executive; it was rather a family reunion, wherein each branch of the Wesleyan family could report its peculiar conditions, plans, success, and expectations for advanced work. The members of this conference represented distinct denominations which have sprung from the great religious movement of the eighteenth century, termed Methodism, of which John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield were the most distinguished leaders.

A marked feature of the opening exercises of this body was the address of welcome delivered by Bishop John F. Hurst. It was remarkable for pertinence and good taste, and his linguistic attainments stood him in good stead as he addressed this assemblage of various tongues. His passages addressed to certain foreign delegations in their own language elicited their enthusiastic applause, which swept the entire audience into sympathy with them, in admiration of his facile aptitude for this noble greeting.

Unfortunately for me, I was taken ill on the second day of the conference with an attack of malarial fever, which deprived me of quite half of the proceedings, and many interesting incidents of this great meeting. However, I recovered in time to hear the admirable address of His Excellency, President Harrison, when attended by several members of his cabinet and one or two foreign ambassadors. The foreign delegates, it was said, were greatly

impressed by the visit and speech of the President. The address was short, but was a model, having the qualities which distinguished his oratory; it was extemporaneous, yet accurate, clear, perspicuous, and eminently appropriate; scarcely capable of improvement by the addition or elision of a word. One of the British delegates was quoted as saying no such thing as the conference calling upon the chief ruler could occur in England, and no monarch of his country, from the Conqueror to the present (Queen Victoria) would have had the ability or courage to deliver such an address as that of President Harrison before the Ecumenical Conference.

As I had been assigned the duty of replacing Dr. Warren, President of Boston University, who had been appointed to preach in Dr. Sunderland's (Presbyterian) Church, but had been called away, I much enjoyed meeting that sturdy representative of the Presbyterian pulpit in Washington. The church building and the congregation seemed, like him, plain, substantial, and strong. At his residence he and his excellent wife treated me with a frank, yet dignified cordiality. It was easy to understand why President Cleveland, distinguished for solidity rather than show in his tastes, regularly attended Dr. Sunderland's church while in Washington.

Des Moines District.—When my fifth year as pastor at Indianola ended, September 15, 1892, I was appointed presiding elder of the Des Moines Dis-

trict; and therefore made Des Moines my place of residence. We gained in this move the domestic satisfaction of living within two blocks of our married daughter and her family. As close application to study had somewhat impaired my health and strength, I felt the need of knocking about more in the open air, and thought it wise, in superintending this district, to make considerable use of our excellent road-horse, "Jane," which we had owned and used as a "family horse" for about eight years. We had become greatly attached to her for her docility, spirit, and action as a fine and rapid traveler at the trot, to harness, and single-foot, to saddle. Appointments within twenty or thirty miles of my home I could reach by starting two or three hours before the time for Saturday three o'clock quarterly meeting service; thus avoiding the need of taking inconveniently early morning trains. Jane could handily reel off eight or ten miles per hour; and when, owing to a strike of railroad employees, trains were tied up, I could make my forty and fifty mile drives, reaching each appointment on time. And I could hold Sabbath services at two or three different charges from five to ten miles apart without patronizing Sabbath trains, and could return home sometimes several hours earlier than if I had to await the scheduled train time. Besides, excepting in stormy weather, the drives were both healthful and pleasurable. This favorite animal became well known throughout the district, and when

in Conference session an attack was made upon me for owning a "stepper" I replied, "Nature made her a fast trotter, and she saved me from patronizing Sunday trains and carried me to my appointments *on time,* some one in the audience exclaimed, "That 's so, old Jane can get there!" The overwhelming vote which followed this episode silenced this sort of hypercriticism.

By the way, the itinerant ministry has been greatly indebted for its success to good horses. Often the minister's fond attachment to his horse was something romantic. With him he had traversed mountain and plain, waded swamps, swam creeks and rivers, buffeted snowdrifts, threaded devious roads and bridle-paths in forest darkness and over trackless prairies. When but a lad I almost revered the shadow of a Methodist itinerant minister, and had a profound respect for his horse, and both reverence and respect were all the more definite if the horse were a good one, and well treated by his master. With but little patience could I hear disparagement of either ministers or horses, except in individual cases of well ascertained naughtiness. A disposition to defend the good name of ministers and decent horsemen and horses has cost me, sometimes, the approval of conventional sentiment, but never robbed me of a conscientious sense of indebtedness to these servitors of my boyhood, manhood, and Master. Indeed, I have written many articles for the press intended

to abate the physical and moral abuses to which horses are subjected by the carelessness of grooms, the cruelty of drivers, the ignorance of shoers, the cupidity of owners, and the degrading associations of gamblers. A series of my articles published in *Wallace's Monthly,* New York, entitled *"Trying to Master the Horse's Foot,"* elicited from Dr. Coleman, a graduate of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, and the author of an able work on the philosophy and treatment of the horse's foot, substantially this published statement: "Having read everything published in Europe and America on the horse's foot, I do not hesitate to say that the pithy sentences of this writer are like an oasis in a desert of sand. But he ought not to content himself with being a guideboard for others, but should give us an extended work on the subject." As all my articles were written over an assumed name, and rather as recreations, he did not know I was a minister of the gospel and had weightier duties on my hands.

About fifty years ago certain men of intelligence, decency, and Christian character, who were interested in the improvement of our domestic animals, turned with loathing away from the patrons and habitues of the "racing turf." They regarded the running horse as little else than a gambling machine, irretrievably in the hands of gamblers. Loathing association with the self-styled "gentlemen" who drink, bet, swear, and live "fast" generally—immoral-

ities which had stigmatized the very name, "horseman"—they sought to develop this interesting creature into the useful and noble animal he has become through their efforts. This movement was supported by many excellent men. Mr. Robert Bonner, a stanch Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, took an active interest and invested enormous sums of money in this enterprise. Mr. John H. Wallace, also a Presbyterian, and educated for the ministry, spent half a lifetime of labor and painstaking research in laying that systematic foundation for this reform known as *The American Trotting Register;* and reinforced it with the magazine known as *Wallace's Monthly,* published in New York. Many others of excellent character lent their aid to this enterprise, and the outcome has been the development of what is now recognized in all civilized countries as the most level-headed, courageous, and altogether useful type of horse the world has ever known, the "American Light-Harness Horse." It is true the gambling elements have swarmed about the light-harness speed contests to such a degree as to well-nigh sink them to the level of the "running-turf." But horsemen have maintained this distinction, namely, the running turf is *per se a gambling institution.* But the gambler is regarded as but a *parasite which infests* the light-harness contests, but their earnest concern is to get rid of him as they would of flies and fleas. It has been my privilege to help in this work by written

contributions to various live stock journals and magazines, especially the *American Live Stock Journal, The Spirit of the West,* and *Wallace's Monthly.*

My experience and unconcealed interest in good horses gave me access to men regarding their soul's salvation which I could not otherwise have gained, and my opposition to gambling and its associate vices they felt bound to respect. Of all kinds of live stock I was very fond, especially horses; had been brought up to use them—my people before me were horsemen. They owned and used good horses, and I simply followed the bent of my forebears in these tastes, including pronounced aversion to the "horse-jockey" and opposition to gambling in every form. To keep pace with the literature of agriculture and live stock enterprise afforded me an agreeable diversion for mental relaxation from other and severer study. It enabled me to talk with farmers and horsemen intelligibly regarding the history, genealogies, qualities, adaptations, and achievements of these servants of man. At various times I have been called to comfort them and their families in affliction, counsel and pray with them at the altar, and conduct their funeral solemnities.

On one occasion I dropped in at the office of a livery barn and was soon engaged in "horse talk" with several men who sat there. Here were two gentlemen, brothers, who owned the establishment. Here was Mr. H, a very agreeable farmer and a

pillar in one of the Churches, and a fourth was Mr. V, a violent scoffer, a hater of religion, of Churches and ministers; a man who, it was said, was sure to insult any one who ventured to speak to him about his eternal interests. He was an invalid, nearing the grave, and I longed to reach him. After a pleasant talk with them about horses for perhaps twenty or thirty minutes, I rose to go, when several of them said, "Do n't go yet; we like to hear you talk!" To which I replied: "Gentlemen, I thank you, but before I go, let me remind you that while you like to have me call and talk about your horse-interests, you, excepting Mr. H, never call at my place, the church, nor at any time want to hear me talk about *my business,* the salvation of your souls. Now, I fear you will fritter away your time 'trotting horses around the stove' until some day you 'll *'get the flag in your faces.'* Good-day." Mr. H. spoke to me at various times afterwards, declaring he never saw anything take hold of men as that parting word; it struck to their hearts, and all were silent for several minutes, and then quietly dispersed.

A few weeks later Mr. V, the scoffer, was taken very ill, and was confined to his bed at the home of his parents, who were members of our Church. Of course, I called to see him. He could talk but little with any one, and as far as I could learn, no one had ventured to speak to him of his salvation. After a little conversation with his parents and

friends, among whom was one of the livery men, I turned to the sick man and said, in substance: "Mr. V, I am sorry to find you so very ill, and would gladly do something to help you. I will not force my prayers upon you, but if it is your wish, I will pray with you and for you. I know you can not talk much, but all you need to say is yes or no." After a moment of silent suspense in the room, he seemed to rally his energies and answered distinctly, "Yes." Thereupon we knelt and I prayed for him and, I trust, with him. After the prayer, I, without wearying him with further talk, departed, but called again at intervals until his death, which ensued within a few days. His inability to converse rendered it extremely difficult for me to have much further communication with him, but his parents, who were with him constantly, gathered from him such words and signs as comforted them with an assurance that he truly repented and died in the faith.

The spiritual life of most charges in this district I thought good, as also the finances. These facts doubtless gave force to the second year's marked revival work. Although I experienced something of hardship, there was more of pleasurable interest in the work and abounding gratification from the goodly number of conversions, and evident upbuilding of the Churches. In the second of these years, the editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate,* Dr.

Arthur Edwards, solicited and published reports of the ingathering of converts in the districts covered by the circulation of that paper. At this time I am unable to state what percentage of these districts were reported, but I well remember that Gallipolis District stood highest, and Des Moines stood second with upwards of sixteen hundred souls to her credit. Dr. Reese, my predecessor, was a good financier and very energetic, and I think much of the large ingathering of the second year was due to his energetic instrumentality, the influence of which lapped over into the earlier years of my superintendency.

BESSE.

On May 16, 1893, after a typhoid illness which kept her to her bed about eleven days, our very dearly beloved daughter Besse passed into the "rest" of God's saints. She had been in delicate health for some weeks, and was slow to yield to the necessity of taking her bed, though we learned from her later that she regarded it "the beginning of the end." It was hard for us to accept the doctor's decision that she could not recover, although she had told us, before the doctors had reached a conclusion, that she was going. On the morning of the day of her death she directed the nurse to "tidy up the room," saying, "I expect to go to-day, and the family must be called in." Duly warned by Dr. Adams that death

would intervene not later than six o'clock that evening, Mrs. Miller and I, with the nurse, watched with her; and meantime, our son, William E. Miller, and our daughter, Mrs. Nourse, and her husband, Mr. Clinton L. Nourse, and Miss Mary Gatch, Besse's dearest girl friend, gathered about her bed, received her last "good-bye," and awaited the last heart-throb, which came at 5.25 in the evening.

Her calm and courageous greeting of death helped us to say in our hearts, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Her distinguishing traits were a genial, happy disposition, quick and clear perception, fine practical judgment, and deep moral earnestness. Her Christian character was cheerful, though earnest; firm, though unobtrusive; rational and practical, without cant or shallow sentiment. She had been helpful, not only in the household, but very much so in the Church, and had a strong and wholesome influence upon many young people of Des Moines and Indianola. Without aggressiveness she seemed to create a moral atmosphere which was felt and acknowledged by her associates. One of them said, "I always found it easy to be good when with Besse." Many were the young people who gathered to the funeral at our home; many the appreciative words of the ministers in prayer and consolation; many, too, the heartening and helpful notes of condolence received from friends near and far, yet more consoling was it to remember her

appropriating St. Paul's words, "To live is Christ and to die is gain."

We bore her body to our family burial place in the cemetery at Muscatine, where, with the little graves of Grace and Mary, hers shall await our final coming.

As time wore on we had much to be thankful for, although the care incident to a fair adjustment of pastors to the charges were very weighty and often gave me much solicitude. The care of the Churches and the best interests of faithful pastors and their families cost me more anxiety, I think, than anything else. When I had done my utmost to secure the appointment of what I deemed "the right man in the right place," there were yet those among the pastors whom I could not satisfy. But there were not many of this kind. Even where I had taken special pains to do well by a brother minister, and in some cases incurred the dislike of the bishop because of my persistent effort in this brother's behalf, I sometimes found him disposed to censure me for not having done more for him. Such cases, however, did not wound me so deeply as when a faithful and worthy brother went uncomplainingly to his charge *feeling he ought to have fared better.* The scanty salaries of many of the pastors, and the difficulty to induce the laity, especially if they were farmers, to increase them, were perhaps my greatest trials. And when asked how I liked the presiding elder's office, I

settled upon this as a stereotyped answer, "There is one condition upon which I would enjoy being a presiding elder, and that is, that I were a man of such wealth as to be able to give deserved financial assistance to the preachers whose families were suffering the pinch of poverty in this land of plenty." We may talk and write as much as we please about the heroism of the preachers, but after all, the supreme heroism of the itinerant ministry is that of the preacher's wife. The old saying that ministers' children usually or often go to the bad has been abundantly refuted, but that so many of them do well is marvelous to those who know their provocations. Their alienation from the Church, for which their parents have endured so much of hardship and injustice, is a cause of bitter regret to those parents. A presiding elder sees much of this, even if he has not experienced it in his own family; and if his eyes are not holden by personal ambition, he will yearn for the means by which to relieve this class of galling hardships.

The responsibility of fixing the appointments rests largely, yes, chiefly, upon the presiding elders, although the approval of the bishop is essential to give official authority to the action. But as the bishop's knowledge of the charges and the ministers depends mainly on the information and advice of the presiding elders for his arrangement of the appointments, each presiding elder feels he is primarily re-

sponsible for the care and proper adjustment of the charges and pastors in his district and, jointly with the other superintendents, for those of the whole Conference. This is the really heavy and testing work of the district superintendent. In whatever else he may excel—preaching, finance, administration of the Discipline—if he is not strong in this matter of adjusting appointments he must be a failure in that office, and much bad work will result to Churches and pastors and pastors' families. The qualifications for bearing this burden must certainly include steady-burning zeal, good practical judgment, conscientious impartiality as between pastors and between Churches, and courage to maintain this impartiality, and to stand firm against the other district superintendents and even the bishop when they favor appointments which he believes wrong, unfit, or unfair; even at the risk of their displeasure. In a word, he needs a clear head, a stout but tender heart, and unfailing courage. These observations are made as suggested by my own experience and observation of the strength and weakness developed in this trying office.

Of a good minister in my district, who deserved and felt the need of a better charge than those he had hitherto been assigned, I was quite clear in my conviction that he was just the man for a certain station which had a good church and parsonage and paid a salary of one thousand dollars; and this was

a good place for him and his family. Of course, I recommended his appointment accordingly. But the bishop had a man, an old acquaintance of his from the East, to whom he wished to give such a charge as this well-nigh model little station. His man was comparatively unknown to me, I had no prejudice against him, and if he were given the place I would stand by him. But I had no other place where I could put my man without sorely afflicting him and subjecting his delicate wife to special hardship. After strenuous effort, running through several days, to carry my point, I was overruled by the bishop. The result was disastrous in every visible respect. His man rent with discord this hitherto harmonious and prosperous charge, from the effects of which, after many years, it has never entirely recovered. My man, justly grieved and disgusted, bore his burden and performed industriously his work in the circuit to which he was appointed; but both he and his charge, equally conscious of the misfit, toiled and worried through a semi-disastrous year. That the bishop meant well, I did not question; but that he was arbitrary where he ought to have been reasonable, was plainly evident. He was an admirable bishop in many respects, but had been a bishop, I fear, too long; his consciousness of authority had become somewhat morbid, quite overgrown for the interests of a "small affair" such as this. Of course, as in many such instances, greater or less, the presiding elder must stay

by the wreck and bear and do what he can to make the best of the salvage, while the bishop sails away to sunnier seas.

Let it not be thought I would inveigh against the itinerant system or the episcopal office. Far from this, I hold the system the best practicable, especially since the rule limiting the bishop's power to reappoint pastors consecutively to the same charge has been abolished; and firmly believe in Methodist episcopacy, yet am persuaded this office should be protected by statutory limitation from the prelatic practice of a "life term" which is in no practical sense modified by calling it a "life office."

Bishop Ames once related to me an incident of his presiding eldership when, in the cabinet, he suggested to the presiding bishop the exchange of two names in the list of appointments, then about completed, thereby to save these two ministers each a long and toilsome move by wagon, and yet serve the respective charges equally well. But the presiding bishop, who was a good penman and scrupulously neat with his manuscript, objected that he *did not wish to mar his paper with the requisite interlining.* And the two ministers and their families, to preserve the neatness of his paper, were obliged to make their long and wearisome journeys over the rugged wagon roads of a new State. The episcopal self-consciousness, in this case, had evidently become morbid and chronic.

CHAPTER VI.

Des Moines District.

At the session of the Des Moines Conference, September, 1898, my sixth year as presiding elder of Des Moines District was completed. The presiding officer or general superintendent was Bishop John H. Vincent, D. D. He had been distinguished prior to his election to the episcopal office, in May, 1884, as pre-eminently the ablest organizer and administrator of Sunday school work which our Church, or perhaps any Church, had produced. Besides, the great Chautauqua movement, which developed into a nation-wide institution of inestimable educational advantage and power, owed its conception and elaboration to his genius and energy, associated, as I have understood, with that devoted and resourceful layman of Ohio, Mr. Lewis Miller. These achievements gave him celebrity throughout the Church and the Christian world.

When in the pastorate he had undoubtedly displayed very marked ability, fidelity, and usefulness. When General Grant, at the height of his fame, was attending a distinguished gathering of military and

civic celebrities in Chicago, and was to spend a Sabbath in that city, one of the most wealthy and fashionable Churches planned and announced that the general would attend its Sunday service. But this announcement seemed gratuitous and premature, for when it reached him he said frankly that he would attend divine service at the Church of Dr. Vincent, his old pastor when he lived at Galena. While this incident evinced the general's aversion to his being made a popular advertisement for a large Sunday morning congregation, and his loyalty to a friend of former years, it showed also his confidence in and relish for the pulpit utterances of a preacher who was now pastor of one of the less pretentious Churches of the great city.

Bishop Vincent's ministrations in our Conference were highly prized and profitable, especially to the younger ministers. His work in the cabinet, however, in fixing the appointments, did not evince that insight in his judgment of men which is the qualification par excellence of a great bishop. Indeed, a number of our bishops could be named who, like him, far outshone some of their coadjutors in brilliant and commanding gifts, but were not up to the measure of some of the less distinguished when it came to seeing through the traits and weighing the counsels of the presiding elders.

INDIANOLA, SEPTEMBER, 1898.—As this Conference ended my term of six years as presiding elder,

I was assigned the pastoral charge of our Church at Indianola. Dr. W. C. Martin had followed me in that charge when I had completed a five-year term there, and after three years of faithful and prosperous work he was succeeded by the Rev. J. B. Harris, who carried forward the work with marked ability and success. From a membership of over six hundred when I left it, the Church now numbered nine hundred and eight. Notable ingatherings had taken place under both of these excellent pastors. Indeed, so large had the society and congregation become that they were greatly straitened for room for both Church services and Sunday school. They were puzzled, too, to know how to help the matter. To divide the Church seemed impracticable, as there was no natural nor logical line of cleavage in the town nor in the membership. The building was large and comparatively new, and admirably located; hence, to sell and build elsewhere would be to abandon unequaled local advantages without getting adequate compensation toward a new and larger building. Nor could they hit upon a plan to enlarge satisfactorily the present structure. They had worked along under these embarrassments for several years, when a brilliant young architect from Des Moines, who had been born and reared in Indianola, Mr. Proudfoot, paid a visit to his uncle, Senator A. V. Proudfoot, of Indianola, a member of the Official Board, and from him learned the quandary which

puzzled the Church, and while there he made a study of how to remodel the edifice. Upon returning from Church on Sunday evening, he announced to his uncle that he had reached a solution of the problem. When the plan was announced to members of the Official Board and the pastor, Brother Harris, they joyfully accepted it and, at a cost of about five thousand dollars, executed it. The result is the best auditorium in respect of acoustics, seating the audience (of 1,500) in full view of the speaker, and affording facilities for Sunday school classes, prayer-meetings, and social occasions, that I have ever seen in a building of its size and cost. Lecturers, preachers, and choral artists of national experience remark that its acoustics are perfect and that every face in the audience is visible from the platform. To Dr. Harris was due great credit for carrying through this enterprise, and as to the architect, it was an illustration of the inestimable value of genius. With this noble edifice and this large and interesting congregation I began my second pastoral term at Indianola.

This enlargement of the church, however, had postponed the building of a much needed parsonage. Brother Harris and his family had endured the discomforts of the old parsonage while employing his admirable tact to promote sufficient interest in a very conservative charge to secure the funds requisite to carry through the church improvements. Although we deplored the fact that we must move into this

parsonage, we felt very much at home with this good people; and the improved facilities for Church work gave added zest to our second term. We spent four consecutive years here, endeavoring to do the work of a minister, preaching, organizing, visiting, and forwarding the religious interests of the community, the prayer room, class room, leagues, socials, and Sunday school. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in which my wife had taken an active part, and the Epworth League, which I organized during our former term here, we found still flourishing. The Junior League was not doing well, but had discouraged about every one who had been put in charge of it. This I suspended until such time as the cantankerous young fellows who belonged to it could see the importance of order and discipline and be ashamed of their former misconduct, and until I could find some one whose interest in these children was coupled with sufficient patience and tact to manage them. The scheme worked out well, and the troublesome lads and lasses clamored for a resumption of the Junior meetings. Meantime, Miss Anna Silcot, a talented and devout young woman of my charge, offered to undertake the leadership, and suggested her plan of organization for this branch of the work. Giving her leave to select her assistants, I had her placed in charge of the Junior League with a free hand, and the resumed meetings soon required grading the League into six classes to carry

forward this now interesting and remarkably successful work. An "Intermediate League," though without Disciplinary authorization at the time, I took upon me to organize, and it proved a solution of various troubles incident to the boys and girls who thought they were too old to be classed with Juniors, but did not feel quite at home with adult "Leaguers." A fortunate selection of leaders for this Intermediate League resulted in very satisfactory success.

A union revival meeting which was held in our Church combined with us the efforts of the Baptist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, and Friends Churches, under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Bulgin. He was an evangelist of decided strength and tact, a Presbyterian, and had been connected with Moody's revival work in Chicago, and perhaps elsewhere. Although I have no present means of ascertaining how many conversions were counted in this meeting, nor how many joined our Church, I can safely place the aggregate above one hundred and fifty, and the accessions to our Church at half of the number. Later, by a year or two, we held a revival service in which I was assisted by the Rev. G. W. Willis, then of the Friends Society, Cleveland, Ohio, in which our professed converts numbered one hundred and thirty-four. This ingathering drew largely from our Sunday school and Leagues, and, I think, proved a very permanent accession. The charge, at the close of our fourth year, numbered one thousand and

twenty-five members. In the latter part of our fourth year a movement was started to build a new parsonage. Mrs. J. F. Sampson led in a movement of certain other devoted women of the Church to raise a fund for that purpose, and by Conference time had raised fifteen hundred dollars. This answered for a good start toward actually building the much needed parsonage in the following Conference year. However, it was not to be a home for us. We were moved from Indianola at the end of the fourth year of this second term, and were at the ensuing Conference session assigned to the pastorate of our Church at Denison, the county seat of Crawford County.

Denison, September, 1902.—Denison was at that time, September 15, 1902, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on an oval ridge between the east and west branches of the Boyer River and, with the narrow valleys which skirt these streams, is rimmed in by a coronet of hills, from which it affords a lovely view. The general view of the little city, however, scarcely equals the beauty of a number of its pretty homes. The whole appearance of the place is that of general thrift. We found here a cordial reception, an excellent parsonage, a commodious and well-filled church edifice, and an excellent choir; a thrifty, enterprising membership. Upon examining the Church records, I perceived, from the small list of probationers, that this Church

had had no considerable ingathering of converts for several years. Business thrift and general worldliness rendered the Church weak as a soul-winning institution. Yet there were here some of the most saintly characters I have ever had the privilege to become well acquainted with. The pastor who had preceded me, Dr. E. M. Holmes, was a minister of fine abilities and rare Christian character; faithful, diligent, genial, and an exemplary Christian gentleman. Yet there had been no marked religious movement in the community for many years. The saloon interest was strong here, not only as represented in the commercial, but in the social life of the place. It was extremely difficult to maintain the position of our Church on the temperance question, especially on prohibition, without wounding many very interesting, self-respecting and respectable members of the Sunday school and congregation, and even communicants. Revival efforts resulted in gathering in but a few, and these were mainly young people of our Church families. Nevertheless our class and prayer-meetings seemed earnest and spiritual, and the Leagues and Sunday school well organized. The financial interests of this Church were more prosperous than the spiritual. There was indeed a certain Church pride among the members in maintaining a good standing in finances, as well as in society. The morning congregations were usually large, and those of the evening of respectable numbers. Promi-

nent among our laymen were politicians, lawyers, bankers, merchants, real estate dealers, and business men of other lines. While some of these lent social consideration to the Church, they contributed little apparently to its religious power. One of them said to me, "I believe in the Church, and in supporting it, but I have no religion." (He meant the inner experience of religious life.) Doubtless this was true of most of these men who, for the sake of their families and the good name of the town, took pride in keeping up the Church, but would favor no movement against the saloons.

General Conference, May, 1904.—On the 27th of April, 1904, we (Mrs. Miller, her sister, Mrs. Shade, and myself) boarded the 1.10 P. M. train at Denison for Kansas City, via Omaha and the C. B. & Q. 10.45 train, and reached Kansas City about 7 A. M. next day, and at 1 P. M. took the "General Conference Special" for Los Angeles. We breakfasted next moring at Trinidad, Colorado. Here Mrs. Miller had her first view of a mountain, and looked with much interest upon Fisher's Peak of the Raton Mountains near by. But this was to her but the beginning of wonders. She had never seen a mountain nor an ocean, and greatly enjoyed the snowstorm through which we passed at an altitude of 6,000 feet. Thus daily, though weary with the monotony of the desert, she almost grieved to miss the sight of a striking mountain scene. When she looked for the first time

upon the Grand Canon in Arizona, she exclaimed, "It's all here; all we've read and heard are not equal to the real canon." This first view was the most fortunate we had of it, owing to the brilliance of atmosphere and sunlight at the time. One may imagine a chasm 200 miles long, 6,000 feet from rim to river, 1,042 feet from river to sea level, 9-13 miles wide, and peopled with mountains eroded and fluted by attrition of the suns and storms of centuries.

An accident by which trains were interrupted on the branch road from Williams to the Canon made our stay at the latter place unpleasantly long. Our train arrived on Saturday about 5 P. M., expecting to return to the main line at Williams on Monday morning; but a break in the branch road and the delay caused by the exhaustion of water in the engines of some eighteen or twenty trains, lying at the Canon, which could be remedied only when repairs on the branch admitted of water trains from Williams to replenish the boilers, tenders, and tanks of our helpless trains, detained us until Tuesday afternoon. Meantime, provisions were growing scarce and dear at the hotels. Besides, the altitude of the place, about 7,000 feet above sea level, was telling seriously upon persons of delicate health on our trains, some of whom were obliged to use the utmost care to avoid profuse bleeding at nose and mouth.

A considerable number of General Conference

delegates were on these trains. Indeed, delegates and members of their families, it was said, quite made up the lists of passengers on several of them. As the Conference was to open for business on Monday morning, some of our number were, I think, a trifle restive by the time we pulled out from the Grand Canon, at 1 P. M. of Tuesday, May 3d. Dr. Buckley, who was with us, felt, I imagine, like General Sheridan at Winchester, knowing "the battle was on once more" and Buckley hundreds of miles away!

At San Bernardino, while our train halted for perhaps thirty minutes, quite a company of young people met us at the station platform or boarded our train with baskets of oranges and flowers as a typical and generous welcome to California. Although we had often enjoyed California fruits from our home markets, the first taste of these tree-ripened oranges at San Bernardino convinced us we had never before known the luscious merits of an honest orange. Beautiful San Bernardino, lovely gem set amid its magnificent mountains, won the admiration of our eyes, as did the music of its name our ears.

Wednesday evening found us in Los Angeles. At the station we passed between ranks of welcomers, who showered our way from train into station house with roses. Descriptions of the charms of California's foliage and flowers, scenery and climate are far from novel or few. We were, like hundreds of others, delighted with her places of scenic, historic, and classic

interest. The trip to Catalina Island, with its rolling little steamer and puking passengers, its flying fish, uprearing sharks, the obliging whale that appeared to our entertainment, and the glass bottom boats that gave us a view of the Marine Gardens; the ascent of mountains, the views of vast orange groves, and hearing the eloquence of Californians, with "climate" for exordium, argument, and peroration,—all these and much more we saw and heard, but wherefore tax the reader with what the railroad companies and land agents have printed and distributed in such profusion? Did I like California? O, yes! Would I like to make it my home? No! Wherefore? Too special, too peculiar, a little world of its own kind. One wearies of the sense of isolation; he must journey across desert or ocean to regain the normal world. This feeling of isolation kept a couplet from an old hymn drumming in my head, "Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbound seas I stand."

The General Conference had been duly opened at the appointed time, notwithstanding the absence of Dr. Buckley and myself; and—others. What were the misgivings of the Conference because of our absence, no one ventured to tell me, but the clapping of hands when we answered to our names at roll call Thursday seemed a confession of relief. As the session proceeded through four weeks, I could estimate how vast the chasm Dr. Buckley's absence would have made had he failed to arrive; but equally well

I learned from the bishops of how little consequence was my presence, as they granted me the floor but two or three times during the entire session.

The seamy side of ecclesiastical affairs is not a pleasant thing to write or read about, hence is avoided as far as consistent in these pages. The sunny, social, and happy spiritual side of Methodism has ever proved its winning side. But the seamy side, though uncomely and often repelling, must always be with us as long as human nature is the stuff of which divine grace must make up the ultimately perfect Church. As long as his foot is this side of the grave, no man can say, in strict truth, "I am saved." But the lowliest sinner who prayerfully clings to the Savior of souls, or advances to the experience of a changed heart, or is engaged on the firing line of mighty endeavor for the King's cause, or in stand-up fight with his own refined selfishness in social, business, or Church life, can always say, I am *"of such as are being saved."* So also the Church sincerely devoted to spreading the gospel of redemption from sin, though weighted with weak, ignorant, conceited, deceitful, corrupt, and hypocritical members, will ultimately win in the long and stubborn battle of self-conquest.

One of the most heated discussions of the session arose from accusations against some of the universities and Biblical schools under Methodist patronage, to the effect that they were in their teach-

ing falling in with destructive criticism of the Scriptures under guise of Higher Criticism. This discussion was almost exclusively in the Committee on Education. So sharp, indeed, was the contention that some severe words were said, which led to unfortunate newspaper reports and unpleasant explanations in the Conference. Yet some of the speeches were exceedingly brilliant and strong, especially that of Dr. Terry. As I happened to be chairman of the sub-committee to which this matter was referred, we felt a degree of satisfaction in finally being able to bring in a report which was adopted by the main committee as its report to the Conference, and then adopted by the Conference without amendment or division. The complainants had failed to make good their accusations against the schools.

One of the surprises of this Conference was the report of the Committee on Episcopacy, recommending the retirement of five bishops—Andrews, Foss, Walden, Mallalieu, and Vincent. Bishop Merrill had, earlier in the session, resigned his office in a somewhat lengthy but well-tempered and well-worded paper, asking permission to retire. Those whose retirement the committee recommended ranged from seventy to over eighty years of age, and yet were unwilling to retire, but felt aggrieved when the report was made, and especially when it was adopted by the Conference. Not only were many, including myself, surprised at this sweeping report, but even

more surprised at the resentful temper evinced by some of these bishops. Such undignified exhibitions as these would be avoided if the term of office were limited by statute.

A memorial from the Des Moines Annual Conference to this General Conference, asking that some action be taken in the latter body by which the term of service in the episcopal office would be limited to eight or twelve years, was offered and, according to rule, referred to the Committee on Episcopacy. In that committee it was referred to a sub-committee, and that body reported against taking any action on the subject. Thus it was strangled without discussion, and thus a practice which has nothing but past assumption, without law, logic, or gospel warrant, is perpetuated.

The election of general officers of the Church at this Conference was rather more than usually a matter of leading interest. As six bishops had been retired, an equal number presumably, if not more, would be elected; and as this would probably make vacancies in secretaryships or editorial chairs, the Church politician was alert and active. The episode concerning Dr. Day's election and declinature, etc., was a rather discreditable affair all around. Although it was disposed of as smoothly and fortunately as seemed possible, the moral effect was something like a bad taste left in one's mouth by a dose of medicine.

One morning when entering the Conference room,

before the opening of the session, I was greeted by Dr. S., whom I had known for many years as a remarkably clean and noble man. He said, "I 'm mad this morning." "Mad? How 's that?" "Yes, just religiously mad." "Well, you know there is one more bishop to elect, and in the last balloting Dr. ——— had the highest number of votes of any not elected, and now some of the bishops are trying to prevent his election, in the interest of a certain other candidate whom they are boosting for the place; and that makes me mad." "Well, that would be a great mistake," I said; "besides, it is not a decent thing for the bishops to electioneer *against any brother.* Let 's defeat them. Now, you are an Eastern man; you go to the leading men of the Eastern delegations, and I 'll see the Western men. All that is necessary is to give them the facts." There were several sharp and funny incidents to the affair, but when the ballots of that morning were counted, our man was elected. Perhaps I gained no friends by that move, but as the years have gone by I have rejoiced when thinking of that victory and its fruits.

When the General Conference had adjourned *sine die,* we spent a few days in sightseeing, spending a day and night at Santa Barbara, visiting the old Catholic mission where Romona was married; then a day and night at the famous Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, and several days, including the Sabbath, at San Francisco, visiting places of special interest in

and about that city, including a trip to Palo Alto, where we visited the Stanford, Jr., University and the wonderful memorial church there. We had thought of taking the ocean trip to Portland, Oregon, and returning by the Oregon Short Line Railway to Ogden and Salt Lake City, but owing to our limited time we omitted this and took the Southern Pacific to the latter place, where we spent one day and were entertained and shown the city by our old friends of the Des Moines Conference, Rev. and Mrs. M. D. Helmic. We departed in the evening by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway to Colorado Springs, where we spent a night and a day. Owing to a misunderstanding as to the time of starting, we missed the ascent of Pike's Peak, but put in the day visiting the "Garden of the Gods" and other interesting places thereabout. Thence we betook us to Denver, where we arrived Saturday night, attending Church on the Sabbath, and on Monday visited, among other features of that city, the Denver University, where I had a very pleasant hour or two with Dr. Buchtel, learning much from him of that institution, the city, and State. Tuesday we made the "Georgetown Loop," and on Tuesday evening took the train for our home at Denison, Iowa, where we arrived on Wednesday evening, June 15th. Here we were met by thoughtful parishioners and driven to the home of Bro. Henry Clay Laub, where a delightful welcome and delicious supper awaited us.

During the three years of our term here we formed a goodly number of interesting and pleasant acquaintances and found, as in other places, those who were trustworthy, genuine, and earnest in both Christian character and personal friendship. It was in the last winter of our residence in Denison that my half-sister, Miss Julia Ann Arnold, who had her home with us, passed away at 5.30 P. M., February 15, 1905, at the age of eighty-eight years, lacking fifteen days. The deep snows then prevalent rendered the interment in the rural family burial ground in Johnson County impracticable. Accordingly the funeral service was conducted in the parsonage by the pastors of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, and the burial in the cemetery at Denison.

Many efforts had been put forth by the Protestant Churches, singly and in union meetings, all tending to promote unity of spirit among them, and in a measure securing accessions to their membership, but in no instance during our stay in Denison did there appear a deep or extensive spiritual awakening or moral reformation. The pastors of other Churches grew discouraged and changed to other fields of labor; insomuch that my short stay of three years witnessed from one to three changes of pastors in each of these Churches. In comparing notes with these pastors, I found the conditions that were unfavorable to genuine religious work similar and prev-

alent in all—the dominance of worldly greed and low morals.

Asbury Church, Des Moines, September, 1905.—At the ensuing session of the Des Moines Annual Conference, held at Osceola, I was appointed pastor of Asbury Church, Des Moines, a small, weak, and struggling Church. Of our self-supporting city Churches in Des Moines there were seven. Among these Asbury would take about fifth rank, considering strength in numbers, wealth, social influence, and outlook for prosperity, present and future. My appointment to this place was looked upon by some, I think, as intended to shelve me so far as good appointments in the future were concerned. Some, who regarded it as a degradation, urged me to quit the Methodist Church. Others expressed their surprise and queried how such things could be practiced by presiding elders and bishops. Some members of the Conference regarded it as an undeserved thrust. Some of them asked me how I felt about it. "Well," I said, "I feel a little as though I had been down the Jericho road, but considering the difference between my estimate and the official weighing of my claims, I could quote a farmer who said of his hogs, 'They did n't weigh as much as I expected they would, and I did n't expect they would.' " However, we did not grieve, but moved and settled as promptly as we could, met a cordial reception by the

Asbury people, and took hold of the work with as much zest and determination as we had done at First Church twenty-one years before. The fact is, meeting and getting well acquainted with the Asbury folk raised our estimation of the charge, and the longer we were with them, the more attached to them we became.

In my pastoral visiting I found many very interesting families and a spirit of hopefulness among them generally. The church edifice, a brick structure, needed renovation very much, as also repairs. But there is one great disadvantage from which that Church suffered and continues to suffer, namely, the proximity of the street railway, along which five lines roll their roaring and wailing cars. At an average of about every ten minutes, this terrible noise and vibration disturb the services. The hope that the railway company would see it to their interests to change their road from Sixteenth to Eighteenth Street has lengthened the endurance of this good people to put up with this very injurious and annoying situation. In other respects the church is well located at East Sixteenth Street and Capital Avenue, but if the trolley line persists, it were far better to build a new church elsewhere, if they were able.

The membership of this Church numbered 237 names on the record. Many of these, however, had removed, without letters or record, to other places or

other parts of the city, or "the other side of Jordan." Persistent pastoral visiting seemed essential to round up and count the numbers actually within reach. The Sunday school was well organized, with Brothers Proudfoot and Lane as superintendents. The music was good and well conducted in both Church services and Sunday school by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Hopkins; the latter of whom was both organist and Bible class teacher, and had been one of the most reliable and zealous workers in this Church for many years. Her father, Mr. C. C. Chester, an expert violinist and music teacher, was leader of the orchestra. In fact, Asbury Church had a name for excellent music. Mr. Chester, who was a rich basso, and Mr. John Gibson, a fine baritone, with the Hopkins Brothers, excellent tenors, could upon occasion make up a quartet rarely equaled by amateurs; and our chorus choir contained quite a number of good voices. But with these advantages even it seemed quite impossible to gather a congregation there large enough to fill the church. My predecessor was a fine preacher, yet I was told his audiences were even smaller than those which I had occasion to regret.

In March of my first year at Asbury we held a series of revival services continuing twenty days, with the Rev. Martin Armstrong, D. D., of Kansas, as evangelist. Although the weather was much against us, we met with marked success. Over 140 conversions were recorded, most of whom united with

our Church. The old members were revived and much encouraged, and the ingathering enlarged our young people's meetings. Two important mistakes were made in this revival: First, in some instances there was undue urgency used to get penitents to profess a change of heart; secondly, my intention to form an Intermediate League or class for special instruction and religious exercise of young converts I permitted to be waived aside in deference to the wishes of the Epworth League, the members of which ardently desired them to become members of the League. The result of the first mistake was disappointment and discouragement to some sincere penitents and but half-hearted devotement of others to their religious duties, resulting in their dropping away to their old life. The effect of the second mistake was that the young converts were embarrassed, overawed, or in a measure overlooked in the too mature and rather general order of the League services. They needed more special, simple, and more individually adapted instruction and religious exercise. Hence many of them lost interest in the League and ceased regular attendance at its meetings. Of course I conducted "Young Converts' Meetings" for special instruction during their probationary term, but this was interfered with in a measure by the claims of the League. These tendencies, so far as affecting the younger girls, were somewhat checked or remedied by Mrs. Miller's organizing the

"Queen Esther" and "Standard Bearer" societies, giving them a spiritual and educational as well as missionary character.

Upon the whole, Asbury seemed to take new life and hope, although severely handicapped by the dingy and generally unsatisfactory condition of the building, and the well-nigh intolerable annoyance of the trolley cars. These disadvantages furnished convenient weapons to the proselyting sect whose ministers seemed to think they did God service when despoiling us of our young people, whether probationary or confirmed.

There was but little wealth represented by the members of Asbury Church. Besides three or four families representing considerable means, the rest were generally wage-earners or on salaries ranging from those of street-car motormen and conductors to clerks, engineers, miners, carpenters, school-teachers, bookkeepers, accountants, physicians, etc., but not a lawyer, banker, nor capitalist. Yet we had a goodly representation of refinement and intelligence as well as true piety, and of that heroic stuff which had stood true to their beloved Church through all its losses and its trials by hardships, disadvantages and subtle foes. As I had never ministered to a Church in which I did not find some of God's saintly and true lovers, so here in Asbury I found some as choice characters as I had ever met; some whose Sunday morning greeting was an inspi-

ration and whose daily life was a tower of strength to the Church they loved.

It is not needful to trace consecutively my term of three years in this charge. Besides the pastor's residence and his salary of $1,000 annually, they paid to the support of presiding elder and bishops $227; to Evangelists Armstrong and Willis and the Chapman's Union meetings a sum in the neighborhood of $500; for missionary and other benevolences, $1,111, and for old debts, renovating, painting, and repairing the church and parsonage, $889, besides handsome gifts at various times, which were in the list of uncounted benevolences. If the appointing power meant to shelve me when appointing me to Asbury Church, it seems the Lord was not exactly of the same mind, as He evidently continued to acknowledge us here as co-workers with Himself. The large number of conversions, the number and character of the people of other Churches and communities who, though with no intention to join Asbury, nevertheless attended frequently our services, the recognition which this little Church held as a religious and social factor, the pastoral work performed—ranging from four hundred to six hundred pastoral visits annually—the regular lecturing and teaching at the Deaconess Training School, besides occasional lectures and sermons at other places, and Mrs. Miller's organization of religious work among the young people make up a record of which I

would not have been ashamed in our best days of body and brain. My health and strength would have justified my continuance in the effective work longer, but the invalidism of the two other members of our household rendered it prudent that I should ask the superannuate relation at the end of our third year at Asbury and the fiftieth year of my regular ministry.

My last service as a regular itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church was, at the request of those who arranged the Conference program, to deliver a "Semi-centennial Sermon" at the session of the Des Moines Conference at Clarinda, September 10, 1908.

At the same Conference session I asked, through my district superintendent, Rev. G. W. L. Browne, and was granted a place on the list of superannuated ministers. To my great surprise, the Rev. W. H. Shipman rose and, addressing me in a singularly well-worded speech, presented me, in behalf of the brethren in the Conference, $50 in gold as a token of personal regard. I deem it due the Conference and Brother Shipman, as well as gratifying to myself, to preserve that address, more precious than gold, in these pages.

REV. W. H. SHIPMAN'S ADDRESS.

"Dr. Miller: It is the wish of your brethren that some expression should be made to you of their confidence and affection. It would be easy to indulge in words of eloquent flattery concerning the gifts of mind and heart with which God has endowed you, but such words, we know, would fall unpleasantly upon your ear, for you would instantly detect any taint of insincerity or exaggeration. Gold is the measure of commercial values, and the metal must ring true or it is worthless. Gold is also the emblem of heavenly values, for it is written of that city toward which we are all journeying that the streets of it are pure gold, as it were transparent glass. So every word now must ring true, every word must be golden.

"You have worked in the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty years. For about half that time you have walked in and out among us, and we have seen your work. We frankly confess that we can not fitly judge nor fitly tell the value of that work. But we can truthfully say that we do deeply value it, and we do deeply appreciate it, for it has been to us a burning and a shining light. You seem to us to be entering that country where there is the singing of birds, where the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. We hope that for years we may see you live there. We hope the living

ones will walk with you and daily whisper in your ear sweet messages of love and hope, and that there will be singing in your heart quenchless songs of faith. We hope that with firm step you will walk up those shining hills clear to the gates of light till they shall open and receive you into the presence of our King. And we shall pray that our King Himself shall, all the way, shine into your heart 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.'

"Permit me to give you the warm handclasp of brotherly love which each of your brethren now wishes to give you; and permit me to hand you this small sum of gold, in no sense, we trust, the measure to you of the value of this moment—only a golden emblem of the love of your brethren of this Conference. Possibly you may be able to put it, or part of it, into some enduring, useful form that in future years will bring to your mind beautiful memories of your brethren in the Des Moines Conference.

"And may the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ."

In response to this presentation I simply said in substance:

"I scarcely think it would be modest for me to attempt a reply to the address you have just heard. This unexpected turn in affairs of course affects

me deeply. I will not attempt to interpret to you my feelings. This presentation honors me more—far more—than I deserve—far more! I had simply believed something worth while had been done in my fifty years of effort and trial—about one-half of that time among you. I go out, like Abraham, 'not knowing whither he went,' but do not distrust the providence of God. I have been walking that way ever since I gave myself to the ministry of our Church; and whatever there is before me, I believe I shall have a confident understanding with my Lord and Master."

Thus closed a career upon which I had entered with much hesitancy and many disadvantages. A clear sense of duty was my main source of strength. Neither taste, ease, position, nor wealth lent reinforcement in thus crusade of duty. Whatever outer alleviations at any time smoothed my way, the solemn tread of my inner pilgrimage was under the banner inscribed, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Dominant in me was the taste for farming and rural life. Equally pronounced was my aversion to public attention—have never, I think, risen to speak without embarrassment—both these tastes had to be given up. My debt to Divine Grace was such that I felt that all I could do and all that I could endure were but small acknowledgment of

the obligation. Thus I came to regard all I might give up for duty's sake could not be sacrifice, but a merciful privilege; thence came the athletic joy of duty.

As much of my education has come by private study, it has been like that of all so-called "self-made" men, fragmentary. Although evincing some of the defects, it has gained, perhaps, some of the strong points of self-education. The honorary titles attached to my name have come, in each case, as a surprise to me, and doubtless by kindness of friends. That of Master of Arts was the gift of Iowa Wesleyan University. The others, D. D. and LL. D., were conferred by the Iowa State University. Would I like to live my ministerial life again? No, and Yes. To again go through its blunders, faults, and hardships, No! With the advantage gained by past experience and the improved facilities of these days, Yes! The advantage of intellectual gains would not be the chief motive in this choice, but the one great truth taught in the Bible and evolved by experience as the dominating trait of life; the all-commanding viewpoint for thought and standpoint for work, the incomparably supreme love for God, and mutual love for our neighbor. Substantially, I reiterate here what I said on a former occasion: From this high point of view I can see my mistakes and regret them, my weaknesses and

blush for them, my vanities and despise them, my sins and abhor them. The thought of God thrills me with delight. My greatest solicitude for all others is that they shall experience a genuine love for God, and find it the supreme motive in all they are and do and endure.

Sermons.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

My Kingdom is not of this world.—John 18: 36.

To REFUTE the charge of treason to the Roman Empire, yet hold His imperial claim to a universal realm, Christ gave this brief, serene, majestic answer to Pontius Pilate. The latter point, Christ's Kingdom, will be our present theme. Let us discriminate the *Elements, Powers,* and evident *Destiny* of this Kingdom.

I. ELEMENTS.—Actions which we put forth produce effects of two distinct classes, *external* and *internal;* in other words, *objective* and *subjective.* If you practice lifting weights or swinging clubs, the external effect is the moving of these clubs or weights through the air. The internal effect is increased strength in your muscles. When a pupil works a problem on the blackboard the external effect is an expression on the board of the operations in his mind. The internal effect is the cultivation of his reasoning powers. If I give a dollar to a beggar, the external effect is to relieve in a measure the beggar's wants. The internal effect is the culti-

vation of benevolence in me. Were I to steal, the external or objective effect would be to deprive my victim of his property. The internal or subjective effect would be to stain my soul with the guilt of theft. If I purposely kill a man the external effect will be my victim's death, his family's loss of their guardian, and the State's loss of a citizen. The internal effect would be to blacken my character with the guilt of murder.

To regulate the actions of mankind with respect to their external effects is the object of civil government. The reality and importance of these external effects give rise and continuance to all human nationalities. Christ termed this kind of government "the kingdoms of this world," and said to Pilate, "If My Kingdom were of this world then would My servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews, but now it is not from hence." "Art Thou a King, then?" queried Pilate. Jesus answered: "Thou sayest that I am a King. To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Over our actions with respect to their internal effects Christ claims kingship. Over this realm civil government has neither power nor authority. These inner effects upon the soul He seeks to regulate by "bearing witness to the truth" at the bar of human reason and conscience, and asserting its authority over the thoughts and intents of the human heart.

These thoughts cherished and these intents formed in the heart give their color or quality to the inner effects which constitute the character. *His is the kingdom of character.*

One may wish or plan theft, murder, treason, but not until he perform an act giving objective effect to his wicked plan can the civil government treat him as other than an innocent, law-abiding citizen. Yet his wishing, planning, purposing these crimes make him consciously guilty of their turpitude; in fact, make him a thief, murderer, or traitor in character. Did he actually commit these crimes the State would arrest and punish him. But although he thus satisfy the demands of the State by suffering its penalties of imprisonment or death, that fact does not, can not wipe the guilt of these crimes from his soul; can not renovate the character. This internal result to his character remains notwithstanding every satisfaction he may render the State. This only Christ can remit or punish.

Over this internal or subjective realm Christ holds dominion, bearing constant witness to the demands of truth. And when, before Pilate, He was accused of treason against the Roman emperor, He brushed aside every vestige of this accusation with this concise but momentous reply, "My Kingdom is not of this world." Virtually He said, My Kingdom does not pertain to the external results, but to the *motives* of men's actions; is not a political, but a spiritual

realm or moral empire. And when the enacted reality and perpetuity of character are compared with the fleeting nature of external things, the vastly greater substance and meaning of Christ's Kingdom surpass all others.

In the conception of a kingdom we recognize, first, the *territory* or public domain; secondly, the *inhabitants* of that territory; thirdly, the *laws* which regulate the affairs of these inhabitants; and fourthly, the *government* which makes, defines, and executes these laws.

1. *The Public Domain* of Christ's Kingdom is the Universe. It sweeps beyond the last line which one may imagine bounds the material worlds. No battlements tower upon the frontiers of space to mark the limits of this realm. If on the wings of a seraph one could voyage to all eternity he might never find a territorial boundary to Jehovah's Kingdom. This earth, however great or small a province in this vast realm, is a well-designated part of Christ's empire. It has been visited by His ambassadors and Himself, urging with mighty reasonings and infinite incentives—even with tears and blood—His rightful claims. No part of it is exempt from His supreme sovereignty:

> "If I take the wings of the morning
> And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
> Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
> And Thy right hand shall hold me."

2. *The Citizens* or inhabitants of this Kingdom include all persons who inhabit the universe. In whatever form of personal appearance, in whatever capacity of personal activities, whether of angelic hosts, powers, and principalities, moving in the immediate presence of God, or fleet and far executing His will; all members of the human race, from the first to the present, or ever shall be; all who may have inhabited any or every planet; spectral beings flitting in the ether or shades and demons of perdition—all are citizens or subjects of this vast empire.

3. *The Laws* according to which the character-forming acts and interests of these peoples are regulated are but the *order* which the action of God takes in projecting the nature of finite persons. To the end that one's self-determinations may have a reliable and steadfast basis upon which to rise and discriminate his responsibilities and base his hopes and aspirations of future destiny, this order is maintained practically invariable. Because of this invariable order of God's activities in projecting and continuing the nature of the world, both personal and material, it has been termed "Natural Law." This unvaried system of divine action is intelligible, impartial, and beneficent because it is a projectment of the divine nature. Although, owing to the world-wide abuse of divine law, Jehovah, as the Christ, visited our earth with a special message; it was to

republish these laws, reassure mankind of their beneficence, and by personal grace help them back to harmony with the natural laws of character, the fixed laws of His eternal Kingdom.

4. *The Government,* or rather the Author and Administrator of these laws is

> "He who in the heaven of heavens has fixed His throne,
> Supreme of lords, unbounded and alone."

Because He is the Author of our being, the Independent upon whom the universe depends; above all, because He is self-determined perfection, His nature is the law to all being. While He must be thought by us as consciously absolute, infinite, He evinces His relative, formal consciousness; the Word, which was in the beginning with God and was God, by creating the universe and maintaining conditions upon which has arisen all types of being, all forms of life through the ages. Grasping the theoretic scheme implicit in absolute truth and infinite good, He has projected the forces, physical and spiritual, which shall render that scheme explicit in the experience of finite persons through eternity. All His plans and activities, whether in material phenomena or mental structure, moral character or civil government, are right and have right to be obeyed, because they express that nature which is the constant actualization of absolute truth, namely, infinite love.

II. The Powers of Christ's Kingdom.—Three

distinct forms of power are necessary to constitute a government. These are termed the *legislative,* the *judicial,* and the *executive* powers. Whatever form of government may be supposed, these three are essentially involved and exercised. Otherwise there can be no government. In our Republic these powers are, by the Constitution, distributed into three branches or departments. The *Legislative* or law-making power is held jointly by the two houses of Congress. The Supreme Court is the head of the Judicial Department which defines and systematically applies the laws to the facts and relations of civic interests as held by citizens. It is the *law-applying* power. Visiting the White House we meet the President. What manner of man he is concerns us mainly as to his fitness to wield the power placed in his hands, *the executive,* or law-enforcing power of the government. It is his to see that the laws enacted by Congress and defined by the courts shall be enforced by the officers and men under his command; even to the use of army and navy. The laws which Congress provides may be wise and just; they may be well defined and their application clearly pointed out by the judges, but unless there is an executive power to execute, enforce them, and that power is exercised, the government falls to the ground. An inefficient, incompetent, or unfaithful type of officer would be most unfit to administer these executive duties.

The Legislative power in the kingdom of character is not entrusted to politicians, nor to finite minds of any class, however wise or distinguished. The elements of character are too subtle, delicate, and far-reaching in their interminable nature to be committed to any but the Infinite Mind. The Supreme Lawgiver alone can discern the needs, discriminate the thoughts and intents, measure the powers and adjust the responsibilities of the human heart.

> "Who made the heart 't is He alone
> Decidedly can try us.
> He knows each cord, its various tone,
> Each spring, its various bias."

We may depend there is not in this Kingdom a single law which can be thought defective, unkind, corrupt, or oppressive. Remember that in determining your character you are dealing with immaculate law.

That He is the Supreme Judge is also to be borne in mind. The immaculate laws of character are committed to none but the Infallible Judge to apply. Although these laws are of infinite scope they are infinitesimally minute in their application. Though holding in synthetic grasp the interests of the entire universe for all eternity, He overlooks no humble and contrite heart. Whatever cares of universal empire may need His attention, the poorest child on earth has always a representative, an angel

at His court. And that the whole meaning of the laws of character may be within practical application by the weakest responsible person, His great digest of divine law, the Bible, reduces all to one simple but all-comprehending precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, might, and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." The Judge has declared this the fulfillment of the whole law. Be assured no intricate technicalities can ensnare and defeat you in the jurisdiction of character if you obey this simple precept. Nor think for a moment that by any pretense or imposing form of worship you can procure from Him a decision at variance with this law of love. A great poet puts it well:

> "In the corrupted currents of this world
> Offenses gilded hand may shove by justice;
> And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
> There is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence."

Men may accuse you falsely, may give you a false reputation; by adulation, flatter and mislead you, or by detraction sink you in the esteem of men. Friends may forsake, foes triumph, or ambitious self-seekers keep you "out of sight," but this Judge who looks upon the heart is your *final* Judge. From

Him there is no appeal. He can not err or be bribed or overawed, but is allwise, pure, faithful, independent. All wrong decisions men have made against you *will be reversed, world without end.*

The executive power is also in His hands. All the infinite scruple to create the conditions and safeguard the perpetual interests of a personal kingdom by securing moral purity have been conducted with reference to the enforcement of the laws of character. In a word, the divine force in its normal action so interacts with us as to be self-executing. There are those who think and teach, substantially, that after projecting a vast moral empire, with infinite wisdom, justice, and benevolence, God will shrink from the appalling task of executing the results of these stupendous factors.

We have scarcely emerged from an age of sentimental theology in this land, which has nursed the soft illusion that the King of kings is, after all, little else than a doting imbecile when it comes to enforcing law in vindication of the righteous, or punishment of those who have rejected His pardoning mercy. Has He illustrated the enforcement of His laws in nature, and urged obedience in revelation, but to surrender it in the realm of moral character, indeed? May men accept divine laws as good advice, or spurn them with impunity? After stigmatizing sin as infinitely criminal by the agonies of Calvary, is He strangely weak in dealing with

persistent sinners? May they, indeed, malign His holy character, debase His children, persist in vile character, or commit the blackest of crimes against society, yet His mercy be so undiscriminating He will never insist upon moral rectitude in them nor in His administration, nor subject them to retributive punishment?

There have been amiable but weak old gentlemen who, in their family government, illustrated this substitution of imbecility for reforming mercy. They counseled their children against evil doing and urged obedience to their precepts. But the children, finding they would never be punished, continued their course of disobedience. They used the paternal lenience as further opportunity for wickedness and appropriated their father's mercy and money as encouragement in their dissolute and shameless lives until the household was wrecked in financial, social, and moral bankruptcy. Even children learn to despise such government, and contemptuously look upon righteousness, good counsel, and clemency as things akin to the doting impracticability and weakness of their imbecile or corrupt parents.

Or, this soft theology would have us believe that good and evil are but longer and shorter roads to the same divinely happy end. Or, at worst, *sin is but a mistake, to be corrected by culture.* With respect to the recompense of the reward, for which Moses "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's

daughter, suffered affliction with the people of God," and for forty years "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," Pharaoh took the easier and more direct route. John the Baptist must have made a cardinal mistake when he exclaimed to the multitude, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." It seems unthinkable that he would mislead them to regard Jesus of Nazareth as about to be a sacrificial offering for sin, by divine appointment, if sin is but a mistake correctable by culture. Or, if Saint Paul, after years of suffering for it, did receive a crown of righteousness a few years before Nero's arrival in the New Jerusalem, the difference in time would be so small compared with a mutually blissful eternity, their terms of happiness would be virtually the same. While Nero finds his jolly fiddling while Rome was burning has worked for him an eternal weight of glory, Paul might regret that he ever wrote, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be *anathema Maranatha.*" The whole tenure of the Sacred Scriptures is misleading, or this soft theology is *rubbish.*

A maudlin conception of divine love seems to be at the bottom of all this undiscriminating cant about "the infinite love," the "boundless goodness of God." But when we face the question, What is love? we can see it is devotement to perfection of being; and as in infinite love God realizes infinite perfection, man by love must realize his recovery

from selfishness and find his highest perfection in love. Hence God's loving kindness can not be a gushing, haphazard abandon, but an altruistic spirit prompting men and helping them to actualize perfection of human character.

If God were simply and singly benevolent, wholly devoted to conferring blessings upon others, regardless of their responsibility to God or men for the use or abuse to which they might appropriate these advantages, He would thus ignore the true, the perfect intent, and would become a willing party to such abuse, a willing party to selfishness in others. He would have no personal subjective interest in thus giving out, save the gratification of His power to give. Which, in such case, would be a selfish and wicked satisfaction. This giving would lose the quality of benevolence as well as that of holiness, and would therefore cease to be love. It would be a vain prodigality of resources fraught with degrading tendency to its recipients, and hence a connivance at their degradation. In the event any of these recipients should regret his own degradation and aspire to something better, he could find neither sympathy or incitement in God's action to help him back to moral purity. It could not offer conditions to moral recovery. Hence divine love, regarded as unqualified altruism, omnipotent almsgiving, would be unable to promote a successful personal character or universe. Divine altruism with-

out intention to promote excellence of character in its recipients is simply universal selfishness, and must degrade both Creator and creature. When we say of God's self-determined nature, by authority of either reason or revelation, that "God is love," we say He is perfect for Himself, and therefore perfect for the good of all others. (And when we say He is *intentionally perfect,* we declare He is holy. Intentional perfection is the holy in God. Intentionally seeking to be our best, our perfection, is holiness in us.) Thus the holy, by rendering either God or man his best for all others, is the source of benevolence. Action fails to be love when either of these qualities is wanting. The realization of love as the law of the Divine Kingdom therefore means that the law will be enforced in order that the greatest good may be attained, the largest blessing be achieved.

The same authority which by virtue of His perfect nature, love, is the Lawgiver and Judge proves to all who interact with Him an exalting, purifying flame, but to all who persistently abuse His love, a consuming fire. Christ, at once the "Man of sorrows," "acquainted with grief," and the Head of His Kingdom, stands both the Compassionate Burden-bearer saying, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest," and also the standard, Judge, and Vindicator of character, separating the "precious from the vile," the "sheep from the goats," and consigning these to eternal life and those to eternal penalty.

The supposition that the executive power of Christ is of less force in the *results* of character than are His laws in the *construction* of character is but a dream of the carnal mind, an apology for human selfishness; an attempt to reassure human vanity, avarice, and lust. The vast increase in crime in the last half-century in our land—increase especially among cultured and even Church-going people—is a logical accompaniment of this loose teaching of the "Liberal" press, platform, and pulpit, discrediting Christ's own unflinching declarations of future retribution. Its deadly effect is to neutralize the sense of the criminality of sin.

What is sin? Let us face the question fairly, and frankly accept a candid answer. One has said, "He that can not reason is an idiot, he who dares not reason is a coward, and he who will not reason is a bigot." Assuming all present here are able to reason, let us hope there are none who will play the part of coward or bigot. What is sin? We hold the right of property sacred. We brand him a thief and robber who violates that right. Yet what are we when devoting our soul, life, influence, and interests as ignoring God, whose property we are? By right of creation and preservation our being belongs to God. By right prior to and more enduring than any by which you hold personal property or real estate you are His. Yet while you continue in sin you are filching from God that which is His by these original, inalienable, eternal rights. Further,

although you have by sin forfeited the clemency of God and deserve subjection to the results of your own undoing, you have been ransomed, "bought with a price," even the precious blood of the Lamb of God. In mercy He offered amnesty to our race; and pardon, purifying, and restoration to divine favor of every one who will accept the divine agony of Love as Calvary's stigmatization of sin, and proffered mercy to sinners. By the right of *redemption* you are His! But while you continue in sin you rob God of the fruits of this purchased redemption. More, you are playing into the hands of His enemies, throwing the influence of your life into the scale of wickedness, and helping to swell the vast flood of evil environment in which thousands upon thousands of our race are perishing.

This is but a slight glimpse of sin's enormity. A great poet has well said, "Who steals my purse steals trash, but he who robs me of my good name takes that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." And our civil law declares by the penalties it affixes to *the crime of slander* how much dearer is the right to reputation than that to property. The innocence of childhood, the image of God in which Christ recognized you as members of His Kingdom, you have defaced by a thousand sins. The merciful conditions daily extended to you for your recovery you have perverted into opportunity for further sinful indulgence; every blessing turned

into a curse! You, and the millions who, like you, have hardened their hearts and corrupted their lives, have made the general environment such a seething pool of moral turpitude that innocent souls are tarnished, as they come to years, by the immoralities of society. Thus the love of God, which offers to share the good of being with each member of our race, secures to the sinning the conditions to forgiveness and purity, seeking by providence and the gospel to surround human life with the best conditions to peace, progress, and eternal life, is infinitely *slandered* by these vast perversions. Many, indeed, question "whether life is worth living." "Is God benevolent, malevolent, or indifferent?" Thus perverting themselves, abusing their blessings, and corrupting the general environment sinners slander God's creation, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Church, His covenant, and love. Thieves, robbers, slanderers in the Kingdom of Christ!

But let us remember that Christ said to His disciples, "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." On what account, by what means is this murder of the soul? If this be the chief of what Christ terms "the works of the devil," who are his assistants in this slaughter of souls? What of the man who opens the window and steadies the ladder for the assassin to climb to the bed chamber of his victim,

or shows him the vital spot where to plunge the dagger? The civil law holds him a participant in the crime, equally guilty with the wretch who chose to wield the bloody knife. So, also, while you continue in sin you class yourself with the assassin of souls. It is not, indeed, the slaughter of bodies, merely, in a lone bed chamber, along the highway, or in the slums, but of priceless souls in hell's awful carnival of sin. How wonderful, how horrid, indeed, that parents will, by their example, influence, and even incitement, aid the enemy of souls to ensnare and murder their children! Alas, alas! that any one will for any vanity or gratification participate in the destruction of a human soul! A crime so hideous that in comparison with its turpitude Christ declares physical slaughter but trivial. Compared with the insinuating pleasures of vice, or the malign influence of a godless example, the bludgeon or dagger were harmless toys. O how malign and terrible the assassins of human souls! Murderers in the Kingdom of Christ!

But there is a crime which embosoms in its blackness all other crime. Theft, robbery, arson, slander, murder are all involved in this. It aims to violate not merely one, but *all* law; to overthrow the government itself, the source and guardian of all the laws. Nations and men everywhere recognize this in civil government as the embodiment of all crime. *It is the crime of treason.* The traitor carries in his pur-

pose the possibility of all crimes, and is basely recreant to all his obligations to the government and the rights and interests of society which, with his own, it protects.

Patriotism is more than merely following the flag and drum, does not end with cheers when the band strikes up the Star-spangled Banner, nor with the glowing oratory of Independence Day. Deeper than all that, patriotism, loyalty, recognizes what the government is and does for you and yours, and obligates you to respond by obedience to its laws, devotion to its honor, and upholding its authority, if need be, with your life.

Turn now to the Kingdom of Christ, where your obligation to loyalty is incomparably greater than is possible toward any human government. Refusing the reign of Christ in your heart and life you imply His dethronement everywhere. By repelling His supreme rule of your life you do all you are able to hurl Him from His throne. Thus recreant to your priceless citizenship you are a traitor in the highest, all dominating sphere of your being.

Treason, treason, intensified by every obligation in which the Kingdom of Christ surpasses the civil state, is stamped upon your foreheads. The inner region of character where the subjection of the carnal nature is all important; where brutality, selfishness, and often despair would rob our life of all for which it is worth living; where a love deeper

and stronger than earthly love is needed to purify and calm the heart; here, where all earthly government fails to help or save or inspire, Christ's Kingdom gives us freedom from guilt, the love and dominion of sin, and offers motives of infinite magnitude to prompt us in our battle with sin. In a word, Christ puts us in the way to realize an ideal life, that we may share the glories of a realized ideal universe. To you who are rejecting the rule of Christ in your hearts, who continue as traitors to the Kingdom of God within you; to you, I say, though you fill the air with huzzas and pyrotechnics on your nation's festal days; though you stigmatize the names of Judas and Benedict Arnold, I dip my pen in the blood of Calvary and write upon your foreheads, Treason, Treason, Treason! Traitors in the kingdom of character! Traitors to the cause and reign of moral purity and eternal well-being! Foes of honorable citizenship and personal loyalty, assassins of souls and robbers of God! Enrolled by your own choice on the criminal records of an eternal kingdom, mild or violent in crime only as selfish convenience may dictate, think you a maudlin, undiscriminating conception of the divine nature will suspend the executive power which stands for the integrity of universal moral empire? Not so, saith the prophet: "In the hand of Jehovah there is a cup, and the wine is red, it is full of mixture, and he poureth out of the same, but the dregs thereof all the

wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them."

Kings and peoples, by their unfaithfulness in the outer realm of civic life have ripened the fruits of inner recreance to Christ, filling the world with national and individual evil only to witness at last to the executive power of Christ whose retributions have mingled their ancient splendors with the sands and marshes of Assyria, India, and Egypt. Ruins of Babylon, Baalbec, Palmyra, and Karnack are monuments bearing time's ineffaceable inscription: "Now, therefore, be wise O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve Jehovah with fear, and rejoice with trembling; kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish in the way when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that take refuge in Him." Christ Himself protrayed His retributive coming to separate bad from good, traitors from patriots, goats from sheep, and gave notice of the executive order, "These shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life."

Shall we be told the eternal laws of the Divine Kingdom are to be forever mocked by men and fiends? Are we to believe the time will never come when world-wide infamy will settle upon men and women whose selfishness has heaped high the woes of their fellow-men? Nay! divine love is the most intense and quenchless flame ever kindled; ardent enough to weld the eternal bonds of universal har-

mony, or, by the sinner's self-perversion, prove the "wrath of the Lamb."

None but the faithful are true patriots! To all who have not decisively rejected Christ, His offer of amnesty, pardon, and restoration to citizenship is secure. To all who accept this He will prove an executive force to condemn and cast out sin, and bring every thought and imagination into subjection, and soon to issue the executive order, "Come, ye blessed of My Father—ye have been faithful over a few things, be rulers over many."

III. The Evident Destiny of Christ's Kingdom.—Christian patriots, in the strife of self conquest you are counting all things but loss for the sake of character; character built by faith—that action which accepts the Christ-ideal and subjects the practical life to that ideal; character which "with open face" reflects the passing of the soul from the glory of self condemnation, through repentance, to the greater glory of likeness unto Christ. Be it yours to render your civil government a genuine loyalty, and to Christ the service, love, and loyalty of immortal citizenship. One is temporal, the other eternal. Your beginnings of ever enlarging personal character, here, assure you of immortality in which to carry forward the process of an ever-enlarging eternal life. When your physical conditions have been cast off, worldly good outgrown, earthly achievement transcended, you will appear

in the presence of your King according as you will have wrought yourselves in the use of divine grace. This, your character, will be the net result of all your earthly opportunities and struggles. This is immortality—the determining one's character, illustrating Christian perfection by perfect progressiveness, "having right to the tree of life." The time is coming when all the loyal peoples of this Kingdom shall constitute one community. "There shall be one fold, one Shepherd." When, standing on the towers of the New Jerusalem, we shall behold, unaided by optic glass, the faithful of many far-off climes and perhaps planets, tending and hastening on fiery car or angel wing toward the Holy City—when the glad hallelujah shall roll out upon the river of life, and the glory of a revealed Godhead shall encircle us in its uncreated brilliancy, then shall we begin to realize the glory of Christian character, and taste the raptures of an endless jubilee.

From the steamer's deck we have watched the waves as they rolled from the wheel and, receding, grew less and less until lost in the general smoothness of the distant, calm expanse. So, looking back along the tide of time, we see nations rising, flourishing, falling, and passing away, until lost in the general oblivion of the receding, silent past. Assyria has gone; Babylon, "the glory of the Chaldee's excellency," Tyre, Phœnicia, Carthage, have sunken! So with Rome; old, mighty, magnificient Rome! Her

mighty Cæsars and armies have perished, gone with the forgetting, forgotten past. Christ, still advancing, presses on to universal empire.

What of the nations of to-day? China, Japan, Germany, France, Great Britian, America? Other great nations have perished; these, too, must pass away, their glory fade like a dream, their songs die away on the ear of time. But, when all are gone and forgotten, you and I shall live, citizens of a Kingdom *not of this world.*

Let earth's patriotism chorus "The Watch on the Rhine," France's "Marseillaise Hymn," Britain's "God Save the King," and America's "Star-spangled Banner;" but above all, henceforth and ever be ours the anthem, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen!"

Here, at the campfire of immortal patriotism, let the philosopher relight his lamp. Its glow shall reveal divine love's ideal universe as the immaculate altar whose demands have been honored, satisfied, by "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The divine agony, incident to centuries on centuries of the offense of evil and the persistence of divine mercy, has been endured by that slain Lamb until evil has defeated itself, proven itself wholly vile, helpless, and infinitely criminal. Love has endured, outlasted sin, and proved infinitely excellent through every abuse which the free perver-

sity of men and devils could invent. The last action in the drama of the ages is finished. Man's compromises and conventions with sin have run their course. Their splendors are in ashes. The executive power of the Christ, abused while patient and merciful, now reacts upon its abuses. That reaction is in sin's self-defeat, the sinner's self-perversion, self-perversion's self-limitation, self-limitation's self-sinking of personality, and personality's process of perishing.

All, in heaven, earth, and hell—aye, in the whole universe—now see and feel that evil is worthless and wholly vile; a baseless, shameless failure to outrival the empire of divine love. Its power to tempt is now forever lost. Its votaries, now, can but weep and wail and gnash upon each other in dire, despairing reproach. Swiftly divine love's ideal universe is being realized in Christ's Kingdom. Human and angelic freedom and harmony are attained inviolate, and forever assured through the free self-conquest of the multitudes that have come up through great tribulation, "having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They have lived, labored, and endured for the love of truth; they now rejoice to stand out in the full, white light of truth's unclouded day, ready to amend, correct, or discard their every mistaken or crudely cherished belief, ready to embrace every new revealment of eternal truth.

All hail, The Overcomers! Free, harmonious, secure! Around you shall gather and grow to steadfastness the innocence of childhood, the late-found loyalty of the deathbed penitent, and perhaps the untested devotement of angel ranks. They shall see and feel the power and glory of your triumph of faith and love over a life of inner selfishness and a world of outer temptation. Every fear and foe overcome, every doubt dispelled, every question settled. Christ's reign of love, having proved equal to the infinite strain of enduring sin's utmost development, is now secure in the voluntary and victorious loyalty of His saints. The problem of evil is forever solved, the tempting power of sin forever dead!

At the Philosopher's lamp let the Seer again light his torch to explore as he may the oncoming future. Around me let me wrap the prophet's mantle. I see the ground cleared for the full range of the Creator's power. A new cycle is begun! The love-built universe, now freed from the limitations which evil men and institutions had imposed, now unfolds its boundless resources of good. The hosts of Overcomers have settled the now all-prevailing public sentiment, *God is love and love is the one universal, only law.* Commandments and codes are superseded by the spontaneity of love in every heart. All do as they choose. All choose to do right! The danger of defection is no more! Love reveals the new, universal Eden. The thought and pride of

time have passed with the dreams of undated eternity.

The Spirit of God, that first moved upon the face of primeval waters, now sweeps forward to achieve the boundless good of disembarrassed creative power. "Worlds emerging from chaos and returning in flood and fire. New firmaments sparkling with new creations and new realms of ineffable felicity explored and colonized by nations redeemed from the earth!" Perhaps new beings of highest created type bursting full orbed upon a peerless career of thought and action! Eternity grows hoary. Yet do I see you, my brethren, blooming in immortal youth, remembering, indeed, those light afflictions which were but for a moment, only because they have "worked for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Onward, onward ye press amid the ever ripening splendors of eternity's golden age, while there is a nook of infinity unexplored, or a depth of divinity unsounded.

Hail! All Hail, Fellow Citizens of the Kingdom Not of this World!

MOSES.

By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he looked unto the recompense of reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the King; for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible.—Heb. 11: 24-27.

In no age of the world, more than in this, did men need to keep before them examples of true and strong character; for the inspiration of youth, the reassurance of manhood, and the promotion of the largest and strongest moral excellence. It is not hero worship, but worthy emulation, to study and celebrate strong and lustrous names.

Tracing backward the leading events of American history through upwards of forty years we come upon, not a myth, but a man who gave shape to that history, the colossal Lincoln. Tracing that history a hundred years further we find, not a myth, but another history-making man, the majestic Washington. Pressing still backward four thousand years, along the history of that body of truth which Lincoln and Washington defended, the Decalogue, we

stand in the presence of, not a myth, but a man, a leader of revolution, a lawgiver and seer, the most stupendous maker of history ever called from the ranks of men, the transcendent Moses.

The very affluence of our day in material, mental, and moral supplies tends to give us over to indulgence, dissipation, and utter flimsiness of character. Spiritual, like physical digestion and assimilation suffers from excessive feeding. Weakness instead of strength must follow. Would you attain your greatest possible mental and moral power you must forego large acquisitions of miscellaneous information. Without our wider range of information the ancients developed greater strength of character. With such view I ask your attention to certain features of this, concededly, strongest character—aside from Jesus of Nazareth—that has appeared in human history.

The text presents certain very remarkable statements; we will consider these three:

I. The surprising choice made by Moses.

II. Upon what ground did he make that choice?

III. The outcome, or vindication of his choice.

I. To see how remarkable, even marvelous, was this choice we must consider what it comprehended, in both substance and circumstances.

The renunciations it implied must be considered. You recall easily the story of his having been found in a floating cradle, or ark, moored in the river's side, where he had been placed by his Hebrew

mother to hide him from the executioners of Pharaoh's decree to slay all male Hebrew children of two years old and under, in Egypt. And now he is found by the daughter of Pharaoh, adopted as her son and brought up in the King's palace.

From incidently mentioned facts in the Scriptures we can readily accept the statements of certain secular writers in praise of the personal beauty and majesty of this man. In addition to a comely physical presence and sound constitution which even an hundred and twenty years did not impair, his intellect must have been of the highest order. Besides he was educated in "all the learning of Egypt." This learning, according to antiquarians, was the highest to which the world had yet attained; and though greatly surpassed in some respects, has not been equaled in others of the present day. The magnificence of their architecture, the beauty of their almost imperishable paintings, the marvelous extent and elaboration of their buildings, as seen in the ruins found in the desolate wastes of that land, fill the traveler's mind with amazement. This culture in art was paralleled in philosophy and literature, and their systems of religion, the studies of polytheistic lore, magic and occult science gave a wizzard-like charm to the song and story, legend and history which celebrated and embalmed the names of ancient beauties and heroes; and even to this day throw a preternatural halo around that phrase,

"all the learning of Egypt." The cultured tastes acquired among the scholars, sages, and diviners in the temples and palaces of the Pharaohs must have fitted Moses pre-eminently to move in the dazzling court life of Oriental splendors.

According to Josephus he had distinguished himself as a military leader, at the head of an Egyptian army. When the Egyptians had been beaten back by the invading Ethiopians to take shelter under the walls of Memphis, their capital, Moses, placed in command by the King of Egypt, defeated the invaders in battle, outgeneraled them in their retreat, drove them into their own capital, and secured its surrender. There seems allusion to the same or similar exploits in the address of Saint Stephen before the Jewish Council, in which he refers to not only the personal comeliness, the talents, and learning of Moses, but to his exploits, saying, "He was mighty in words and works." His great military success doubtless made him the popular idol of court and people.

But beyond all this there stood out the fact that he was in the line of succession to the throne. Pharaoh's daughter, Thonoris, who was childless, and later ascended the throne vacated by the death of her father (Amenephis), son of Ramesis the famous architectural monarch of the nineteenth dynasty, cherished the purpose to make Moses her successor. To sit on the throne of "Ramesis the Great" was

an ambition to stir the heart of the noblest prince. The splendors of Egyptian wealth, pleasure, and power; the famous "treasures of Egypt," gathered by ancestral kings, would be his. Caravans from Tyre, Sidon, Assyria, Babylonia, and India would bring their wares and wealth to his capital; princes and kings court his favor and tremble at his word. These kingly possibilities, with all they meant of riches, power, and splendor of political achievements, were but a part of the renunciations of his momentous decision when he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter."

2. The burdens which this decision drew upon him were greater by far than his renunciations. If he had entertained the purpose of ascending the throne, and, as king, relieving his people of their servitude, it became evident to him that the sentiment of the court and leaders of the people stood in the way. And when, by interfering in behalf of a Hebrew, who was being abused by an Egyptian taskmaster, he found he had exposed his devotion to his Hebrew brethren, he fled the country, convinced that to be the ruler of Egypt he must be the oppressor of Israel, and to be the friend and helper of Israel he must renounce Egypt. Renouncing Egypt he becomes a fugitive (in Arabia), where for forty years he lives a shepherd in the employ of Jethro, a Midian priest.

But the call of God which came to him in the

"burning bush" was a summons to the most difficult, burdensome, and heart-testing duty ever laid upon any one in the history of our race, save only that of the agonizing sufferer of Gethsemane and Calvary. His forty years of palatial training, luxuriant living, arduous study, learned acquisition, military achievement, and popular adulation are past. Forty years more as a shepherd in the service of Jethro affords him mature thought, deep meditation, and communion with God. Amid the solitudes of Mount Horeb he is called to the stupendous task set for him by the God of Abraham. The burning bush "which was not consumed" by its self-sustained flame, with its mysterious voice speaking from its up-leaping blaze, taught him the name of the self-existent, independent God, *Jehovah*.

Distrust of his fitness for this great commission argued his fugitive life as ill-fitting ambassador to a king's court; argued he was "slow of speech," "of a slow tongue." He well knew the shallowness of human judgment, which ever gives the palm to trappy smartness in act or speech. He argued the groveling envy and unbelief of the enslaved Hebrews. But the Independent again asserted Himself, saying, "Who hath made man's mouth? Or who maketh dumb or deaf, or seeing or blind? Is it not I, Jehovah?"

But, nevertheless, he sent Aaron, Moses' brother, an eloquent man, with him as spokesman, and said,

"Go to Pharaoh, and to Israel, and say, The I AM hath sent thee, saying, Let the people go." He could foresee the ill-disposed sentiment of a nation of slaves, their unreadiness to endure the inconveniences and hardships of the wilderness, and their timidity before a pursuing army. He could well weigh the difference between leading a well-drilled and equipped army, as he had done, as compared with leading a reluctant host of six hundred thousand unmilitary men, besides women and children, their household stuffs and such nondescript belongings as would make up the vast impedimenta of this attempt to move an entire nation to another land. Even if they could elude the power of Egypt what wastes of wilderness must be trodden, what foreign tribes must be conciliated or overcome; alas! what hunger and thirst, what suffering of women and children, and what defection and sedition among the influential men of the Hebrew people. How unspeakably vast this undertaking!

History has celebrated the fortitude displayed in the marches and campaigns of Alexander and Hannibal, Napoleon's march to Moscow, Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, Grant's Vicksburg Campaign, and his contention from the Rappahannock to Appomattox. But these commanders led the best drilled, equipped, seasoned, and victory-flushed soldiery of their days. While Moses led a host of timid slaves, artisans, brickmakers, shep-

herds, hewers of wood and drawers of water, accustomed to the taskmaster's lash, with their wives and little ones, and aged and decrepit parents; liable to be captured by the army of Pharaoh, to be cut to pieces in the wilderness or returned to a more grinding slavery. Compared with this, it does seem the mighty campaigns of all the other great leaders pale into mere commonplaces.

Thus, to the utmost extreme, his choice identified with him the slaves of Egypt; "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Think of some military hero in our country, say fifty or sixty years ago, about to be borne upon a wave of popular enthusiasm into the Presidential chair. Think of his declining these honors and espousing the cause of the Southern slaves instead, who of all the great Americans would have done this? Has human history anything to compare with its renunciations and stupendous burdens? Men of wide distinction, exalted talents, highest aspirations in Church and State, brought up in refined and Churchly society, but lacking this one trait, *courage,* rooted in uncompromising principle, have surrendered to Eros or Mammon or Bacchus. But these are mere pigmies; unable to peer over the shoe buckles of this colossal man. Yet there have been many who in various and great emergencies have attracted the world's attention by their courage.

But here stands one alone in a well nigh immeasurable arena crowded with temptations and terrors, virtually saying to the learned savans, "There is something wiser than your learning;" to nobles, princes, aristocracy, society, "There is something more refined than your tasteful magnificence;" to the treasures of Egypt, "The reproach of Christ is greater riches;" to the old throne of the Pharaoh's, "There is a higher seat in an eternal kingdom." The outcast Hebrew babe has outgrown the tastes, wealth, splendor, and power of all Egypt. These renunciations, burdens, and responsibilities suggest the contents of that momentous decision: "He refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

II. Upon what ground did he make that choice? Or, in other words, what gave him the strength of character to make this decision. *Faith,* the text affirms, was the secret of this strength. An element which can inspire such heroism is well worth our study. It ought to be understood. Therefore, we raise the question, *"What is faith?"* Let us not be content with the affirmations about faith, however fine or striking or Scriptural, but let us insist upon a definition of what faith *is.*

If we would drive to the center of this question, we must clearly distinguish the tests of truth; how

and what we know. These means of knowing are of two classes, roughly termed the *external* and *internal.* The external means of knowing are *the five senses,* by which means we gain knowledge of external objects. Guided by these we are said to "walk by sight."

The internal means of knowing are, broadly termed, the various modes of *consciousness;* embracing self-consciousness or consciousness of our being, rational consciousness, or knowledge of self evidence; perception, force, relation, comparison, and inference—which we term sometimes logical, mathematical, or mechanical consciousness, according to our application of them. We have not only this rational consciousness which we call reason, but also moral consciousness by which we perceive the moral qualities, honesty, honor, righteousness, and duty, and also the moral authority which gives us to feel we ought always intend to be and do what we understand is right. This is usually termed conscience. Trusting in and acting upon these inner tests of truth is faith; and they who direct their intentions and practices according to the promptings thus derived from reason and conscience—such as truth, righteousness, God, responsibility, unselfishness, are said to "walk by faith."

If a school boy solves a problem in mental arithmetic he does it by faith in his rational, or mathematical, consciousness; he trusts his consciousness

of what is mathematically true. If a farmer, examining a plow, and comparing its construction with his consciousness of such mechanical form as he thinks is required to turn under the rank vegetable growth—tall weeds and stalks—produced on his rich lands, buys it, he acts by faith, trusts his consciousness of an ideal plow and acts accordingly. When he takes the plow to the field and draws furrow after furrow, and then looks back and sees that weeds and stalks in the path of that plow have all been buried out of sight he can say that plow is a success. "That comes of acting upon the authority of the ideal plow. I had faith in that plow when I first saw it and I bought it, and now my *sight corroborates my faith.*". These instances illustrate intellectual faith. But when one says this is honorable, this is honest, this is righteous, this is morally pure, therefore I will do it, he means that he is conscious of a distinction between righteousness and wickedness, and feels it his duty to take the righteous course. This is moral, or spiritual faith. This moral consciousness is the ground upon which all men hold each other as praiseworthy or blameworthy, according as their intentions are good or bad. Disobeying this authority of moral consciousness degrades one's moral character; obeying it, which is faith, strengthens and elevates the soul. This is religious faith.

Moses' faith in his rational consciousness was

sufficient to lift him above the pagan culture, ambitions, and oppressions of Egypt. Faith in his moral and religious consciousness led him to trust the living God, eventually lifted him into communion with Jehovah, and to such elevation of character as to make the glories of Egypt seem as tinselry and trash; the passing pageant of sin. Such, too, was his practical life; he risked everything on these inwardly tested truths. He brought his whole practical life into subservience to his mind's best conception of truth and righteousness, the actualizing or seeking to actualize—being, doing, and enduring—his ideal or best conception of such a life as he ought before God to live. This "best conception" is what we often term our "ideal life" or "ideal self." Hence our briefest and best definition of faith is this, *Faith is practical subservience of the actual to the ideal.*

To have fine ideals of life and revel in poetic pictures or speculative theories of these ideals will not fill out this definition of faith nor elevate the character. Many a reader of fiction or student of art or habitue of the theater has illustrated this fact. To revel in the beauties of a high ideal is faith without works, which is dead. To act according or in devotion to such ideal life is living faith; which exercises and manifests itself in actual works. Hence it is clear, *faith is acting upon the spiritual facts of which we are conscious with the same confidence with*

which we act upon the knowledge derived by any or all of the senses.

The senses have their proper realm and authority in material things, but in the higher realm of thought, sentiment, conscience, character, and responsibility, faith rises like a spontaneous flame, illuminates the inner sky of the soul, lights up the outer practical life, and throws its beams forward upon the dim region of destiny. Brought into combination with the great natural powers of this man, it produced the most heroic character of human history. Whether the Lord could have found another man equal to this great emergency may well be doubted, since in the entire history of man none, excepting always the Man of Nazareth, has appeared upon whom He has laid so great a burden. His was a faith, not of the fanatic, not of a mere wonder-worker, but of the broadest grasp, deepest discrimination, strongest purpose that has arisen from the ranks of men. It stood unflinchingly upon his consciousness of God, and the firmness of God's covenant with Abraham, and his confidence in the promise of the world's Redeemer. "He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

Three distinct types of mind, excellence in either of which classes its possessor among the intellectually great, found in Moses the highest known combination. Wielded by his faith they achieved their amplest exploitation. 1. *Pre-eminent practical judg-*

ment, which makes the great man-of-affairs, made him the most successful diplomat, leader of revolution, and legislator on record. 2. *Pre-eminent philosophical judgment,* informed but not overmastered by the learning of Egypt, grasped the scheme of human history and its relation to the plans of God; and discriminating the sublime position of Abraham and his nomadic, homeless children, he broke forth in the majestic strain, "Lord, Thou art our dwelling place in all generations! Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth or the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God!" 3. *Pre-eminent as a seer,* that type of mind which makes the poet and prophet, he rose from the vast official burdens of national leadership into its higher, divine meaning, and like the eagle in the upper sky, above storm-cloud and mountain peak, saw the range of divine thought as it forecast the eternal reign of love; and declared to Israel, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up of your brethren, like unto me; Him shall ye hear." His divinely illuminated genius beheld the plan of God, passed it down to the minds of men to show them the path of progress for all time. This outcast Hebrew boy, becoming the lawgiver and leader of civilization, was, above all, the prophet like unto whom the world's Redeemer was to become the Quickener of all souls and the Leader of all nations. This comprehensive scheme and all its incident toils, cares,

woes, and triumps were contents of his faith. Nothing less could justify the history of the exodus. It must grasp the ultimate reign of Christ or nothing.

III. THE OUTCOME, VINDICATING MOSES' CHOICE.—How did his faith work out when put to practical test in this tremendous leadership? A few instances must suffice to show. We must needs pass over, for lack of space, the series of diplomatic conferences he held with Pharaoh and the demonstrations of the ten plagues, a scheme of diplomacy singular and unmatched in the records of nations. Divinely directed, yet contingent upon the steadfastness of the faith of Moses for its success, it overmatched the king, confounded his conselors, refuted the pagan craft of his priests and magicians, and wrung from every Egyptian household an agonized cry of surrender. The last of these conferences closed with hot words between Moses and the king. Pharaoh wrathfully exclaimed, "Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in the day thou seest my face thou shalt die!" Moses, "not fearing the wrath of the king," retorted "in hot wrath," "Thou hast spoken well; I *will* see thy face again no more!" Then—as if "seeing Him that is invisible"—"Thus saith Jehovah, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt; and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maidservant that is behind the mill;

and all the first-born of cattle. And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there *hath* not been nor shall be any more. But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue; against man or beast: that ye may know how that Jehovah doth make a distinction between the Egyptians and Israel. And all these thy servants (officers of court and army) shall come down unto me, and *bow down* themselves unto me, saying, 'Get thee out and all the people that follow thee.' *And after that I will go out.*"

Pharaoh and all Egypt and all Israel *saw* and *heard* and *felt* the demonstration of Moses' faith in the fulfillment of this awful prediction. On this faith, leading six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, "he forsook Egypt." And now we see them on the shore of the Red Sea; in the wilderness before Pihahiroth, near Migdol. This, strategically considered, is a most unfortunate position. They stand in a deep valley flanked on each side with mountainous barriers, the Red Sea in front, and in the rear pursued by the Egyptian army. A much shorter and easier route, avoiding the sea, lay through Philistia. Observing their unaccountable seaward march, the Egyptians exultingly say, "They are entangled in the wilderness!" They are at Pharaoh's mercy; will he capture and drive them back into slavery, or will he slaughter them by the sea? Upon Moses the Israelites pour their male-

dictions, "Because there were no graves in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? Did we not say, It were better for us to serve the Egyptians?" But Moses' faith dictated this intrepid answer: "Fear ye not; stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah." The pillar of fire and cloud which had led their way to this spot now moves to their rear, intercepting between Israel and Pharaoh's army—light to this, cloud and darkness to that. At God's word, Moses stretches forth his hand, holding the wonder-working rod over the waters; the sea divides, the Israelites pass over dry shod. The Egyptian army, beholding the Hebrews safe on the farther shore, attempt to follow, but are themselves entrapped, horses and horsemen rolling, tossing, and dying in the returning waters. Well had Moses said to his doubting, complaining people, "Ye shall see them no more forever."

Still "enduring as seeing Him who is invisible," Moses hears and bears the murmurings of the Hebrews as in the wilderness they complain of thirst or hunger, ever reproaching him for having led them from Egypt. Now Jehovah quiets their clamor with manna from heaven. Now, as though seeing Jehovah standing at his side, Moses smites the rock at Horeb, and waters burst forth from its arid bosom to refresh them daily with its following and unfailing stream. And now, when they hunger and murmur for flesh food, he calls upon "Him who holds the

winds in His fists," and He gathers the quails from seashore and forest and sweeps them into the rebellious camp.

At length they march to the wilderness of Sinai.

> "By day, along the astonished lands,
> The cloudy pillar glided slow;
> By night, Arabia's crimson sands
> Returned the fiery columns glow."

Here Moses was permitted to receive the miraculous revelation of the Ten Commandments. Here his faith as mediator betwixt God and Israel was demonstrated with such power and splendor to their eyes and ears that they cried, terror-stricken, "Speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not God speak with us, lest we die." But within forty days, on that same spot, while Moses was in converse with Jehovah in Mount Sinai, they turned in their hearts to the worship of a golden image. The Lord in wrath threatened their destruction, saying, "Let Me alone that My wrath may wax hot against them and that I may consume them;" "and I will make of thee a great nation." It was as though Jehovah had said, "Do not cling to Me with thy persistent faith; My name is despised, My loving kindness outraged; let Me alone that I may blot them out, and I will make of thee a greater and better people." What said Moses? Listen to his argument. "Turn from Thy fierce wrath. What will the heathen say? What

will Assyria say? What will Egypt say? 'Their God, Jehovah, hath led them forth to slay them.' Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel and Thy covenant." Though the fiery arm of Jehovah blazed with uplifted thunderbolts, Moses' faith prevailed and Israel was saved.

Now we stand beneath the shadow of Mount Nebo, in the land of Moab. Westward, Israel is encamped in the plains of Moab, by the river of Jordan, opposite Jericho. Amaleck has been defeated in battle. Sihon and Ogg, kings of the Amorites, had been conquered and slain, their kingdoms abolished, their people exterminated, and their territories seized. The theocratic government of Israel is now thoroughly organized with laws and officers, the sanctuary founded and furnished with priests and orders and ritual. Every man above twenty years when leaving Egypt is dead, except Caleb and Joshua; and Moses is now admonished that his decease is at hand. Though he had prayed that he might go over and see the good land beyond the Jordon, Jehovah harkened not, but said: "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter. Get thee up to the top of Pisgah and behold with thine eyes."

Let us stand a moment with him there while with undimmed eyes he gazes westward and northward, southward and eastward. What emotions rise and surge over this glorious soul! What had been an object of faith is now an object of sight. He had, as God's agent, broken the power of Egypt, had freed

her slaves, had borne his people's cares, ills, insults, murmurings, accusations, and denunciations of himself. For them he had renounced everything in Egypt, had nurtured their hopes, had again and again stood between them and the wrath of God, had achieved their freedom and their opportunity of future glory as a nation. All these he had borne for forty years upon his heart's strong faith in God, in a "Promised Land," and a coming Messiah. Now his eyes behold that land promised four hundred years before to Abraham and his children. Now the grand problem is demonstrated. The thrill, the rapture overwhelms him. The tide of emotion submerges the mortal life, the body falls, the spirit enters the Promised Land above.

Had he "walked by sight" instead of faith, he could have rejoiced in sonship to Pharaoh's daughter; reveled in the pleasures, treasures, power, and splendor of Egypt's capital; could have been buried, at his decease, in all the pomp and splendor of Oriental kings, his body embalmed by Egyptian art (to be unrolled, in our day, perhaps, like that of Pharaoh, a blackened mummy, to be exhibited among reptiles, beasts, and birds and nameless corpses in the museums). But not so does God guard the honor of His faithful one. Even Israel is not deemed worthy to inter this noble frame, still majestic in death. The murmurers who would have broken a less sturdy heart, a less steadfast faith, shall not bring their wailings to the grave of this son of God. Only

God's eyes shall select, God's hand shall make his resting place. We have here this record in brief, scant terms, "And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." (Deut. 34: 6.) A poet well conceives:

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

"Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves.
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

'And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?"

The greatest movements, political and social, are projected by the faith of great leaders. They do not arise from the demonstrations of sense nor the

triangulations of exact science. The heart ever leads the head. Faith is the generalissimo of reason and courage. That faith which foresaw the atoning sacrifice to be enacted amid the jeers of Calvary's mob, yet esteemed "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," is not forgotten. After seventeen hundred years that faith is honored when Moses, with Elias, is called to the Mount of Transfiguration to counsel with Christ Himself on the eve of that death which amid Roman scorn and Jewish hate He is about to accomplish at Jerusalem.

But let us pass with St. John to view the honored ranks who rejoice in the glorious company of heaven's immortals—these "that shine as the brightness of the firmament," and those more conspicuous, in all the varied glory of "the stars for ever and ever." Hear their choral praises as the dealings of divine love peculiar to each order are celebrated by them in song and story! We may hear the "quiring of the young-eyed cherubim," the rhapsodies of childhood innocence, symphonies of the "just made perfect," and the majestic anthems of seraphic hosts; but hark! a louder, loftier, all-blending chorus celebrates the conquests of Faith:

> "Great and marvelous are Thy works,
> O, Lord God, the Almighty;
> Righteous and true are Thy ways,
> Thou King of the ages!"

"'T is the song of Moses and the Lamb!"

THE AGONY OF JESUS THE CHRIST.

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani! Which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?—Mark 15: 34.

To FEEL the power of these words of Jesus on the cross we must understand them. To understand them we must have a correct view of His nature and the nature of His sufferings. To many who witnessed His crucifixion He seemed, doubtless, a malefactor, impostor, a deceiver of the people; not because there was reason to so think, but because the chief priests said He was and demanded His punishment by death. There were others who witnessed His death who regarded Him innocent, unselfish, well-meaning, a Man who had, partly by His Messianic claims and partly by the jealousy of the Jewish leaders, come to a pitiably bad end. Even His friends who had heard much which He taught and professed seemed puzzled to solve the real meaning of His unique life and strangely tragic death.

Nor has this conflict of opinion ceased, nor the interest in it abated in these well-nigh two thousand years. Even now the crucifixion of Christ is felt more universally than ever before to be the most significant, the most important event in the history of the world. But the various opinions, im-

pressions, suppositions, and speculations have, generally, settled into two well-discriminated views. These are known as

I. The Liberalist.

II. The Evangelical, or Orthodox.

I. The Liberalistic view regards Jesus as having been simply and only a human being, the son of Mary, but a Man of singular moral purity and pre-eminent wisdom among the wisest of mankind; in fact, the most spiritually minded, most intimately conversant with God of all the sons of men. In justice to a few who have been classed as Liberalists, it must be said they thought Him *more than man,* though not divine. However, this modified view would not materially distinguish them from Liberalists generally in their view of His death.

Consistent with the Liberalist view of His nature His death is regarded as that of a martyr—as Socrates, St. Stephen, St. Paul, and others who have suffered death on account of their principles, faith, or cause. So Jesus, true to God and righteousness, suffered martyrdom at the hands of His enemies and, as He believed, at the hands of the enemies of God and truth. Yet His death, however agonizing, was nothing more than martyrdom.

This view, while it pictures a sublime devotion to principle, heightened by the immaculate character and transcendent teaching of the martyr, as

also by the glaring injustice and cruelty of His persecutors, seems greatly at fault as a point of view from which to understand the cause and nature of His agonizing death, especially the exclamation of the text; or as affording any religious incentive. This will appear from the following facts:

1. The first of these to be borne in mind is this: *All sincere religion is founded on the belief that the God to whom it is devoted is aware of that devotion, understands it, approves it, and sympathizes with the worshiper in whatever suffering he must endure because of this devotement.* Our Sacred Scriptures especially dwell upon this fact. They abound in representations of divine sympathy, comfort, and uplifting fortitude supporting those who endured "trials of cruel mockings," tortures, and death for their religious faith, their fidelity to God. That faith, the substance of things hoped for, had its evidence of things not seen in the good response obtained by the elders who were sustained in mighty achievements or unspeakable sufferings. And Jesus Himself had encouraged His disciples with assurances of God's notice of and care for them; assuring them they need not be anxious as to what they should say when brought before rulers and persecuted, for God would prompt them by His Spirit what to say.

Without response of divine sympathy all religion is baseless! Belief in God as a "first cause" may be held as an assumption or as a necessarily implied fact

upon which to account for the world and an intelligible view of the force which projected and carries on the "natural order." But this is only philosophy. Religion would be but a myth if nothing evinced to the worshiper that his God recognizes and in some way *responds* to his *devotions.* And if in any way it were positively attested that there can be no divine interest, care, or sympathy in human affairs, religion would be at an end.

2. Another fact claims our attention at this point, namely, Jesus, above all others, as Liberalists concede, because of His perfect faith in God, His spotless moral character and sublime martyrdom, *should have been conscious of divine interest and sympathy* in the hour of His supreme devotement to righteousness in the name of God; if He was nothing more than a perfectly good man, and His death nothing more than that of a martyr to the rage of His enemies. His case indeed is a *supreme test* of the first foundation fact of religion, as stated above, namely, *the belief that the God worshiped is aware of, is interested in, and sympathizes with the sincere worshiper.* If He was but a man, and His death that of a martyr, in devotion to God's truth, I repeat, God must be expected to sympathize with Him, stand by Him, give Him the consciousness of divine interest and sympathy in this supreme crisis. Otherwise the failure, the baselessness of religion is proven. Its foundation principle is a myth and a sham.

3. What are the facts, according to the records, of His dying hour? Definitely these: First, He died *faithful to God!* Secondly, He died *perfectly devoted to the welfare of mankind.* Thirdly, He died *in, perhaps of, mental anguish.* Fourthly, He died in the consciousness that He was *forsaken of God.* Hence the exclamation, *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"* Fifthly, His later utterances on the cross, though they indicated faithful submission, did not profess divine sympathy or help; this, too, in the presence of His arrogant, exulting foes. Alas, alas! A pall of darkness impenetrable covers and quenches the religious aspirations of our race. Ask me not if I believe God is interested in men, cares for their salvation, sympathizes with their devotion to truth. Do I believe this? No; not if Jesus, dying merely a martyr's death, died forsaken of God; I have no faith in divine sympathy for any others.

"There!"—the Agnostic, the Atheist, and the common scoffer, standing on this position of the Liberalist, may triumphantly boast, "There! see the supreme demonstration that there is no God; or, if there is, He cares nothing for men, not even this best of men. Religion is here attested a superstition, a myth, a mere delusion." And we are compelled to admit that this supreme culmination of religious faith demonstrates either the *futility of religion* or the *fallacy of the Liberalist view.* Either "Liberalism" or *all* religion is without rational hope.

II. Turning back from this chasm of darkness to which Liberalism would drive us, we give ear to Jesus Himself—admitted on all hands the wisest of teachers and purest of men—and learn from His own lips the correct view of His nature, sufferings, and death. In many instances He speaks of Himself as a man—Jesus, the Son of Mary; and in many as the Son of God—the Christ. In fact, the records concerning Him in "The Prophets," in His own teachings, and in the writings of the apostles are intelligible only by recognizing in Him two natures, the divine and human; God's Divine Son, the *formal* mode of divine personal consciousness and objective action as Creator and Ruler of the world; self-conditioned in the order of time and space. And God's Man-Son, or Son of man, the Son of Mary, and God's human Son, as was Adam; that is, He was the "second Adam."

In His debate with the Pharisees and scribes concerning the personal nature of the promised Messiah, He silenced them by saying, "If David, then, called Him Lord, how is He David's son?" As no answer could be given to this question, except that the Messiah or Christ was in His divine nature David's Lord, and in His human nature David's son, these believers in David as an inspired prophet were silent. (Matt. 22:45.)

Peter's declaration, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus approved and declared

it a revelation from God (Matt. 16 : 16.) When the time approached when He would yield Himself to arrest and the will of His enemies, He stated distinctly, "I lay down My life of Myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Although He had foiled His enemies at various times when they sought to kill Him, when the hour of *atonement* drew nigh He unresistingly submitted to their will, saying, "Now is your hour and the power of darkness;" His hour to offer Himself for sin, their hour to murder Him.

Many prophecies in the Old Testament, and the testimony of John the Baptist—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"—as also the entire Gospel of St. John, might be cited to an overwhelming extent, establishing this view, but I have purposely passed over them for the reason that Liberalist criticism, which seeks to discredit much of them, might under cover of such plausible cavil evade the other unquestioned Gospel records. Upon these teachings of Christ rests immovably the evangelistic view of the nature of Christ; namely, He was the Son of God, the divine nature manifesting His formal or relative personality as not only the Creator, but the loving and merciful Ruler of a moral empire in which each member of the human race, free to live in harmony with Him, has become an object of His special solicitude and intervention. And that He might accommodate Himself to the con-

ditions and capacities of the lowest of these, He created for Himself a pure human being, a "second Adam," who, born of a virgin at Bethlehem, was named Jesus. This human Jesus, as He grew in years and stature, gradually became conscious of the Son of God, the Creator, revealing Himself within His human soul; and that He was called to be the Interpreter of divine interest, knowledge, wisdom, power, and love to men. That He might be a true, faithful, and full Interpreter of the Divine Son, as He gradually unfolded Himself to His human soul, Jesus gave Himself to frequent and long-continued seasons of prayer, and thus freely and faithfully "offered Himself to God."

According to the record, we see, *first,* His disclosure of divine knowledge and wisdom, at the age of twelve, in His conversation with the Jewish doctors in the temple. And when His mother told Him of their anxious search for Him, He replied, "Wist ye not I would be about My Father's house?" After about eighteen years later He attended St. John's baptism, when that chosen prophet of God proclaimed Him to the multitude as "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Then followed a long season of fasting and prayer in which to bring Himself up to the measure of undertaking His marvelous ministry of divine truth.

In this struggle He was subjected to special temptation—nothing less than to renounce the project of

establishing in the earth the kingdom of divine love and, instead, adopting the opposite principle, *selfishness,* which already ruled the kingdoms of the earth, which the temptation assured Him would be handed over to Him upon the display of wonder-working power in the interest of sin. But though the first Adam had fallen before the wiles of the tempter, the second Adam firmly resisted the wily diplomat and came off conqueror upon this mysterious field of psychic conflict.

Henceforth the records show Him teaching with a wisdom and moral elevation before which the keenest critics and controversialists were amazed and confounded and which compelled some of them to confess, "Never man spake like this Man," and which have evinced their divine source by recasting and elevating the thought, the institutions, and civilization of the world to the present day. Ever and anon there leaped forth at His word demonstrations of power, too, which He never professed to originate in His human nature, but that it was the going forth of God's might, bearing witness to His mission; never for mere wonder-working, but always for a righteous purpose, witnessing the presence of God, merciful and gracious, mighty to save.

III. When at last He had completed His ministry, which had begun with "The Sermon on the Mount," and had demonstrated the fact of God among men, with benignant healing, help, and salvation, and

by the poor having "the gospel preached unto them," He rejoiced in spirit. Hitherto in His work divine knowledge, wisdom, and power had gradually advanced as by long and lonely seasons of prayer He had brought His human consecration up to the progressive unfolding of the divine revelation within Him. But soon a shadow gathers over His soul as another more strenuous consciousness of the inner revelation opens up the *agony of divine love.* In Gethsemane He began to be "greatly amazed," "sorrowful and sore troubled," saying, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." Perhaps He was not wholly unprepared for this, inasmuch as His spotless human soul had felt the pangs of ingratitude, insult, and grief for the rejection which had set at nought His gracious efforts to help and save men upon the simple requirement that they should accept Him as their Savior from sin. But now, as the enormity of sin—not as man viewed it, nor as the spotless Son of man, even, had apprehended it—but as the divine consciousness measured and felt its offense against immaculate, infinite Love, it is now beginning to be disclosed by the Divine Son of God to the human Son of man, who offers Himself to *be made fully conscious of* it in order that He may be a *sufficient* offering unto God to acknowledge the full protest of divine love against sin, while it extends mercy, pardon, and eternal salvation to the sinner. He was amazed and appalled

when being made to experience what God experiences of *sin's infinite offense,* and of *infinite love's yearning for the salvation of man,* that man might adequately confess through Him the enormity of his sin. This attitude of divine love regarding sin is the *real altar of God,* and this spotless human Being, made conscious of its requirements, is sanctified by that altar to be the *real* and *sufficient* offering to acknowledge and honor them. He must know, in order that He may acknowledge it for man, this attitude of divine love, with its centuries upon centuries of agonizing endurance of sin and solicitude for the sinner, that He may become "able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

These requirements or changeless holiness of love the divine nature holds first that the whole personal universe owes supreme obedience and love toward God. Secondly, sin is of infinite demerit, is irreconcilable antagonism to God, and can find no sympathy in the divine nature. Hence a sacrifice or offering which fully acknowledges these requirements must be fully conscious of the full demands of this altar. It is not strange, therefore, that Jesus was amazed and sore troubled when He began to feel the awful stress of the divine attitude which for centuries had borne the infinite offense of sin that it might demonstrate its own demerit and self-defeat, and divine love might win sinners from its dire embrace. Nor does it seem surprising that with increasing agony

He saw and felt, more and more, the agony of the divine attitude, and that He should pray, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" Nor is it surprising that this sinless Interpreter of God to man, who had often found in prayer the means of rising to each higher disclosure of divinity, should by intense supplication bring Himself to say, "Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done."

Strengthened thus to endure further the still-growing consciousness of sin's enormity and the infinite aversion of divine love toward it, He pressed on in His call to be an offering which should acknowledge for the world the full depth of sin's offense toward God, until, writhing in agony, He experienced that the altar *has no sympathy with the offering,* but requires its complete immolation, that it may fully acknowledge and express that altar's behest, the complete measure of sin's offense against divine love. His consciousness of contact or association with the divine nature now is that of complete, all-absorbing offering of Himself to know and to confess for the world God's estimate of and aversion for sin, and to express to sinners God's uncompromising determination to offer them infinite love's unspotted offer of perfect salvation from sin. And when the complete sense of this divine aversion fixes its eternal stigma upon sin and eclipses all experience of His communion with God, this writhing, self-sacrificing victim to the divine altar exclaims, "My God, My God,

why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The sacrifice is complete. The infinite aversion to sin has been fathomed. Immaculate mercy toward sinners is explained by this revelation of the great fact of *atonement.* "The goodness of God leadeth to repentance." This cry of being forsaken confessed and published the completeness of His atoning offering and that "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

This act of atonement which publishes the divine love for sinners at the same time stigmatizes sin as wholly under the ban of God; and, however holy the atoning sufferer, and however great his faith and love toward God, if he would make a complete offering he must be conscious of his complete sacrifice of divine sympathy. Then the sinner, however deeply sunken in sin, yet seeking salvation, can feel assured of such salvation as he casts himself upon divine mercy, saying, *"I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."*

The prayer of the true penitent virtually says: "Defiled by my sin I can not feel nor can my limited reason estimate the measure of my offense as known to a perfectly sinless and wise Being; hence Christ, who in perfect innocence and entire holiness yielded Himself to know and feel and acknowledge, *for me,* the full measure and intensity of sin's turpitude, as God knows and abhors it, and suffered the agony and death which this consciousness inflicted—*is my offering to God* by which I acknowledge the enormity

of my sin as God knows it, and I take and trúst the merciful opportunity to repent which His sacrifice has honored, as a gracious favor from Almighty God. Hence my unreserved confession, *"I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."*

Thus viewing Jesus as the Lamb of God, a *sacrifice* because *wholly innocent,* a *sufficient* sacrifice because rendered *fully conscious* of the divine consciousness of the ill-desert of sin, I see why He died of mental anguish, and finished the atoning offering unconscious of divine sympathy. As the quivering victim upon the altar of God's absolute aversion to sin, He evinced the completeness of His offering by the cry,"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" This is the end of sacrifice. There is no more offering for sin before God. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." God's uncompromising stigma thus, once for all, fixed upon sin has opened to all who will acknowledge Christ the boundless range of God's saving grace.

IV. *The corroboration* to men of the atoning character of Jesus' death is evinced by His resurrection. Had He not risen as He said He would, men might argue His suffering as a matter of chastisement for His faults or of helpless subjection to His enemies. But He had said, "I lay down My life of Myself; I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it up again;" and as He arose the third day unimpaired in moral purity and with increased

power, His death appears to all as neither subjection to His enemies nor chastisement for faults. His apparently boastful rebuff to Pontius Pilate, "Thou wouldst have no power against Me, except it were given thee from above," proved a plain statement which regarded whatever Pilate might do would be a merely divinely permitted incident to the great sacrificial event about to be enacted in His death and resurrection. "He was delivered for our offenses and raised again" to justify our claim to salvation by virtue of His atonement for us.

Further corroboration of the atoning nature of His death appears in the experience of believers. Prior to His crucifixion Jesus had taught His disciples that it was expedient for them that He should "go away" in order that their faith in Him might be a more spiritual perception of their relation to Him, and through Him to the Father, and of their personal salvation. This, in order that the "promise of the Father" might be realized which He had given the prophets, to-wit: that He would give a second writing of the law, not, as at first, on tables of stone, but by putting in the hearts of His people a spiritual sentiment which would dispose them to observe and give them power to keep the law; the law of authority now to become the law of spontaneity. This indwelling sentiment or spontaneity for righteousness Jesus had compared to a "well of water," springing up within them, had termed it "the new heart," "the

Spirit of truth," the Comforter; and after His resurrection He reiterated His teachings as "the promise of the Father," "the enduement with power from on high." And He taught them to pray for it *in His name,* and that in His name the Father would answer their prayer. Accordingly the disciples, after His ascension, continued their daily assemblage for prayer in Jerusalem. And on the day of Pentecost, amid wondrous demonstrations which attracted a multitude, they received and declared the answer to their prayers in Christ's name. Filled with a new-born enthusiasm they continued to testify, not only to His resurrection, but also the remission of their sins and spiritual baptism "shed forth" in the name and merit of their late crucified and risen Lord.

Thus prophetic promise, gospel teaching, atoning merit, post-resurrection assurance, and the prayer of faith in His atoning sacrifice were demonstrated by a spiritual response which inspired His disciples, even in martyrdom, amazed the multitudes, confounded unbelievers, and is transforming the civilization of the world.

THE GREAT CO-PARTNERSHIP.

Wherefore let no one glory in men. For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.—1 Cor. 3:-21-23.

PERHAPS there is no better way to correct an overestimate of men and things than to fix attention upon the grand generic realities from which all specific interests derive their value. Partisan narrowness of both thought and feeling robs us of the larger wealth which comes of discerning intrinsic worth in its larger modes and wherever found. Partisan divisions and ambitious strifes which had sprung up in the Apostolic Churches met with this manner of rebuke from St. Paul, which turned upon their factional gloryings such a burst of God's infinite meaning for them as exposed their shallow misconceptions and the abject littleness of their partisan rivalries. With one grand swoop He seemed to grasp the whole Church, shake and lift and stand it in the center of universal truth, that its every member might see the boundless resources of His own inalienable wealth. Wherefore, he implies, let no one be so small as to glory in certain men, for all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

That we may get a good, practical hold of this text we will ask, and attempt to answer:

First—What is the essential meaning of this world and all its life?

Secondly—What relation do all persons and things hold to this meaning?

As to the first question there seems to have been among thoughtful people in all ages a curious but solemn query which in effect said, Whence? Why? Whither? Although all felt in their dependence there must be an independent cause, the more puzzling question loomed up, namely, what *manner* of cause is it? Is it fate or force or God? If a God, what kind of a God is He—benevolent, malevolent, or indifferent? As there are good and ill in apparent conflict, are there two supreme beings—one good, the other evil—ever at war? And thus, on and on, through endless, helpless wanderings, have men groped until in our own day some, like Haeckel, claim to have found the origin of the universe in the most helpless and dependent thing in it, dead matter. But that a dependent world could emerge from lifeless matter confuses and confounds thought, and finds nothing in life to make it of more worth than a hobo's dream. Thus the learning and wisdom of men, unaided by revelation, have been able to meet these deepest queries of the soul with little that is better than the wildest vagaries. The cry of

human nature in its best mood is well expressed by a great poet:

"O, Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy, all motion guide.
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! might one
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore.
Being whom we call God, but know no more."

But light breaks in upon us when we turn to the Bible. Nor need we all its luminous power. One passage is sufficient, and that the very brief disclosure, "God is love." At once the center of our intelligence is touched and blazes with these radiant reflections: "A loving nature yearns for objects to love;" "Objects that can perceive and feel His love;" "Objects that can and may love Him in return." Therefore, He created us as the objects; persons, beings imaging in their formal, finite nature His infinite, ineffable traits and powers; beings who, learning, appreciating, enjoying His love, become like Him, and in ever enlarging capacity and power may rejoice in His companionship for evermore. As love is the nature of God, love explains the meaning, the purpose of the universe.

To exploit the resources of infinite love and truth in companionship with a universe of finite persons who, by learning, loving, communing, and co-acting with their Creator, shall share the good of His be-

ing forever—this is the essential meaning of the world and all its life, and answers the question, "Whence?"

Second—As to the second question, "What relation do all personal beings hold to this meaning?" As life is the source of action, and action is reality, and perfectly adjusted action is love, love is the infinite asset of the world.

Now then, the object of the universe appears an effort to establish a universe of persons devoted to determining all there is in genuine love as a force, directed by infinite wisdom to the achievement of the richest modes of life which may be determined by harmonious interaction with God and each other. In other words, God has invested in a universe devoted to the practical working out of ideal truth—the infinite ideal—especially the self-development of ideal personal character and ideal society. There is nothing conceivable to reason or taught by revelation that can add interest or value to the world aside from perfection of personal life, though many have tried it by money and "pleasure." Perfection of life is the true, the intrinsic wealth of the world.

As He is the sole origin of the universe, in God is the original title to its possession. It is this proprietary relation to all values, singly and as a whole, that is the burden of this text. This divine investment of love, seeking its richest development in personal life, having been determined upon, the next

thing for us to note is the divine method of realizing —not for His, but our enrichment—upon His investment.

This the apostle represents as the essential value of existence. As love is its own reward, its exploitation is the *summum bonum,* the chief good. God is the infinite source of this wealth, and the creation of a universe of persons is His establishment of a co-partnership by which to share with finite beings the good, the infinite wealth which accrues by their joining Him in realizing upon this exhaustless investment.

Without stopping to note each special step in the process of realization, we specify first, The Christ. We find Him in human history its most masterful factor. He spake of Himself sometimes as of a Man and sometimes as of a God: one who existed "before the world was." The prophets who foretold His coming declared also His double nature; and the apostles who were with Him and wrote of Him after His departure made record of both His human and divine nature, actions, and professions. His wisdom and power amazed, and His moral rectitude overawed friend and foe. But these were only incidents of His great mission. His main purpose was to do the will of His Divine Father; that is, to be in act, thought, word, and character a manifestation of divine love in this perverted, selfish world; in a word, to show men the true wealth of human life. There

are those who, when viewing a great masterpiece of the painter's art, see nothing of interest in it; but a few, who study it until they see the great central and all-pervading thought of the artist, now see that the very size and quality of the canvas, every tint and shading in the background, all proportion and perspective, every trace of the brush, indeed, are luminous with and expressive of the author's great, central, life-giving idea.

So also in preparing the material world as the canvas, its scenes, its pleasures, pains, industries, ambitions; social, political, commercial, domestic, and individual life; its history, literature, art, and enterprise are all poor, perplexing, disappointing disharmonies until Christ appears and shows men the great central thought of God in all His creative and providential activities and in all the wisdom, work, and worth of Christ's mission, namely, the manifestation and effort of divine love for the recovery of our race. And men have come to see that if this be taken away the picture of human life is blurred, its meaning lost.

Had Christ heeded the tempter, who said, in effect: "I lead a rival enterprise. I hold there is greater power and pleasure in selfishness than in love. Men believe me and all are following me. All the kingdoms of the earth are ruled by selfishness. Turn away from God's project of a universe to be controlled by love. Take me for your Deity; fall down

and worship me; be my representative and I will turn over all these kingdoms to your rule. With selfishness as law your wonder-working power will easily hold the scepter of the world." Some have held it impossible that Jesus could have yielded to this temptation; but if so, it seems impossible to regard it as a temptation at all.

Suppose Jesus had yielded; abandoned His great mission of showing forth in His life, death, and resurrection the love of God for the world, what then? As a Messiah, a Christ, He would have been a failure; the Father must have disowned Him, and it could never have been said of Him, as in this text, "Christ is God's." His co-partnership with God would have been forfeited and lost. But, unlike the first Adam, He did not yield, but defeated the tempter. Now, Jesus having undertaken to be a human manifestation of the divine nature, and proceeding to set in motion the work of realizing upon God's investment in a love-created universe, organized His Church to carry forward the majestic realization of what is to be the world's imperishable fortune. That is to say, a Church whose wealth is the possession and operation of Christian love in the life, the eternal life of mankind. Thus the object of the Church is to enlarge this great co-partnership and put mankind in possession of unfailing riches.

If a Church neglects to make the effort to extend

the domain of Christian love among men, but gathers itself into a self-complacent social club, it forfeits its title to a place in this great co-partnership; ceases to be a truly Christian Church. Christ will, unless that Church repent and "do its first works," disown it. It can not be said of that Church, "Ye are Christ's."

So also of individual Christians. When men cherish a partisan or selfish regard for certain ministers and break up into factional devotement to individual leaders in the Church, saying, I am of Paul, or I am of Apollos, or I am of Cephas, they lose the very object of their admiration, and their favorite preacher becomes a source of self-complacent boasting, instead of a helper to their becoming brighter and better manifestations of divine love. Others who hear these ministers prayerfully seek to have their love of God, Christlike unselfishness, deepened and broadened in their hearts that they may be better manifestations of Christian love among men. These can say, "Now, that sermon is mine." And so, whether they hear the logic of Paul, the eloquence of Apollos, or the hortatory power of Peter, they can say, "All are mine." And thus of all our learning and all our opportunities to improve in mind and heart the object should be to amplify the life of love in our souls.

When members or ministers appropriate their Church relation as chiefly an asset for selfish advantage, socially, commercially, or politically, and

only incidentally interest themselves in saving souls, or cease to express the love of Christ in their lives and influence among men, they lose the tenure of their co-partnership, cease to be of Christ, Christ must disown them. It can not be said of them, "Ye are Christ's."

We must briefly indicate the application of this great truth to the material things with which we have to do. We have our houses, our business, our money, more or less, which we call our own; and in civil law they are relatively ours, but we must soon leave them. If we have used them selfishly they are wholly lost, and with the selfish characters we have built up within us we go to our final account bankrupt.

Here is a man who holds a large and beautiful estate. His home is a mansion, his grounds are lovely with lawns and trees and flowers; his broad acres are rich with spacious meadows and waving harvests. He says he owns it; and by civil law he does. But his selfish soul grips its products with miserly motive. He spurns the poor, perhaps oppresses the hireling; his greed troubles his household, or perhaps besots them with luxurious living. He thinks he is the absolute owner of this estate, but in fact, the estate owns him. He is its slave, its victim. It wears him out as it wears out its plows and harrows and teams, and at last he dies, to receive from it only a place for his body to crumble into dust.

He has nothing to show for his lifework but a narrow, selfish character in the future world; a shriveled pauper, a bankrupt, world without end.

All this while across the way has lived a poor artisan or laborer in a humble cottage. He has looked upon this fine estate, not with covetous eyes, but glowing appreciation of its beauties, and it has refined and enriched his taste. He has seen, too, the goodness of God in its natural loveliness, its wealth of harvests and herds, and his soul has grown thankful and liberal. He has observed the patient mercy of God toward its ungrateful, selfish proprietor, and has deepened his own soul in likeness to his Heavenly Father. Moreover, in his love of God he has even loved and prayed for his ungrateful neighbor. Aye, he has become the real owner of that fine estate. It has exercised him in godliness a thousand ways, and this enrichment of soul has made him a blessing to all about him; and through all eternity he will be a richer and brighter impersonation of unselfish, Godlike love for having beheld his neighbor's estate through truly Christian eyes.

Thus in all modes of legitimate opportunity and activity, if men have handled their resources unselfishly, that is, with conscientious regard to making and distributing as before God, their property or business becomes a method of exercise, and manifestation of that unselfishness which is identical with divine love. Its effect upon the owner enriches his life and char-

acter, and, although he spends it or ultimately leaves it at death, his enriched character bears all that is essentially valuable in that wealth with him to the better country. He knows as a fact the apostle's statement, "All things are yours." Thus by the imperishable title of Christian love the genuine Christian whose master motive is to make all things with which he has to do bear the impress of Christian love and tell for the extension of Christian love in the world, can say all things are mine, and I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Not one word or implication of this subject encourages one to believe he belongs to this great co-partnership because he distributes to the needy a vast fortune which he has gained by selfish or dishonorable methods. All the vast making and giving of our day can not justify that miserable motto, "The end justifies the means." As Lady Macbeth despaired to wash the blood-spot from her hand, millionaires who have dishonestly acquired their wealth may lavish their millions on Churches and educational institutions, but they can not wash from their hands the bloodstain of those whose fortunes, rights, and homes they have wrecked.

Our limits repress much that pertains to this exposition; hence I but briefly indicate the further application of the great truth expressed in the text. To all faithful souls we are authorized to say that as members of this co-partnership you have invested

in an enterprise that looks forward to a time when every continent, ocean, and inhabitated island shall be radiant with the activities of this ever-growing business. And it is ever yours to experience an ennobling of your inner life as you are faithful to the accomplishment of this sublime expectancy. All are yours!

The world, with all its unfolding of the Creator's power and wisdom, with all its revealment of His providential rule, all its experience of races and nations, its history, arts, sciences, enterprises, progress, and decay studied and used as the gymnasium of discipline and field of exploit for the thought and activities of man, is yours.

Life is yours; in all its modes, individual, home, social, national, commercial, political, and religious life, each and all imprinted with our touch of Christian love, becomes a heritage to your children here and yields to you that spiritual wealth which renders you fit to live forever.

Death, the king of terrors to the selfish man, but your angel of welcome at the gate of life eternal, ushers you into the society of the "Overcomers."

Things present, whether big with opportunity or galling with hardship, self-denial, and poverty; radiant with honors and delights, or dark and bitter with oppressions and persecutions, but all full of discipline to the soul that enjoys or endures with Christlike humility and patience—all are yours.

Things to come: The triumph of righteousness, the dissolution of worlds, the great white throne, the crowning of saints, the sinless life in a sinless world, the glorious company of the blood-washed, the faithful over a few things and rulers over many. Things to come: The on-coming ages, the ever expanding splendors of thrilling enterprise, the ever enlarging ennoblement of redeemed souls, the boundless resources of "dual love's great mytery" ever calling you on to the yet greater wealth of things to come; "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

AMBITION.

TEXT:

They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—Dan. 12:3.

To DANIEL, the statesman-seer, it was given to foresee and in a measure foretell the vast evolution of world-wide political and social forces. Himself a remnant of a wrecked civilization, he stood steadfast and sublime amid its broken fragments while everywhere a vaunting, idolatrous civilization ground them into the dust. Firm in devotion to his God who, he said, "keepeth covenant and mercy," he had faced Nebuchadnezzar, the head of all-conquering idolatry,

and in the riddle of that monarch's dream traced the plans of that God in whose hand all nations are held. He read the universal power, splendor, and ruin of four consecutive idolatrous empires, and the rise of a fifth that should destroy idolatry and fill the world with the dominion of the God of heaven.

From this mountain-top of divine vision this dauntless statesman sought further—more explicit, more specific—disclosure of the plans of Divine Providence and the fortunes of the covenant people. His prayers were answered, and so strikingly has history corroborated his predictions and current progress continued their fulfillment that in this last glorious prediction given in our text our confidence is reassured.

The pivotal word upon which the meaning of this text is poised is the word shine. It refers to the social make-up of the heavenly world, and indicates that luster of character which will be the basis of good standing in that delightful community. It appeals to our social nature, also to our love of approval, and especially to our natural desire to excel.

I. This is an appeal to ambition. Possibly you may ask: "Is it not ambition that has proven the world's greatest scourge? Has it not blotted every page of human history with crime and blood? Has it not rolled the conqueror's chariot-wheels over the dying and dead, nourished his laurels with the tears of widows and orphans, and filled the world with oppression? Was it not 'by that sin the angels fell?'

Does not the poet Milton rightly express the essence of its creed when he has Satan declare it 'Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven?'" Yes, emphatically yes? All this and more is true; yet I affirm, ambition is a blessing! But, like all our blessings, it is turned into a curse by man's perversion of it; and the greater the blessing, if perverted, becomes the greater curse. He who gave us being, the soil, sunshine and shower, food and gladness, strength of body and mind, intended them as blessings in their right use, but by our abuse we have defiled ourselves, vitiated our conditions, and cursed our race. Even the atoning sacrifice of Christ, at least one of our greatest blessings, intended as a remedy for our vast self-perversions, intended to lift us to the ranks of saints made perfect, will by our abuse of its mercies sink us below the condemnation of Sodom.

So it is with ambition. It is a divinely implanted principle. Children on their playgrounds innocently delight to excel in feats of strength and activity. It inspires men to rise above their discouragements and to cleave their way through hardship and opposition. Difficulties are but wind and chaff before them. Ambition is the talisman of progress, the angel of character, and a pillar of flame to the leadership of men and nations. Sacredly held and used as a gift from God it wins and builds and blesses everywhere.

Perversions of ambition are practiced in many ways; far too many to be mentioned here. But the

one grand perversion which is the root of all is in setting aside the Creator's plan of life and destiny and adopting a small and mean scheme of our own make. As the life of the oak is folded up in the acorn and only awaits its opportunity to push itself out to full growth and glory, so the inner life of man is planned by the Creator to find its growth and glory in self-improvement. Strong and lustrous self-realization is the true, the holy ambition. This plan stands out self-approved in the following facts, to-wit:

1. It accords with innocent self-love.

2. It results in the best, cleanest, strongest, and happiest personal character.

3. It does not clash with like ambitions in others.

4. Personal character is the only acquisition we take with us into the future world.

5. Inasmuch as forming character is still going on in the last sane moment of life in this world, this process of self-realization argues immortality or continuance of life in which the outcome of true character may be realized and rewarded.

6. This reveals the Creator's plan, assigning us this life as the arena of effort and the life to come as the era of character-results, as a reward or achievement of our faith-based ambition. We are built for two worlds—this the world of ambitious struggle; to be, to do, or endure the hard grind of lowly toil or the larger and more conspicuous care, effort, and responsibility or perhaps greater achievement or honor-

able defeat. The next is the eternal harvest of results.

Ignoring, perhaps rejecting, this divine plan of the nature and purpose of our being, men have sought by might and main to grasp the reward of their ambition in this world. They have sought to satisfy themselves with possessing the mere means and instruments in the use of which their characters were to be wrought out. Whether gain or power or pleasure has been their chief aim, they have sinned against God and spurned the rights of their fellow-men. In a word they have made ambition the special minister of selfishness, the agent in chief of oppression, and the grand curse of human history.

Let us turn now, more explicitly to the Creator's plan of man and his real interests. We shall find ample scope for the noblest as well as most righteous ambition. To this our text appeals, pointing out the field of effort and the consequent reward. The prophecy and progress of the ages tend toward an ultimately perfect social life. And the Christ-force in history constantly presses toward its complete realization. Any form of religious culture which does not prepare its subjects for that society misconceives religion and is utterly at fault.

We are not only social beings, but have a natural and worthy desire to stand well in society, in the esteem of our neighbors. We seek to educate and train our children that they shall be respected in the

community in which they live. Here where there is so much in society that is stupid, shallow, false, deceitful, and corrupt, even here we desire that we and our children shall have good standing. It is for society in this world that the proverb says, "A good name is better than great riches." Then, how much more to be desired is it to attain such personal excellence as will entitle us to good standing where there is nothing false nor corrupt? It will not be asked there whether we have ever been clad in robes or rags. Who have been our ancestors will be of no interest; whether we can trace our lineage through a long genealogy, or have been waifs cast up on the social strand of ill-repute. Nor can the temporal incidents of nationality, color, or caste determine our social rank among the immortals.

There all must be genuine, and genuineness must be of the heart. A veneering of morals and manners can be no substitute for character. Neither learning, office, power, repute, nor distinction, though useful implements in this world's work, can avail anything there. O! and Ah! and religious ejaculations will not pass there for godliness; nor self-conscious giving to humane or religious institutions outrank the widows' mites or the rags and sores of Lazarus. The faith that prompts to liberality will shine steady and brilliant through the little that is kept, rather than through the abundance given. What a glorious social life that will be where all will stand according to

the estimate made by the Searcher of hearts; and what a glorious opportunity to attain good standing without detriment to any other!

II. Types of a true ambition, as taught in the Bible, are mainly two, wisdom and virtue. The term wisdom is often used in a general way in the sense of knowledge, information intellectually acquired. But more strictly and correctly, wisdom is that equable poise of the soul that fits it to use its powers and acquired knowledge to the best advantage. A writer on definitions in philosophy says, "Wisdom is the right use or exercise of knowledge, and differs from knowledge as the use that is made of a power or faculty differs from the power or faculty itself." (Fleming's "Vocabulary of Philosophy," Krauth's Ed.) "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright." (Prov. 15: 2.) That right-heartedness which gives the power or poise by which best to use faculties or knowledge is the essence of wisdom. Hence, in the strictest sense, it is a heart quality rather than a head quality, although its informing power to the head is its chief office. It promotes what we term insight, prudence, wise practical judgment, or "sound understanding."

In this sense it is frequently used in the Bible. Inasmuch as the ground of character is in these feelings termed the heart, the Bible speaks of fools as those of perverted heart, both as to its perverted state and its influence upon the mind and conduct. For

example, "Fools make a mock at sin." "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." "It is sport to a fool to do mischief." "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to buy wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it." "The heart of fools is in the house of mirth." "The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools." "When thou vowest a vow unto God defer not to pay it; for He hath no pleasure in fools." "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her own hands."

Right-heartedness is wisdom. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." "For wisdom shall enter into thy heart," etc.

Under Christian teaching wisdom is equally emphasized as a state of heart, a right order of one's affections, a moral quality. Jesus is represented in His moral purity as "filled with wisdom." The self-complacent man who said to himself, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry"—"thou hast much goods laid up for many years," Christ denounced as a fool. St. Paul also declares his labor for the Church is that its members might be filled with "all spiritual wisdom and understanding." And he says, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another." Of the besotted, idolatrous world he says,

"Their foolish heart was darkened." St. James writes, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not." "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy;"—all heart qualities.

In all these Scriptures that state of heart which is in harmony with the will of God is taught as the base upon which arises true feeling and gives one the best use of his powers of heart, head, and hand. When we remember that the heart is the standpoint from which the head acts, we can clearly see that the pure in heart are in the best position to perceive the fact, the love, and the will of God. The surveyor, whom you employ to locate the boundaries and calculate the area of your lands, seeks first "the corner" of the original survey as the right "standpoint," as he terms it, at which to place his compass. From this point he projects the lines and measurements of his survey. If he has erred in this placement of the compass, taken a wrong standpoint, the entire survey, field notes, and calculations are vitiated, wrong, and worthless. Hence the supreme requisite to a wise and valid survey is the right standpoint. As the heart is the standpoint from which the head thinks, purposes, and plans, wise-heartedness is the supreme requisite to a wise and right life. Therefore the grand essential to character and practice is to find that rightness of heart in the

"original survey" which Christ pointed out when He showed His followers the necessity of their return to childlike innocence as the standpoint from which alone they could project a character which would secure admission to the Kingdom of heaven.

That vicious self-complacence, termed in the Scriptures ungodliness and folly, now generally called selfishness, is that perversion of the feelings of the heart which is the basis of all folly, as obedience to God is the beginning of wisdom.

Take that least criminal form of selfishness known as egotism or inordinate self-esteem as an example of the foolish heart. One possessed of this, no matter what his talents, learning, or comely appearance, becomes a laughing-stock, an object of derision. In matters of importance he brings defeat if not disaster to himself and those whom his action affects. He is like a man surveying the heavens with his telescope inverted, himself in front of the great object glass, and the little eye-glass turned heavenward, with the result that sun, moon, and stars, if he can see them at all, appear much smaller than himself. Possibly he would denounce astronomy as having "nothing in it." Selfishness is but the inverted telescope trick in every respect, physical and spiritual; the fool heart that exaggerates self and belittles or denies God. In a word, the whole man and his daily activities depend for their best use upon that transparent moral quality of the heart which is the birthplace of pure motives.

In the text these right-hearted are designated the

wise. It is the primary move of a great ambition. Its initial step for the sinner is repentance which seeks to return to childhood innocence which is born from above. When settling a question of ambition that had arisen among His disciples, Christ took a child and set him in their midst and said, "Except ye repent and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven." Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the Kingdom of heaven." Whether it be the moral purity of childhood innocence or the tranquil innocence of a repentant sinner "born again," it is "the wisdom that cometh from above," to regain which, Christ declared, is a higher and better ambition than any that covets the earthly rewards of pleasure or power. These innocent ones, born from above in heart purity or born again into heart purity, are the wise who, it was revealed to Daniel, shall shine as the *brightness of the firmament.*

III. While this type of character termed the wise, radiated from the innocent or the purified heart, may gladden the translated child or lift the regenerated convert above earthly distinction, there is yet something *better* to be achieved. It offers a field for a yet higher ambition. It is termed in a general way, VIRTUE. If not better, then it were well for us to die in childhood innocence; or when in the first joy of the new convert's consciousness of a "change of

heart." But the fact that we are permitted to grow up, the fact that we are permitted to continue in this world after we rise forgiven and renewed by "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Spirit, implies that God has planned a work for us to do." Work, not for His benefit, but ours; work which will develop our character beyond that renewed state of heart which is the "beginning of wisdom." To have the wisdom of right-heartedness is a great point regained, but to be strong in the positive virtue developed from purity of heart is a greater thing; as the oak is greater than the acorn. This comes by *exercise* in heart wisdom. This is being "exercised unto godliness." Heart wisdom is essential to repel evil thoughts and to cherish good thoughts and form pure intentions; so that the "thoughts and intents of the heart" may be pure. Prayerfully practicing pure intentions builds up pure character, and the soul acquires positive strength and growth in righteousness.

Virtue is a word which has been used to express various shades of meaning. Its original meaning in the Greek and Latin tongues seems to have been simply strength, power. "Virtue, then, implies opposition or struggle. In man the struggle is between reason and passion, between right and wrong. To hold by the former is virtue, to yield to the latter is vice." (Fleming & Krauth, "Vocabulary of Philosophy.") Somewhat in the sense of power was Christ's

consciousness that "virtue had gone out of him," in the healing of one who had touched the hem of His garment. Growth into positive spiritual strength seems admirably stated by St. Peter: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue (strength); and to strength knowledge; and to knowledge self-control; and to self-control, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, love."

All our doing in daily life affords opportunity for such exercise and thus builds up a Christlike character. It habituates the mind to moral discrimination and exercises the will and habituates it to righteous decision and purpose; establishes in the feelings a positive aversion to evil and affection for the good, and thus begets an abhorrence of the former and love of the latter. Faith strengthens into a steadfast subjection of the practical to the spiritual life. Hope becomes a fixed habit of progress toward complete self-conquest and its crown, and love of God and man becomes the ruling motive of the soul. This is godliness, and these three, faith, hope, and love, are the main virtues it comprehends. Thus the soul is confirmed in steadfast adherence to well-doing and against temptation to evil.

An athlete has once been but a babe of tender and feeble though healthful and well-organized physical system. If he had always been kept in the house, never permitted to enjoy outdoor air and

exercise, he would never have become the athlete he is, but like a tender house-plant, would scarcely have grown up; and, if attaining manhood, would have been a weakling, easily susceptible to disease or breaking down under but slight hardship. Many religious people in like manner become spiritual weaklings. Having known heart renewing by repentance and faith, they have, instead of seeking to know their duty, shirked it; rather than bear the responsibility, have sought excuse from it, and thus have failed to become strong Christian characters. Occasionally, of course, they have been "warmed up" during a "revival," only to lapse again into unfaithfulness. Like some of our early frontier settlers who complained fifty or sixty years ago that this State was getting too thickly settled, and like the buffalo and beaver, retired before civilization. They had lived by hunting and trapping and fishing, built their cabins in the "timber," and after getting a little money for pelts or venison or the like, bought a small stock of provisions which included a supply of whisky, and then had a hilarious spree until the whisky was done. They never had a serious thought of subduing these lands and building up this splendid State. So also the religious folk here referred to in revival season take a religious spree, without apparent thought of building up the Church of God as a power among men to turn many to righteousness. Their life record could be written up in less than one sentence: "Sin-

ning and repenting, sinning and repenting, sinning and repenting;" and so on with no hope except that possibly they may find at last a deathbed repentance by which they may, peradventure, be saved. Better had they died in childhood or when first converted, before scarring their souls with their many backslidings.

This inner result could in every case be prevented by an objective life devoted to a true ambition—an ambition not only to hold fast his renewed heart by sending the life-blood of its pure thoughts and intents through all his desires, motives, and purposes, but to make his daily life tend to the salvation of his fellow-men. This is exercising himself in the motives, aims, and love of God. This is the main gist of Christian work, the amassing of virtue.

The text points out the grand object of work, "turning many to righteousness." This does not mean we must all be preachers, nor that all preachers must be evangelists. But it does mean that all work and all play should in some way harmonize with righteousness; and that the whole world's greatest work is to get into guileless harmony by being reconciled to God. The betterment of humanity, the beneficence of all industry, study, and enterprise should in some way result from all labor and be the inspiring motive with all who sincerely hold the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. However humble his employment, however small his opportunities or

powers, one has scope for an exalted ambition in doing this work conscientiously, righteously as unto God. His humble capacity does not belittle the value of his work, for *faithfulness* is what tells in forming character, and it fits him to have good standing among the immortals. As a small cup may be just as full as a tub or hogshead, the faithful man of small capacity or opportunity may be just as faithful as his brother of large opportunities and mighty powers. The head can not say to the foot, I have no need of thee, for the strong foot lends power to the whole body such as the head can not. Faithfulness in each member is needed to realize its full power for promoting righteousness and the general good. Each member of the Church or community thus faithful renders both Church and society more powerful and must be counted one of those who turn many to righteousness.

The luster of character, the reward gained by these two types of ambitious ones, the wise and the virtuous, is now to be considered. They are distinct, and each is attained by an ambition which regards this life as an arena, or school of endeavor; not looking for its reward here. Each one seeks the goal without detriment or hindrance to fellow seekers. They who have in the midst of guilt and evil besetment made a severe, and perhaps long continued struggle of repentance and persistent prayer, and have at last found peace in a clear conscience and changed af-

fections, have realized their ambition to "get right" with God at all hazards. In this struggle they have gained their first complete victory over self and over the world, in all the world means to them at the time; and relief, before God, from the guilt of their past record. They have won a trophy such as victory on no other field could bring them, "the peace of God which passeth understanding." This is the peace which comes with that rightness of heart which is the subjection of the natural affections to the demands of an awakened conscience.

King David was a mighty and successful warrior, and a great poet. He had been a pious youth, but when king became a great sinner, later a great repenter. In a remarkable poem (Psalm 32) he tells of the remorseful struggle through which, confessing his sins to Jehovah, he gained forgiveness and a pure heart. He begins this poem of conversion with this joyous passage:

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man to whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile."

This is the wisdom which is won "from above" by an ambition that surrenders all, foregoes everything for the approval of God in the soul.

Its reward is in that renovation and luster of character which can be fully known and valued only

in sinless society. To be freed from the record, the guilt, the love and dominion of sin is the goal of a spotless ambition.

In the social life of that "better country" the wise will constitute the commonalty, the mass of the people. No grade of society lower than the pure in heart will be found there. Where sin can not enter we may be assured of a pure social basis anywhere, everywhere, with every one. We shall trust every one and be trusted by every one without question. Perhaps we have had neighbors in this world of whom we said, "What delightful neighbors; we would enjoy living beside them always!" Just such good neighbors will we have there, living on good terms forever. And, by the way, that is the kind of folk we must be if we would find a home and feel at home among this delightful though common class.

How incomparably superior is this commonalty to any rank attained by selfish, worldly ambition! Many men and women of wealth, of might, of genius have charmed the world with the brilliancy of their achievements, yet have failed in self-conquest; conquered others, but not themselves; possessed estates, but not "the pearl of great price;" vied almost with seraphs in oratory and song, but have not aspired to the moral status of little children who have always right of way at court with the King of kings; or to the moral standing of the regenerated penitent, to possess the Kingdom of heaven within. This is

the higher, nobler, purer ambition. Not content with flesh and blood lineage nor earthly repute, it aspires to recognition in the circles of the immaculate. It is poised for two worlds, therefore can not be satisfied with the ephemeral trophies of this fleeting *one*. It sees and feels the defacement of childhood's sweet innocence by worldly associations, or mourns the convert's beguilement from "the simplicity that is in Jesus." Turning to God it cries, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." Wearied with things that perish in the using, it covets the undimming soul quality that shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.

But the reward of the virtuous claims our notice. Take a view of the strengthened, chastened, ringing moral fiber of the soul who has been loyal to righteousness and to the Church in its world-wide endeavor to turn many to righteousness. Look where we will, search where we may for exalted character among the most distinguished or the most obscure of mankind, but we shall not find it in the external achievements, but in the inner motives. It is in the master motive—which holds in abeyance, chastens and guides the passions and aspirations, molds the intentions, and builds the steadfast character; it is this which promotes and conserves the strength and glory of the highest civilization. These characters which in every walk of life are built up by faithful exercise in self-denial, devotement to the general good, or the specific

help and blessing of home, neighbor, or enemy, though reviled, revile not again; though subjected to slights, injustice, indignity, these are they who by the luster of their inner lives sustain the hope and reflect the real glory of human society in this present world.

We need not cite, for examples, Moses and Samuel and Daniel; nor the seven thousand who, amidst the popular idolatry of Israel, did not bow the knee to Baal; nor even of the millions of Christians who suffered the tortures of the three hundred years of persecution; nor the Waldenses and Albigenses, whose woes wrung from Milton's muse the cry, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!" But here at home, all around us and every day, are those who through much tribulation suffer from the impositions and petty tyrannies of society, the greed and dishonesty of business, the neglect and oppression of neighbors, and the tortures inflicted by popular vices. Moreover, there are those about us whose righteous endeavor is filling the world with the knowledge of the soul-saving gospel of Christ. In a word: Notwithstanding the wrongs and vices of our day there has never been an age in human history when so many people were actively engaged, so much money expended, or so much labor put forth in doing good and winning souls to righteousness as at this present time. Although the world is flooded with evil and vast schemes of evil-doing seem to prosper, evil men

and impostors wax worse and worse, yet there are those who by patient continuance in well-doing are saturating the world with the knowledge of saving grace. They shall shine, not merely as the general brightness of the firmament, not as the commonalty of heaven. In addition to having attained the wisdom of heart purity, they have amassed positive development of virtuous character, their luster of soul will be as fixed bodies of light. They shall shine *as the stars for ever and ever.*

The resulting character to these two classes of ambitious souls fills them with the consciousness that it comes of not seeking their reward, but by being faithful in their work in this life. They are not disappointed if the world does not appreciate, is not rich enough to reward their ambition. Neither do they expect human talent to record, for they know it can not measure the heart strifes nor the outcome of character to those who act from infinite motives. We look not for the due record of this conquest in the annals of earthly fame. We stoop not to wear the laurels of the world's conquerors or kings. We covet not the celebrity accorded by orator, poet, or historian. Homer and Virgil witched the ages singing of the heroes of Greece and Troy. Milton may enchant with his wondrous verse of angelic wars. Shall we find a record worthy of the overcomers of self and the world? Not in marble nor bronze. Not in human literature. Not in orator's tongue,

poet's pen, painter's pencil, nor sculptor's chisel. Would you read the glorious record of the genuinely wise and faithful, then go forth and gaze upon the starry heavens,—

> Where the planets map the fields of space
> With lines of golden light,
> And nebulæ spread like jeweled lace
> On the dusky skirts of night.
> See where Jehovah's finger of flame
> Hath writ on a space-wide scroll
> A poem of light, the deathless fame
> Of heroes of the soul.

See where Orion blazes in mid-heaven. See where the Pleiades light up ethereal depths. See where the Pole-star holds ceaseless watch over the North. See where the Milky Way belts the sun-strown universe; and then remember, "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."